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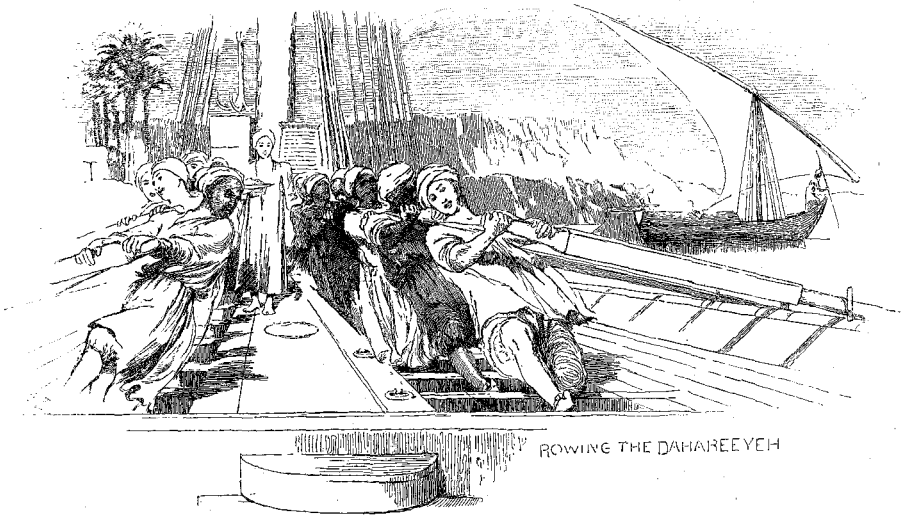

ROWING THE DAHABEEYEH

AFLOAT ON THE NILE.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

IF there is anything in the world more delightful than a first trip up the Nile in a dahabeeyeh, it is a second one. With the sun and moon for showmen, a vast panorama which sixty centuries have unrolled, passes before one. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Copts, offer in turn their art and their records, under a sky so clear and bright that for a thousand miles one floats upon light and beneath light in that double illumination which, falling from above and reflected from the shining surface of the water, seems to transfigure common objects, and make the beautiful radiant. Each day's excursion, too, has its surprises in store on this strange soil, which, like Aladdin's lamp and ring, needs only to be rubbed and turned a little to yield marvels.

No wonder, then, that it was with keen interest, and even some excitement, that we looked for the first time at the dahabeeyeh which was to be our home for five months. In it we were to make a journey of a thousand miles, and pass many days far away from anything that we call civilization—in savage mountain gorges or in the midst of lovely plains. Away beyond the southern horizon, with its yellow sand-clouds, there lay temples and tombs, sites of vanished cities, mountains and valleys, tiny villages and populous towns, the lands of the Pharaohs, the Bible, and the Koran; the vast necropolis of the world's history along the windings of the mysterious river, from Cairo to the Cataract; and our dahabeeyeh was to take us to them all. Naturally there was exhilaration in the

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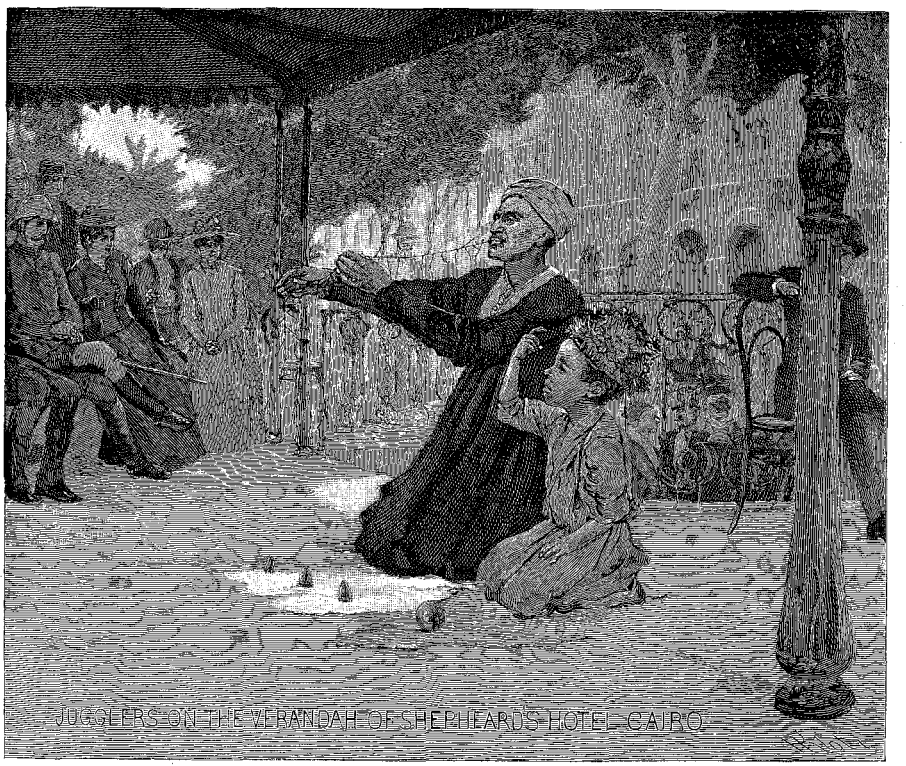

JUGGLERS ON THE VERANDAH OF SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO.

first sight, as it lay under the bank at Koobry, opposite Cairo, one among forty others—a whole flat-bottomed yacht squadron, suited to the treacherous shallows which shift from day to day in the Nile bed. It was one hundred feet long, and looked larger than we had dared to hope; indeed, quite imposing, against the mud houses, with its tall main-yard towering one hundred and thirty-five feet from heavy butt to taper point; and though its internal economy of space was learned only by degrees, the eye at once took in the general lines, and realized that under sail it would be a not unhandsome craft.

There it lay, the counterpart of the dahabeeyehs of the pictures, recalling the galleys of old prints and coins, a degenerate descendant of Cleopatra's barge, and even a reminiscence of the barks of Ra and Horus. Oriental hyperbole has aided this reminiscence with the name of dahabeeyeh—boat of gold—and Egyptian conservatism has kept the general lines of the ships that bore Pharaoh southward against the "vile Kushite," or brought back the gold and spices of the land of Pount to Queen Hatasu. There was the low foredeck, rising only two feet above the water at the after-part, but sloping upward to a gayly painted and gilded prow; there the sixty feet of high deck-house, which comprised the travellers' portion of the boat; and there were many other things, new then, familiar now, and remembered with warm affection.

The blue-gowned figures squatting on the shore rose as we approached, and handed us down the steep bank to the freshly painted deck. "This is our crew," said the "big Howaga," as he was called by the sailors. We essayed our two words or so of Arabic salutation; hundreds of white teeth flashed a smiling reply, and the presence of these good-natured, picturesquely robed athletes added another charm to our prospective journey.

The interior of the boat was larger than we had supposed; three steps descended from the foredeck to a passage, at right and left of which were store-

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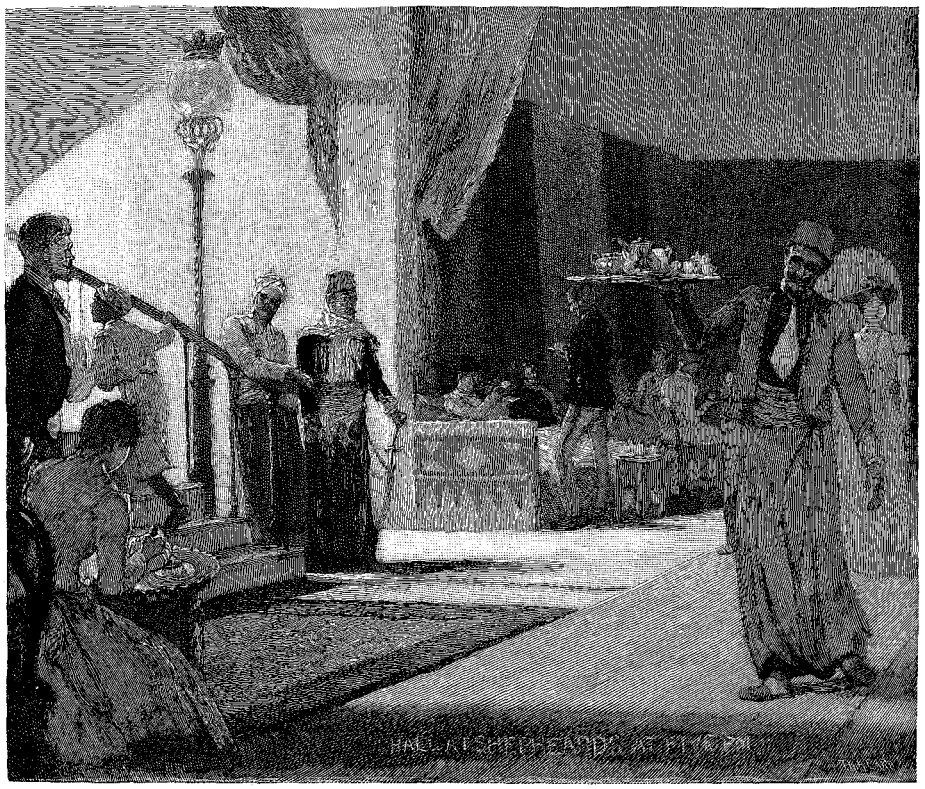

room, pantry, and a small library; next came the dining-saloon, seventeen feet long by sixteen wide, with six windows and large divans on either side; from it another passage, running between four bedrooms, bath-room, and clothes-room, led to a sitting-room at the stern of the boat, narrower and smaller than the main saloon, and opening, in its turn, upon a tiny lower deck balustraded with spindle-work. Two small boats followed in the dahabeeyeh's wake—the sandal, a kind of Noah's ark, carrying poultry, rabbits, and sometimes even a lamb or a goat, and the felucca, a heavy rowing-boat, fitted with cushions, awning, mast, and a large sail, most convenient for short excursions.

The upper deck, roofing the cabin, was reached by two staircases from the foredeck, and by an outside companion-way on the starboard quarter; awnings covered it when desirable, and divans, reclining-chairs, and tea-tables made it a pleasant out-door drawing-room. All this, the territory of the Howagat, or travellers, extended to within eight feet from the stern, where the helmsman stood at the iron tiller, and where the deck, raised a foot higher, contained lockers for the sailors' bread and held the after-mast with its sixty-foot yard. The foremast, forty-five feet high, with a yard one hundred and thirty-five feet long, was placed very near the bow; just forward of it the tiny galley, like a culinary sentry-box, contained the cook, his scullion, and at times surprisingly elaborate cookery. Between the mast and the cabin was the foredeck proper, where the men manœuvred the great sail and at night slept, each one wrapped in his blanket, with nothing else above him but the awning, and little below except the boards. On the foredeck, too, was the sailors' small brick stove, and there they sat three times a day, in apostolic fashion, each dipping his sop of bread in the big wooden soup-bowl.

Such was the Seven Hathors at first sight, later every corner of it became familiar, and even dear. Few boats have

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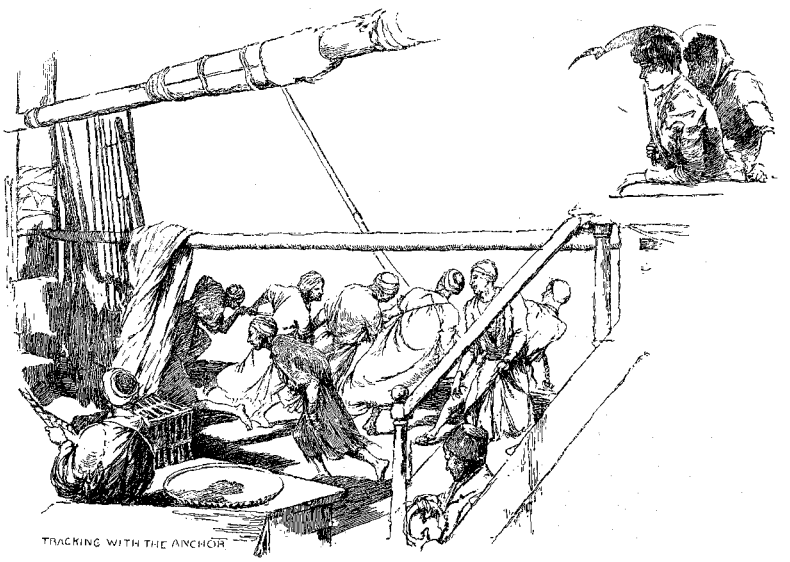
made the Nile voyage under more favorable conditions than has this dahabeeyeh, named after the mysterious divinities. In the first place, she had no dragoman: not that one may decry that linch-pin of oriental travel, the useful go-between who has been an institution in Egypt from the *Tergumannu* or interpreter of the Assyrian letters of Tel el Amarna down to Hassan Speke and Ramadan, and without whom a first trip would be impossible. But the Howaga Kebeer, our guide and host, was not making a first trip; five winters upon the government archæological steamer with Professor Maspero had supplied him with a good store of Arabic and a conviction, to wit: "Travel with a dragoman, and the dragoman sees Egypt and you see the dragoman." So he sailed his own boat, and the inmates of the Hathors, coming directly into contact with captain and crew, had a hundred interesting experiences which a dragoman would have set quietly aside as unworthy the attention of Howagat come to see temples, not people. Now, it is just this same people which strikes one most forcibly in Egypt. Not even new architecture and a new landscape surprise so completely as does a new race of men differing in color and costume, in ideas and habits, from what one has known before.



TRACKING WITH THE ANCHOR.

The first day on the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel seems the prologue to the play, and the strength of the company defiles before it in the ceaseless drama of the Cairo streets; while later, one walks about the narrow ways as behind the scenes of a vast theatre in which every performer, from prince to beggar, is faultless and wonderful in costume and make up. The Hathors' passengers lost no time in trying to turn this play into something more than an unintelligible pantomime. At first the gutturals seemed impossible, the native indifference to vowels and the unscrupulous formation of plurals paralyzed the well-meaning beginner; but the vocabulary of sailors and peasants is a simple one. The same word serves to express many different things, and by dint of brazen eschewal of tenses and persons upon one side, and good-will and native intelligence on the other, the travellers learned much of the river gossip from their Arab sailors. One thing which helped to make the Nile seem almost familiar was, that the Howaga Kebeer was known to many of the people along its banks. Everybody — white, black, brown, and yellow—was acquainted with "*Aboo Dagn*," the Father of the Beard. Another was that the Seven Hathors visited the little places and the big ones alike. She passed her month or so at

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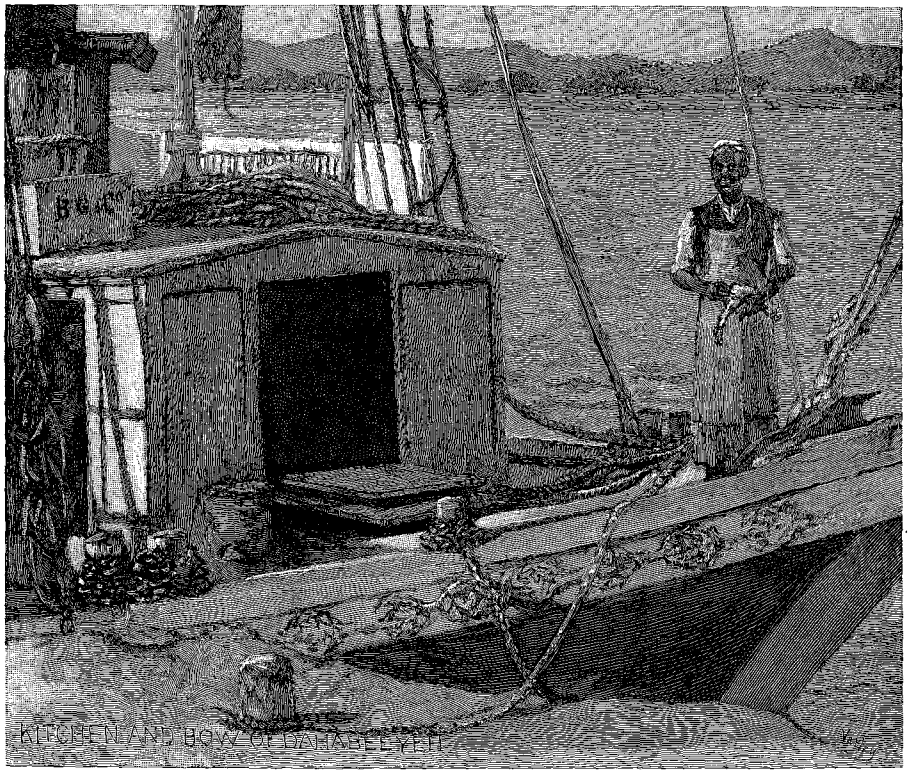
Luxor and Assuan, and tied up for more or less time at the regular temple towns at Edfou and Denderah, El Kab and Kom Ombo; but she loitered, too, in the mountains, under tombs that do not figure in any guide-book, at mouths of valleys leading to nameless ruined cities, and by sand stretches where some newly opened necropolis lay far away against the mountain. She had her experiences, also, and accomplished the whole curriculum of dahabeeyeh education in her various voyages with the Howaga Kebeer. She flew before big winds by sunlight and moonlight, had made the six hundred miles from Cairo to the Cataract in ten days, and had toiled for almost three weeks to accomplish the one hundred and five miles which lie between Maghaga and the capital. She had been wind-bound for



a week in the mountains of Girgeh, and below Assiout had stuck upon a sandbank — not the commonplace variety which holds a boat for a few hours, but a wonderful little mountain, legendary

now with Nile sailors, from which she had to be hauled by a steamer sent to her assistance. She had collided with a sister dahabeeyeh at Maghaga, and while at Denderah some tons of river bank had fallen in upon her, occasioning a mighty crash and the temporary burial of the sleeping cook in his little galley before the mast. Most direful of all, when returning from an excursion, her travellers had been confronted by excited sailors, their brown faces black with soot, their gowns redolent of smoke, hurrying to tell them that there had been a fire in the boat, and that the clothes-room was burned out!

But these were the episodes of the Hathors' voyages. The days of her little company were not spent in digging out the cook, nor in improvising upon a sewing-machine and the native goods of the bazars garments for the destitute by fire, but rather in the usual towing, rowing, and sailing; in wandering by moonlight over ruined Antinoë, exploring tombs in the blazing limestone cliffs of

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Gebel Aboo Foda; in climbing among the inscribed bowlders of the Cataract; in digging for papyrus bits, and finding them, too, in the rubbish mounds of Elephantine; in visiting the Coptic churches and monasteries that were new in Constantine's day, and in seeing all the wonders that half a dozen successive civilizations have left behind them.

Then, too, there were pleasant evenings, when men whose patient study had made Egypt their own, brought their enthusiasm and their anecdotes to eager listeners. Mr. Petrie told of tent life at Koorneh, and how he caught the natives of the Delta unawares with his camera; or M. Grébaut, of the clearing of the great temple of Luxor, with its difficulties and hindrances; or M. Bouriant recounted his "strange experiences" at the museum with visitors who, on entering, clamored for the mummies of Joseph or Cleopatra, and on being informed they were not there departed incontinent, expressing their contempt for the whole collection. Stories of all kinds, from the last good "find" to the crowning incongruity when, in 1881, Professor Henry Brugsch and the Howaga Kebeer took King Hor-em-saf to Cairo from Sakkara, and fearing to trust his Majesty as freight, bought him a first-class ticket and brought him solemnly between them in the carriage, an involuntary tourist in his own land, propelled by Typhon and escorted by two barbarians from the uttermost ends of the earth.

There were exploring expeditions also, shared by amateurs and experts alike, when Professor Sayce, in his dahabeeyeh the Crocodile, sailed abreast of the Hathors in the spring of 1890. No hunter followed a trail more keenly than did the Professor any indications of an inscription, and when he and the Howaga Kebeer ran it to earth under some blazing cliff, they had a real saturnalia. When there was no trail there were visits from one boat to another, sail being slackened just enough for the felucca to make its ferrying trip, and the Professor, dropping a line into antiquity, fished out tidbits for the Hathorites, reading perhaps the cuneiform text of a little loan contracted by the Crown Prince Belshazzar, abundantly witnessed and in neatly turned legal phraseology of three millennials ago, or translating ostraca as realistic as items in the daily paper, and as old as the gossip of Cleopatra's court.

These ostraca, or inscribed potsherds, never ceased to seem wonderful; brought down to the boat by children who had found them in the mounds, the sherds, often showing their dates, year for year—tenth of Hadrian or sixth of Ptolemy Philopator—babbled eternally of money like true modern Egyptians, but added odd details of complimentary offering to some noble patron, of commentaries on the first book of the Iliad, or of complaint regarding the quality of goods furnished. A basket of ostraca was a Pandora's box of mysteries to which the Professor held the key. The collectors soon became known to the peasants; at every halt they arrived, bringing their little hoards of beads, scarabs, sherds, bronzes, and coin, and the waiter collected them from their various owners, and brought in a plateful for inspection regularly with each meal; so that there were antiquities for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and it seemed infinitely contemptible to be less than a thousand years old. Indeed, there are many purists in Egyptology who give a mere nod of acquaintance to the unearthed of later times; at the Grenfell tombs, for instance, when the ladies from the Hathors admired a row of little earthen pots, standing near the entrance, the director of the works said: "Why! would you care to have them? You are welcome to them if you would; but, you know, they are *only Roman*." Some of the party confessed that a human interest attached itself to these same Roman and early Christian remains that made them seem more intelligible and nearer than the people of the Pharaonic times, an interest cumulating with the centuries, until to-day in the foreground of their memories, against the yellow sandstone of the temples, there passes always a frieze of blue-gowned figures with the homely names of Mohammed and Mahmoud, of Hassan and Ali, of the men who sailed the Hathors and told its travellers of their simple pleasures and troubles.

These men were literally a baker's dozen, the thirteenth being cook-boy

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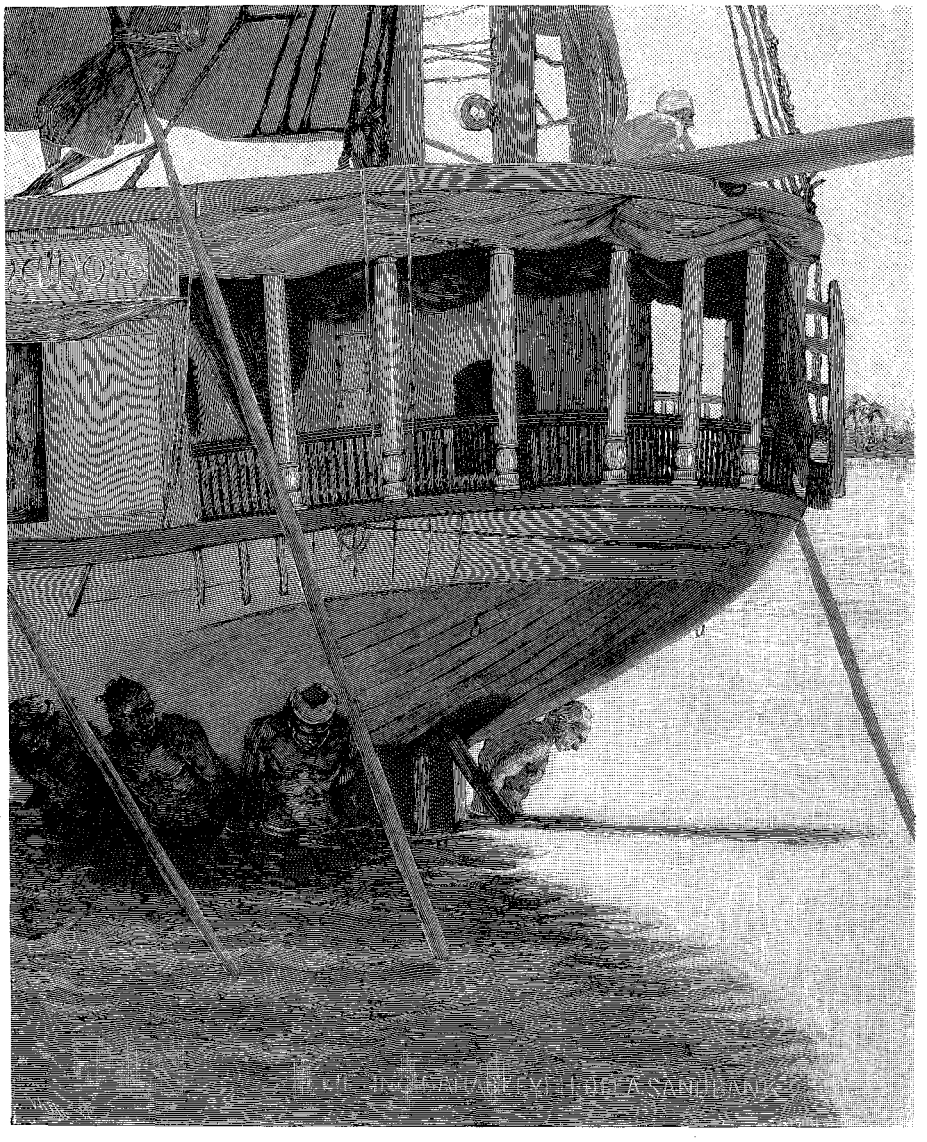
and "bread-giver" to the twelve, each of whom received six dollars a month, the usual wages of an able-bodied seaman on board a dahabeeyeh; all except the boy, who, as he did twice as much work as anyone else on board, naturally was paid only half that sum. Besides these there were Mohammed Beshnik, the captain, drawing the stipend of two certainly meriting an excedent of rations by greatness of body and by his appealing name, Aboo Seeam Ramadan, Father of Hunger Fast-time. Then there were the house servants, the suffragi, literally table-man, with his assistant, and the cook, with his four aristocrats, who received sovereigns instead of dollars, and eating the same food as the Howagat



Lifting a Dahabeeyeh off a Sandbank.

sailors; and the steersman, counting upon the pay-roll as one and a half, and added to themselves pounds avoirdupois as well as sterling during the voyage,

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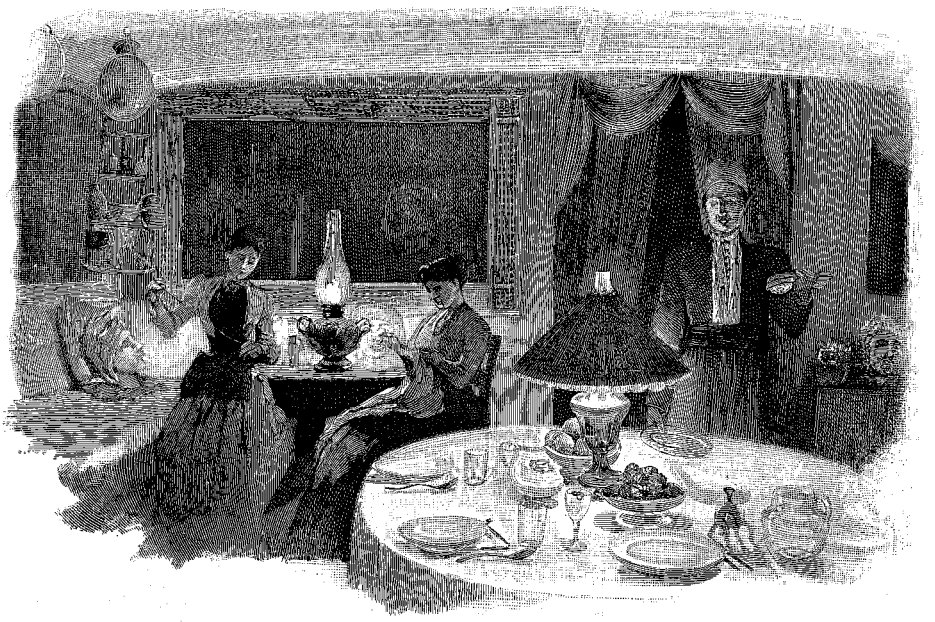
superfluous weight which a return to Arab diet during the summer always counteracted.



The Dining-Room on the Dahabeeyeh.

The captain had brought with him to the Hathors a whole tribe of nephews and cousins, Berbers or Nubians, of the color of rosewood, far slighter than the Arabs, but more enduring at the oars—Seeam the steersman, Mohammed Shrooghly (the one-eyed), Moorghanny (the singer), Asa, Mahmoud, Abdallah (servant of God), and Achmed, called the Sheikh, because he could read and write. Tall Urushuan came from Keneh, Nafady and his brother Mohammed from Wasta, opposite Assiout, from which place hailed also the blackest of the sailors, whose name, Libiad, or Whitey, is frequently given to the very dark in Egypt. The latter was not a family man, but the others, when they visited their villages under the palms of Wasta, or nestling against the purple cliffs in the orange-colored sands of Nubia, always tried to leave five dollars with the wife to meet the rare expenditures of winter. Monogamy is almost universal with them, for the bride of Saint Francis, who is theirs by birthright, enforces it. Five dollars would hardly suffice for two families, even in Egypt, and two wives, say the sailors, make many words.

Their village is always beautiful to them, for they love the "Black Land," and admire all that resembles it.

"America," said Darweesh to one of the ladies, "must be a fine place, and very like Egypt. You have corn, tobacco, water-melons, and a big river there."

"And crocodiles, too," she replied.

"Wallah!" he cried, in admiration; then, with a slight touch of jealousy that these blessings should be scattered broadcast, he added, "Do they eat men?"

"No, only dogs," she admitted.

"Ah!" he returned, exulting in the superior gastronomic taste of the Egyptian saurian, "*ours* eat men!"

"Of course, yours will not eat dogs, they are *Moslem* crocodiles," she answered, referring to the Mohammedans' avoidance of the dog as an unclean animal.

As one of the most lovable characteristics of the Arab is his instant and intense appreciation of the feeblest joke, Darweesh seemed much amused, and repeated, with many chuckles, "Ours are Moslem crocodiles," as he went about his daily work.

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This work, though constantly varied, was also always a repetition, and a single day sometimes resumed a whole round of dahabeeyeh experience; watching it from the upper deck was an occupation which filled many pleasant hours. Tied to the bank at Koobry, among its fellows, swaddled with awnings, broad and unwieldy-looking, round-bottomed and almost keelless, the dahabeeyeh seems a scow; but let her once shake free her glorious wings, and like a swan, which waddling down from a dusty bank reaches its native element and setting its white plumage glides before the wind, she flies along under her huge lateen, a thing of beauty from Cairo to the Cataract. She is only a scow after all, objects the critic, she will not sail up to the wind. True, but Cleopatra's barge was a scow, so was the gilded Bucentaur; and the galleys of Actium and Salamis, though they had larger keels, were as round-bottomed as the Hathors. No one who has seen a dahabeeyeh under sail, no one who appreciates the beauty of curved sweeping lines, will tire of the endless variety of composition presented by her canvas. It was always a pleasure, when we came on deck in the morning, to find the boat running before a fresh north wind with both her sails spread; lounging on the divans we watched the sailors' manœuvres with an interest that grew as the breeze freshened; watched young Mohammed, sitting close by the shoghool which replaces the boom tackle of western craft, ready to cast off the rope and let the lateen go free if a sudden gust from the mountain struck the monster too hard; Abdallah, Achmed, and Mahmoud handling the balacoon, while half a dozen others—a brown and blue confusion of fluttering gowns and bronzed arms and legs — chanted and pulled as the main-yard was shifted to go about. Meantime, at the bow the forward watch dipped his long midree pole, constantly calling the depth of the water to the captain, who, squatting amidships at the head of the companion-way, shouted his orders to the steersman. The latter was a responsible man on the Nile, and when the water was "bad," that is, shallow, down-coming craft, Cook's steamer, dahabeeyeh, native boat, or pottery raft, were hailed alike with "Where is the water?" hailed, too, for news of friends and home up the river; so that, while a shower of salaams and a hubbub of zayaks mingled with the thud of the wheel or the rustle of the sail, the Arab telegraph did its work, and all the news from up and down the Nile was exchanged.

LANDING FROM THE FELUCCA

Meantime the panorama slid grandly

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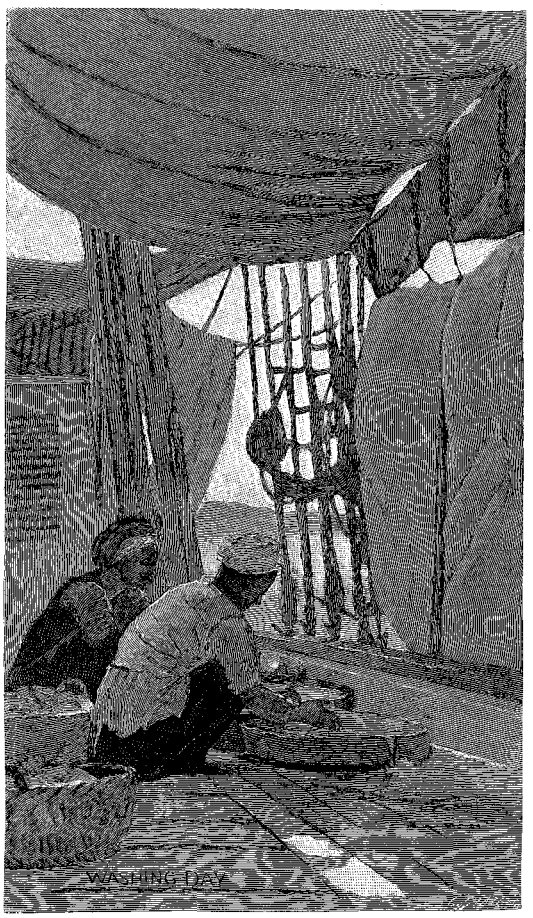
by, the cliffs now rising from the water, now dropping back to give place to palm groves and villages, while shadoofs rose and fell, sakkeeyehs creaked, camels passed in long procession, and villagers pausing in their gossip, and laborers in their work, watched us pass.

At noon the solemn, sturdy cook-boy came aft to the upper deck with a large wooden bowl, and the usual salutations passed between him and the Howagat, "Blessed be thy day, O Mustapha!" "Blessed be your day, O ye blessed ones!" then going to the stern, he took



WASHING DAY.

from a locker there a supply of coarse bread which, stewed with lentils and onions, formed the men's dinner. Two or three times during a voyage the sailors bake at the public ovens of Esneh, Erment, or Girgeh a month's supply of bread, which, cut in thin slices, is spread upon the deck to dry in the sun until it is perfectly hard, and is then stowed away. Though brown and coarse, it is not unpalatable. The natives have much faith in its virtues. Ali, our first major-domo, who spoke a little English, sang its praises saying, "Look at sailor, him pole, him track all day, eat this; beople in Cairo eat white bread, get like ladies, bread not too clean (*i.e.*, fine) make *forza*."

Sometimes, as under the cliffs of Aboo Foda, the wind dropped suddenly, and when the travellers came up from the noon-day meal the men had finished theirs and were already in harness tracking upon the shore, swinging ahead finely the long black rope that bound them to the foremast, jerking now and then and whipping the water. It was interesting to see how they overcame the various obstacles to progress. Perhaps the first of these was a string of native boats or ghyassies moored to the shore, forcing the trackers to climb upon them and pass the rope along their outer sides, the ghyassy-men amicably working with the rest; again, there would be a stretch under the cliffs until a huge crag overhanging the water made further walking impossible; in such cases a pioneer threw off his harness, explored the place, and then lifting and pulling each other, the men scrambled up the steep rocks with all the weight of rope upon them; soon the shoulder of cliff coming right upon the dahabeeyeh, Nafady and Shrooghly, who had been left on board to pole, ran to the upper deck and thrust the boat off, while that black pearl of cook-boys, little Mustapha, clawing his toes into the tops of the Saratoga trunks, set against the rocks the most splendid shoulders that were ever given to a lad of thirteen.

By and by a rock wall stopped further progress on shore, and returning to the boat the sailors hauled with the anchor to another point where a bend in the river's course would give them a sailing wind. Except getting off a sand-bank this hauling was the hardest work

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of all. The anchor was carried out against the current and dropped, the men returning to the dahabeeyeh, and, walking in line, hauled on the rope until the anchor was reached, when it was again lifted and dropped further on, and the hauling repeated. Thump, thump went the bare feet over the foredeck, keeping time to the monotonous chant of "O Nefeesa, O Bess, O Bayoomee," the invocation to the saints, which rose and fell in cadence with their tread.

When sailing became possible again it was sometimes suddenly cut short by a grating, a slight lifting at the bow, or a series of bumps, and we were aground. With a rattle in their iron surrounding-ring, down came the heavy twenty-foot poles from where they stood by the mast. Carefully clearing his fellows, each sail-or dropped his midree with a splash in the water, the small end was put to the chest, then the whole man went forward, almost on his face, pushing with all his might and straining every muscle in his body. If the sand-bank seemed formidable all hands took part, and the chorus of pole-men at the bow went up panting in a series of grand "ugh, ugh, ugh!" Cook and scullion pushed and tugged with the rest; the captain, forgetting his dignity, seized a pole, and Ali, a tureen in one hand, a dish-cloth in the other, scowled darkly at the shallows and proffered his landsman's advice, which, contemned at the best of times, at such a moment was scorned. Even Mahaeel, the Coptic waiter-boy, dropped the flat-iron with which he was smoothing the tucks in the "little lady's" skirts, and

The Armed Guard Chasing Jackals.

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added the strength of his slender Cairene arm until he fell over an oar-handle, and hurried wildly back to a smell of scorching linen. The best men were in the water under the stern of the boat, magnificent Atlantides of flesh and blood. E-e-e-e! they groaned in unison as though their fragrant, foaming coffee, and it was pathetic to see the satisfaction given by one abnormally slender cigarette, shared among three or four men, for the tax upon tobacco had risen until it was almost prohibitory. Little hasheesh was smoked except by the singer of the crew,

A VISIT FROM THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT LUXOR

body and spirit were being torn asunder, then came one mighty heave, and we felt our heavily-timbered dahabeeyeh move for a second or two upon these six bronze pillars of muscle, move upward and forward, and we were free. Then it was, "Keep her off the bank, steersman! Run forward with the stake and mallet, young Mustapha!" and we tied up for an hour, that our panting Tritons might rest and eat.

Generally, as soon as the dahabeeyeh was stuck hard and fast on the sand, a steamer appeared in sight with friends on board. "They'll think we *live* on sand-banks!" said one of the Hathorites sorrowfully, while still unreconciled to this peculiarity of Nile travel. Sometimes only the capstan and anchor, with the hardest kind of labor for many hours, freed the boat; but even then the sailors, squatting in a circle by the stove, soon forgot their fatigues in a thimbleful of to whose class the Moslems extend that half-scornful tolerance usually accorded to the aberrations of genius; for to the true believer, said Nafady, smoking hasheesh and praying is like taking one step forward and two steps backward; nevertheless he was able to describe the effects of the wonderful drug.

"You smoke it and you are *so* happy, your oar is not heavy, it moves, the boat moves, and the bank and all the people; you raise your oar and put it down, but *not* into the water; the captain scolds, but you laugh and sing and talk much, even if you don't talk at other times; then afterward your head is bad, very large, and you are sorry."

Nafady was a bit of a philosopher. "Why," said he to Mahmoud, who had achieved a few English words, "should I learn bread, and good-morning, and good-night in English? the Howagat know them in Arabic."

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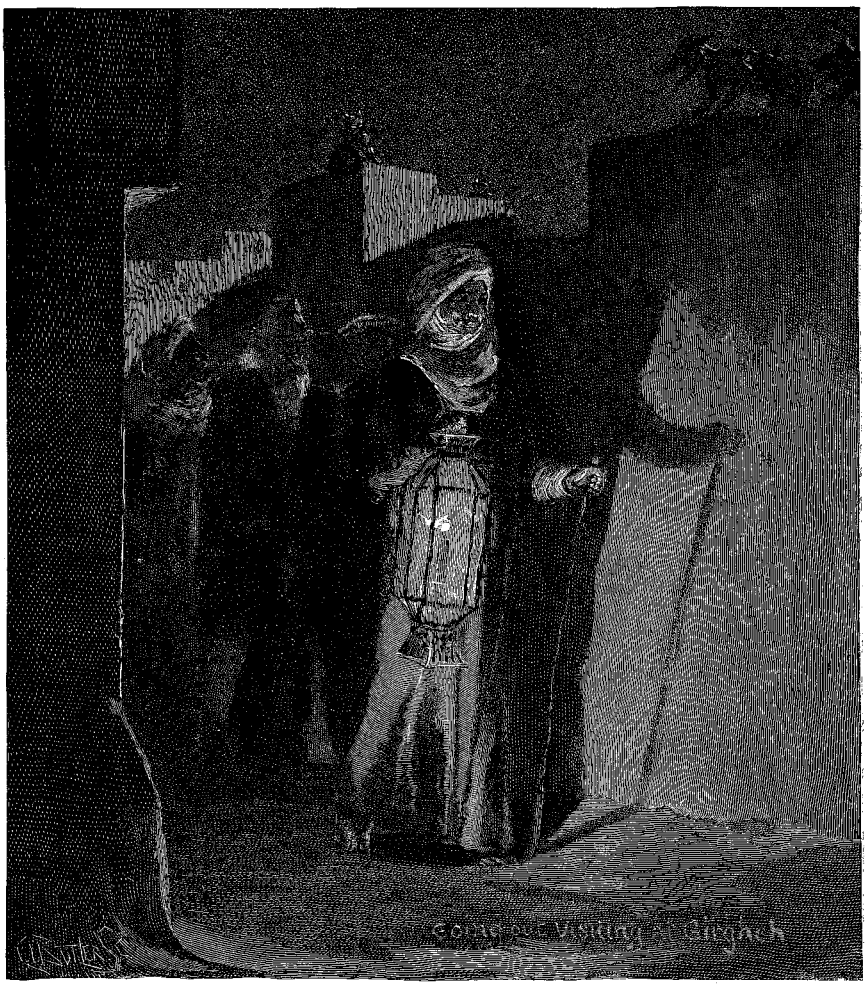
The reasoning of his friend Abderrachman was more subtle and less solid. "I do not want to learn English," he explained, "for I should be afraid of forgetting Arabic; and besides, I do not wish to be taken for an Englishman." Abderrachman, tallest and strongest of the sailors, who could easily shoulder and walk off with the big anchor, was also the blackest man on board, and his only does it to make people believe that he is a Howaga."

There are plenty of opportunities to talk with the boatmen, for the sailor delights in being chosen as attendant upon excursions, and the Howaga is at once physician, lawyer, treasurer, protector, and to him a being of unbounded power and influence. As physician, however, he is not invariably successful, for al-



fears seemed unfounded. It was strange that this consideration did not occur to him, for color generally means much to the Arabs, and is a bond of kinship; so that they said of the negro man-servant of some American Nile travellers, "He pretends not to understand Arabic, but of course we know better than that, he though in case of illness medicine is asked for and taken, it is, unless the result be immediate, promptly followed by a native and very different remedy. Thus Urushuan having a bad foot, kept the wound open by day with vaseline at the Howaga's suggestion, and closed it at night with salt and raw onion, until

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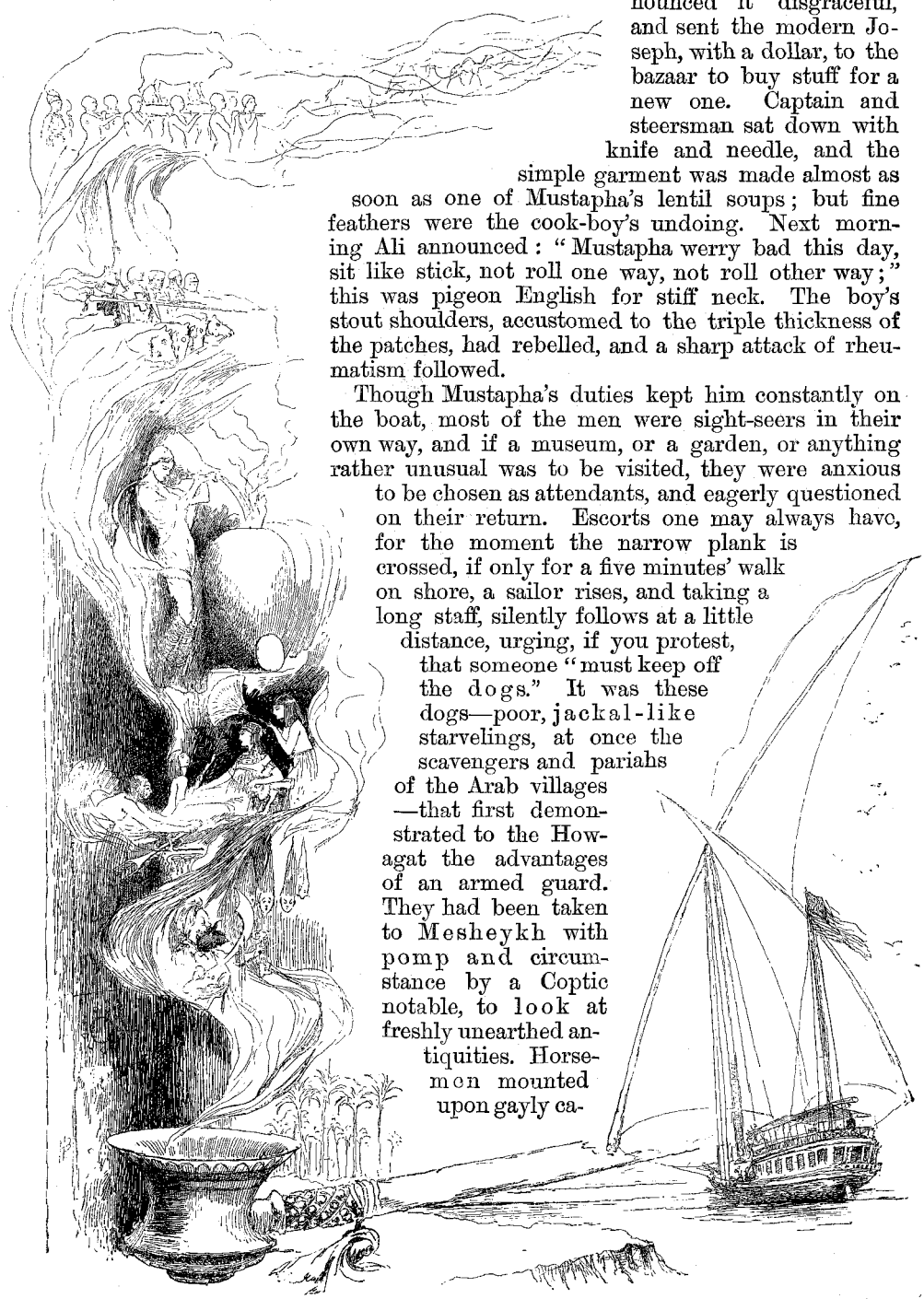
so singular a state of things resulted that questions were asked and a steady treatment was enforced.

Little Mustapha wore a gellabeeyeh so bepatched that one day the Sitt Kebeer (or oldest lady of our party), looking upon this coat of many colors, pronounced it disgraceful, and sent the modern Joseph, with a dollar, to the bazaar to buy stuff for a new one. Captain and steersman sat down with knife and needle, and the simple garment was made almost as soon as one of Mustapha's lentil soups; but fine feathers were the cook-boy's undoing. Next morning Ali announced: "Mustapha werry bad this day, sit like stick, not roll one way, not roll other way;" this was pigeon English for stiff neck. The boy's stout shoulders, accustomed to the triple thickness of the patches, had rebelled, and a sharp attack of rheumatism followed.

Though Mustapha's duties kept him constantly on the boat, most of the men were sight-seers in their own way, and if a museum, or a garden, or anything rather unusual was to be visited, they were anxious to be chosen as attendants, and eagerly questioned on their return. Escorts one may always have, for the moment the narrow plank is crossed, if only for a five minutes' walk on shore, a sailor rises, and taking a long staff, silently follows at a little distance, urging, if you protest, that someone "must keep off the dogs." It was these dogs—poor, jackal-like starvelings, at once the scavengers and pariahs of the Arab villages—that first demonstrated to the Howagat the advantages of an armed guard. They had been taken to Mesheykh with pomp and circumstance by a Coptic notable, to look at freshly unearthed antiquities. Horsemen mounted upon gayly ca-



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parisoned, curveting, Arab steeds had fired guns as they rode, footmen had carried more guns enclosed in scarlet coverings for greater availability, and one of the Howagat having strayed up the magnificent rock-mountain, found himself followed by two of the swathed weapons and their bearers. Presently a score of howling native dogs charged out of a village; immediately the nearest armed guard opened fire with surprising accuracy, his very first half-brick flanking a large yellow assailant on the ribs and driving him to the roof of a house, whence he encouraged his fellows. The other guard promptly joined in the assault, and the mountain furnishing ammunition enough to combat all the dogs in Egypt; the enemy, utterly discomfited, retired in disorder.

Whenever we tied up in the mountains for an hour or so, either that an adverse wind might drop, or that the cook might visit some neighboring village for provisions, it was always a pleasure to climb the cliffs to some rock-cut opening, for there was generally one at least in sight. Sometimes it was a fine tomb, sometimes only a cave with a few Greek inscriptions scratched about its mouth; sometimes from the gloom dark faces looked out from where, carved in high relief, their backs against the rock, the Egyptian husband still extended an arm about the shoulders of the wife who had been young three thousand years ago. These statues, with their black manes of hair, their broad collars and their dim-painted costumes, their fixed eyes and rigid limbs, were always impressive; but little imagination was needed to make one look with awe upon these contemporaries of Rameses and of Moses, and the flesh crept at the thought of the misery and desolation they had outlived with the same set smile, the same imperishable indifference. Often the tomb was nearly choked with sand, and an entrance was made feet foremost; or perhaps an Arab went in first, bringing back a mummied head that had laughed and talked in ancient Egypt. Sometimes, when the mind was filled with the Thothmes and Amenophises, the figures of ram-headed and ape-faced deities, all at once upon the wall a half-effaced, nimbussed saint looked dimly out, evoking a whole new world of ideas—of a Christian church, of a population of anchorites, of the Jeromes and Anthonys and Cyrils, who left their handwriting on the battered faces of Osiris and Ammon, and in the countless square beam-holes pierced in the rock-tombs for the dwellings of the hermits. The heat, the glare, the broken pottery, the bones and shreds of mummy wrappings lying about; the sense that one was treading upon the wonderful, and that history might at any moment lift up a monitor to the sight, made an impression that time cannot weaken. A climb to these tombs when the dreaded khamseen is blowing, is an interesting experience which does much to explain certain phenomena in the lives of the anchorites. The strong hot wind burns the skin like the breath of a furnace, parches throat and lips, and produces a strange, nervous exaltation. The heat presses on brow and breast like a tangible weight, the breath comes in short hoarse gasps, and the pulses hammer the temples. The light, struggling through thick clouds, is wan and livid; the sand circles and eddies in weird whirlpools; the carven figures in the dusky recesses, the pictured rock-walls seem to start and quiver in the burning wind, and the awful loneliness of the desert is upon the place; for the green Nile valley below, with its thrifty fields and villages and water-wheels, all its signs of human labor and human companionship, is blotted out by the dust storm. It was perhaps under these strange atmospheric conditions that the starving, self-tortured anchorite saw those grotesque or alluring visions with which the life of the desert saint was filled; from the dim corners of the cave came the glow of dark eyes, the warmth of curved lips; voices sweet or terrible whispered and hissed in his ear; the ghosts of past pleasures returned to haunt his solitude. In the murky sunset clouds he saw the ruddy furrows of the blood-stained arena, the dancing girl's tawny limbs whirled by him in the swirl of the tossing sand, and in the howl of the wind circling about the desolate crags he heard once more the savage roar of the amphitheatre.

In such places the tragedy of hermit-

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life seems a thing of yesterday, even of to-day. Nothing is lacking but the actor, for the background has hardly changed, and the costumes and properties are easily supplied from a modern peasant's store—a coarse linen robe and a sheepskin mantle, a clay water-jar, a mat of palm-fibres, a skull from a neighboring mummy-pit, or two bits of board nailed crosswise, and the short list is complete. Nor has the protagonist quite disappeared. In Egypt there are still saints and ascetics, and many miracles, and the spiritual descendants of Paphnutius and Macarius still walk in their footsteps on the Nile banks.

These were the frequent experiences of accidental exploration, not the following of guide-book directions. One simply stepped ashore and climbed a ledge of rock, and behold! one had visited some man whose name and titles were still upon his house-door, but the trinkets upon whose costume, the character of whose writing, were as ancient in the days of Peter, of Paul, and of John, as are the coins of Herod Agrippa to our nineteenth century. But below us the mallet was heard knocking out the stake: "Howaga nesafur" (We are going to start), was shouted up the rocks, so that we hurried down to Mahaeel ironing on the foredeck, to Ali bringing in the soup, and to books and American letters and New York papers.

One great advantage of dahabeeyeh travel is that in visits to smaller towns a wider range of antiquities may be seen. Hours may be passed in the shop, or storehouse rather, of some out-of-the-way village, where the tourist steamers do not stop, and where the Arabs gather together their antiquities to take them to Luxor, the metropolis of curiosity-venders. When the shutters are opened and the sunlight pours in upon the dusty darkness, it is like a fantastical dream; there are no rows of rubbed and brightened anteekas set on little pedestals to catch the eye, as at Luxor or Cairo; here dead Cæsar turned to clay stops a hole, the mummy-case is a shelf for dishes, the Roman lamp still holds a light, dourrah is pounded in the hieroglyphed jar, kohl fills the antique alabastron, and walls and floor are covered with the shreds and tatters of departed civilizations—toilet utensils and children's toys, sandals and staves, glass, alabaster, and marble telling of marriage and burial, of battle and of prayer.

In such an out-of-the-way corner the Howaga Kebeer found the torso of a daughter of the Heretic King, her name and titles carved upon her back, a fragment so admirable in its simplicity and purity of lines that an envoy from the Louvre, purchasing for that famous collection, pronounced it Greek but for the hieroglyphics, and expressed his keen regret more than once that an American should have carried off the princess.

Once, while passing through a mud village in the hot Egyptian noonday, a Fellaha woman staggered out from her hut, carrying a huge jar which looked much like the modern filters, but which showed, when the dust had been carefully wiped away, red and blue lotuses and palm branches of the time of Ku-en-Aten; two of these journeyed with the Hathors, and on another day came a female head of rough but good Greek workmanship, with inlaid eyes and a coiffure so like that on the coins of Cleopatra I., that it was dated and catalogued at once as being at least a contemporary of that turbulent lady.

The amateur purchaser in Egypt has one drop of bitterness in his cup, the fear of buying counterfeit antiquities, and there are many; but they are principally confined to scarabs and objects in wood. The Luxor men show you whole handfuls of bran-new scarabs, and sell stone paper-weights for a shilling which are worth the money. The death of old Gamoory, at Koorneh, closed a long line of wooden men and women, the offspring of this Theban Prometheus; and quite lately a gentleman in Akhmeem, who continues the succession, showed us a rough-hewn Rameses II., smilingly admitting that a month's labor would finish the conqueror; for if the counterfeit is detected, the forger, with immediate and cheerful acquiescence, invites you to praise his skill. But the foreigner is credulously incredulous; it is probable that the genuine objects mistaken for imitations would alone outnumber the real forgeries, for

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the soil of Egypt is a vast repository, annually turned and sifted with enormous labor by thousands of Arabs, and the proof of its fecundity in antiquities is that each year's market is nearly exhausted by the tourists who pour up the Nile in Mr. Cook's fine steamers.

The sailors of the Hathors looked askance when granite heads or torsos came on board, with a realizing sense that each meant so much more weight to be lifted from the sand-bank, that Scylla of the Nile traveller, and which especially besets his passage down the river, when the receding water daily brings new obstacles to light. This downward trip is usually shorter than the up-going journey, and there are many who ask if monotony and dulness are not the accompaniments of life upon a boat which is at the mercy of the wind, and may remain stationary, or nearly so, for days? Not to those who are alive to the charm of a wonderful country, for one may at any moment go ashore and read the Bible, the Koran, and the hieroglyphs, too, in the houses and the habits of the people whose villages line the river bank, and who cherish their fathers' example; for Joseph's brethren plough to-day with a sharpened stick; the women of the plain of Abydos sit upon an Isis-throne of mud, as they watch the fields and whirl the sling at marauding birds; and the Arabs sleep on the deck or the bank, swaddled and muffled from face to feet, like the camel-driver of Mecca to whom Gabriel cried, "Rise, thou enwrapped one!"

The very doubtfulness of progress and the chances of the wind are subjects of continual interest. Will the dahabeeyeh make this or that difficult passage, or will she stick fast on a sand-bank? Can she, by tacking, reach a bend in the river where a favorable wind will bring her travellers within reach of some wished-for temple, or to some point where a steamer with friends on board will tie up for the night? When the wind is adverse short trips inland can be made, to which the sense of exploration adds a keen interest. At Assuan, in 1890, while waiting for the north wind to subside, excursion after excursion was made. There were two Egyptologists with the party, one on either of the dahabeeyehs which were anchored side by side, and a third traveller, who supplemented his interest in the country by the eyes of a lynx, and legs which, trained on the Scotch mountains, carried him miles over rocks and sand to bring back news of cartouches and inscriptions. Among the crags of Seheyl, where the giant bowlders are flung broadside on a hundred hills, as if Zeus and the Titans had battled there, or a Babel had been overthrown, with a shining silver dragon to watch it, lying in many twisted coils between the palm-fringed banks of the Cataract, the inscriptions covered every available rock. It must have been a very holy place and, the inmates of the Crocodile and the Hathors, climbing and wondering at the ever-changing, ever-glorious prospect, found the limbs of statues, a half-buried naos, diorite, alabaster, and yellow marble, and located the sanctuary of the vanished temple.

One day, in the mountains back of Assuan, one of the ladies, thrusting her arm deep into the cool, orange-colored sand, just as one might play and dabble in water, touched the top of a stela, which, when cleared, showed inscriptions and reliefs; while the Professor discovered a shrine scrawled thickly with graffite, and many terra-cotta sarcophagi, and the party carried back in triumph to the boat, on Mohammed's broad shoulders, the fragment of a seated statue bearing hieroglyphs in an, as yet, unknown language. These vestiges of the Pharaohs, some of them thousands of years apart as to time, made the Ptolemies seem very near, the Romans within hand-shaking distance; and one could almost see the crested Macedonian helmets winding among the rocks, the glitter of the brass on the legionaries, the wolf or eagle standard of cohort and maniple dancing behind the bowlders; while the rattle of Desaix's musketry still echoed there, for the year 1800 seemed only yesterday.

Assuan was the southern termination of the Hathors' voyage, and oh, the vicissitudes in the life of a dahabeeyeh! When prepared for the return voyage her long yard is lowered and slung above the deck; she has laid down her arms to the north wind, who has helped

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her thus far to her goal, and has now become her worst enemy; she cannot struggle against him with that huge piece of timber at her mast-head; a small yard takes its place, and if a fresh wind blow from the north, the once stately boat goes floundering down upon her progress with the current, now broadside to, now stern foremost; the swan has become a crab to travel sideways, and a weather-cock to turn around and around. If there is strong adverse wind she cannot move at all, and must tie up to the bank; but with a very light breeze against her, the dahabeeyeh, shorn of most of her beauty, retains her dignity and becomes a veritable galley as the twelve great oars, each one twenty-five feet long and weighing fifty pounds, beat the water with slow strokes; while with each stroke comes the long, tuneful cry, the real galley song, an Arab heritage from the Greeks of Alexandria. At first this music of the boatmen is a shock to Occidental ears, its sharply subtle division of notes, its slurs, and quavers, and high falsetto are a surprise, but one soon learns to love its melancholy monotony. Sometimes it is a sort of wild and mournful melopœia, sometimes a deep-toned chorus filled with rich chords like an old mass; again an oar-song with strophe and antistrophe, or a litany to the Mohammedan saints.

The sailors were a superb sight from the upper deck, as, stimulated by spectators, they bent to their work with a will; the muscles on their bronzed limbs swelled and strained, their blue draperies fluttered in the wind, the red blades of the oars flashed and sprung, "churning the black water white," and the boat quivered responsively at every stroke, while the deep-mouthed galley-song rose from twelve strong throats.

Meanwhile, as the dahabeeyeh goes northward the air grows softer and balmier — the Egyptian summer is at hand; temples and towns seen on the upward journey reappear, favorite sites are revisited, as we glide over the magic mirror of the Nile. Then there are golden days of delicious idleness, when mere respiration is a delight, and the simple consciousness of existence an abiding pleasure — days filled with an indescribable charm that is most potent in this land of wonders. For Egypt is full of glamour; the Nile water is Nepenthe, and the desert air a philter; care floats away in the softly flowing current of the river; the little *bourgeois* frets and worries vanish, and a genial optimism takes their place. As we sip the enchanted potion day by day, something of the old Greek joy in existence, and deep, though unconscious, sympathy with nature returns; the Oriental's delight in green fields and rustling branches and the murmur of running water is insensibly acquired. Life ceases to be dramatic, and becomes contemplative; many mysteries are made clear, and we feel the strange charm that drew the cenobites to these glowing solitudes. New sensibilities awake, the perceptions are quickened and refined, the eye, resting day after day on the same objects, becomes susceptible to the slightest gradations of tint, the subtlest effects of light, or diversities of line. The elements of the landscape are always the same, just as are the bits of glass in the kaleidoscope, but how infinitely varied are the compositions they form. There are golden stretches of wheat, or velvet fields of clover; the river, now lying in lake-like pools, or running swift and brown under high banks, washing the feet of the limestone cliffs, or skirting a reach of burning sand, bubbling in shallows or foaming in the Cataract; the mountains, ever present, now close at hand, now rising in the distance; here white as though the snow had fallen on their summits, there red as though they flushed under the fires of sunset, towering in buttresses, and wave-worn peaks and pinnacles, or lying in long, flat-topped, terraced walls; the palms, fitting attribute of this martyred land, their rough-scaled trunks gold in the sun, bronze in the shade, their grayish-green leaves delicately powdered with dust; the river-towns high on the banks, their battlemented and crenellated towers enveloped in a whirling, circling cloud of white pigeons, or lying flat on the plain like an army with spears, the lance-like minarets quivering in the hot air — all these things glide by, familiar, yet ever new and ever beautiful.

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Nights there were, too, full of enchantment — such nights as Cleopatra once outwatched on some wave-washed Alexandrian terrace—when the moon, burning with a white fire unknown to the North, hung over her own perfect image in the water; or when the sky, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," was mirrored in the still river below, and we seemed to float through a starry world. In the crystal-clear air the great constellations flamed with unwonted splendor; above, Orion blazed; the Hyades and Pleiades glittered like diamond fibulæ in night's dark cloak; Canopus's great lamp burned with a mellow light; Berenice's shining locks hung on the vault like a votive offering; Cassiopeia queened it in her silver chair, while Gemini's twin beacons flared and paled.

Under such a sky, from the terraces of the Alexandrian Museum, King Ptolemy's astronomers watched these gleaming worlds in their ordered march through space, seeing in each planet a divine chorister in the infinite symphony, and hearing faintly the prelude of the celestial harmony centuries before it thundered in Galileo's ears as he stood at midnight on the brown Tuscan tower among the olives.

Most precious of all these experiences is the remembrance of the hours spent on deck at what the Arabs call "the time of evening prayer," when the sun dipped behind the Lybian chain, and Mustapha's fire rose in pale yellow flame against the violet water. The mountain-tops still glowed, the desert was ashes of roses, the high bank turned to bitumen, the sky to molten gold, and darkly silhouetted against its splendor, a frieze of living bronze against a golden wall, the ever-charming figures of the Egyptian pastoral—Canephoræ, on their stately march; Chloe, lithe and slender, driving home her sheep; Daphnis herding his goats; the gleaners of Virgil; the husbandmen of Theocritus; the loves and nymphs of Anacreon, passed before us in the glamour of the evening light; every low-browed profile outlined in sharpest relief against the glowing west. As the villagers filed homeward, the sun sank, and the rosy flush faded; on the after-deck men bowed and knelt with faces turned toward Mecca; from the distant town the cry of the muezzin came faintly, "There is no God but God," and, like the sacred crescent of Islam, a new moon shone in the clear sky.

THE OAK OF GEISMAR.

By Henry van Dyke.

THROUGH the wide forest which rolled over the hills of central Germany, nearly twelve centuries ago, on the day before Christmas, a little company of pilgrims was journeying northward.

At the head of the band was a man about forty years of age, fair and slight, with eyes as blue as the sky and full of kindness, yet flashing with the fire of a will that knew no weakness and no fear. His thick garments of fur were covered with a coarse black robe, girt high about his waist, so that it might not hinder his quick stride; and in his right hand he carried a strong staff, fashioned at the upper end into the semblance of a cross. It was Winfrid of England, who had left his fair patrimony and noble estate in Wessex to bring the Gospel to his heathen kinsmen in the woodland of Thuringia and Hesse.

Close beside him, and keeping step with him like an inseparable companion, was the young Prince Gregor, whose heart Winfrid had won three years before in the cloister of Pfalzel. "Grandmother," cried the lad to the Abbess Addula, the daughter of King Dagobert, "if thou wilt not give me a horse, I will follow my master afoot." And the prince had kept his word. Long journeys through the wilderness had made a man of him in strength as

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well as in spirit; and now he marched with Winfrid, a sturdy, resolute figure, in woodman's dress, with short cloak and cap of wolf's skin, carrying on his shoulder a mighty axe, to cut away the fallen trees which here and there blocked the way.

Behind these leaders followed a group of foresters and servants; then two sledge-horses blowing thick clouds of steam from their frosty nostrils; and last of all came the rear-guard, armed with bows and javelins. For it was no light adventure, in those days, to pass through the weird woodland, haunted by bear and wolf, lynx and boar, and sheltering in its gloomy recesses men who were fiercer than beasts of prey—outlaws and sturdy robbers and mad were-wolves.

The travellers were surrounded by an ocean of trees, so vast, so full of endless billows, that it seemed to be pressing on every side to overwhelm them. Gnarled oaks, with branches twisted and knotted as if in rage, rose in groves like tidal waves. Smooth forests of beech-trees, round and gray, swept over the knolls and slopes of land in a mighty ground-swell. But most of all, the multitude of pines and firs, innumerable and monotonous, with straight, stark trunks, and branches woven together in an unbroken flood of darkest green, crowded through the valleys and over the hills, rising on the highest ridges into ragged crests, like the foaming edge of breakers. Through this sea of shadows ran a narrow stream of shining whiteness—an ancient Roman road, covered with snow—and along this open track the travellers held their way; heavily, for the drifts were deep; warily, for the hard winter had driven many packs of wolves down from the mountains.

The steps of the pilgrims were noiseless; but the sledges creaked over the dry snow, and the panting of the horses echoed through the still, cold air. The pale-blue shadows on the western side of the road grew longer. The sun, declining through its shallow arch dropped behind the tree-tops. Darkness followed swiftly, as if it had been a bird of prey waiting for this sign to swoop down upon the world.

"Father," said Gregor to the leader, "surely this day's march is done. It is time to rest, and eat, and sleep. If we press onward now, we cannot see our steps; and will not that be against the word of the psalmist David, who bids us not to put confidence in the legs of a man'"

Winfrid laughed silently, in the manner of those who have lived long in the woods. "Nay, my son Gregor," said he, "thou hast tripped, even now, upon thy text. For David said only, 'I take no pleasure in the legs of a man.' And so say I, for I am not minded to spare thy legs or mine, until we come farther on our way, and do what must be done this night. Draw thy belt tighter, my son, and hew me out this little fir that bars the road, for our camp-ground is not here."

The youth obeyed; and while two of the foresters sprang to help him, and the soft fir-wood yielded to the stroke of the axes, and the snow flew from the bending branches, Winfrid turned and spoke to his followers in a cheerful voice that refreshed them like wine.

"Courage, brothers, and forward yet a little. God's moon will light us presently, and the path is plain. Well know I that ye are weary; and my own heart wearies also for the home in England, where those I love so dearly are keeping feast this Christmas-eve. Oh, that I might escape from this wild, storm-tossed sea of Germany into the peaceful haven of my fatherland! But we have work to do before we feast to-night. For this is the Yule-tide, and the heathen people of the forest have gathered at the Oak of Geismar to worship their god, Thor; and strange things will be seen there, and deeds which make the soul black. But we are sent to lighten their darkness; and we will teach our kinsmen to keep a Christmas with us such as the woodland has never known. Forward, then, in God's name!"

A murmur of assent came from the men. Even the horses seemed to take fresh heart. They flattened their backs to draw the heavy loads, and blew the frost from their nostrils as they pushed ahead. The night grew broader and less oppressive. A gate of brightness was opened secretly somewhere in the

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sky; higher and higher swelled the clear moon-flood, until it poured over the eastern wall of forest into the road. A drove of wolves howled faintly in the distance, but they were receding, and the sound soon vanished. The stars sparkled merrily through the stringent air; the small, round moon shone like silver; and little breaths of the dreaming wind wandered whispering across the pointed fir-tops, as the pilgrims toiled bravely onward, following their clue of light through a labyrinth of darkness.

After a while the road began to open out a little. There were spaces of meadow-land, fringed with alders, behind which a boisterous river ran, clashing through spears of ice. Rude houses of hewn logs appeared in the openings, each one casting a patch of inky blackness upon the snow. Then the travellers passed a larger group of dwellings, all silent and unlighted; and beyond, they saw a great house, with many outbuildings and enclosed courtyards, from which the hounds bayed furiously, and a noise of stamping horses came from the stalls. But there was no other sound of life. The fields around lay bare to the moon. They saw no man, except once, on a path that skirted the farther edge of a meadow, three dark figures passed them, running very swiftly.

Then the road plunged again into a dense thicket, traversed it, and climbing to the left, emerged suddenly upon a glade, round and level except at the northern side, where a swelling hillock was crowned with a huge oak-tree. It towered above the heath, and stood like a giant with contorted arms, leading on the host of lesser trees. "Here," cried Winfrid, as his eyes flashed and his hand lifted his heavy staff, "here is the Thunder-oak; and here the cross of Christ shall break the hammer of the false god Thor."

In front of the tree a blazing fire of resinous wood sent its tongues of flame and fountains of sparks far up into the sky, and a great throng of people were gathered around it in a half-circle. The aspect of the multitude, seen against that fierce illumination, was like the silhouette of a crowd, black and mysterious. As the travellers left their sledges in the edge of the thicket and crossed the glade, none turned to notice them; all the people were looking intently toward the fire at the foot of the oak.

Then Winfrid's voice rang out. "Hail, ye sons of the forest! A stranger claims the warmth of your fire in the winter night."

Swiftly, and as with a single motion, a thousand eyes were bent upon the speaker. The semicircle opened silently in the middle; Winfrid entered with his followers; it closed again behind them. Then, as they looked round the curving ranks, they saw that the hue of the assemblage was not black, but white—dazzling, radiant, solemn, death-like. White, the robes of the women clustered together at the points of the wide crescent; white, the glittering byrnies of the warriors standing in close ranks; white, the fur mantles of the aged men who held the central place in the circle; white, with the shimmer of silver ornaments and the snowy purity of lamb's-wool, the raiment of a little group of children who stood close by the fire; white in the pallor of awe and fear, the faces of all who looked at them; white as drifts of snow the long beard of the old priest, Hunrad, who advanced to meet the travellers.

"Who are you? Whence come you, and what seek you here?" His voice was heavy and toneless as a muffled bell.

"Your kinsman am I, of the German brotherhood," answered Winfrid, "and from Wessex, beyond the sea, have I come to bring you a greeting from that land, and a message from the All-Father, whose servant I am."

"Welcome, then," said Hunrad, "welcome, kinsman, and be silent; for what passes here is too high to wait, and must be done before the moon crosses the middle heaven, unless, indeed, thou hast some sign or token from the gods. Canst thou work miracles?"

The question came sharply, as if a sudden gleam of hope had flashed through the tangle of the old priest's mind. But Winfrid's voice sank lower and a cloud of disappointment passed over his face as he replied: "Nay, miracles have

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I never wrought, though I have heard of many; but the All-Father has given no power to my hands save such as belongs to common man."

"Stand still, then, thou common man," said Hunrad, scornfully, "and behold what the gods have called us hither to do. This night is the death-night of the sun-god, Baldur the Beautiful, beloved of gods and men. This night is the hour of darkness and the power of winter, of sacrifice and mighty fear. This night the great Thor, the god of thunder and war, to whom this oak is sacred, is grieved for the death of Baldur, and angry with this people because they have forsaken his worship. Long is it since an offering has been laid upon his altar, long since the roots of his holy tree have been fed with blood. Therefore its leaves have withered before the time, and its boughs are heavy with death. Therefore the Slavs and the Saxons have beaten us in battle. Therefore the harvests have failed, and the wolf-hordes have ravaged the folds, and the strength has departed from the bow, and the wood of the spear has broken, and the wild boar has slain the huntsman. Therefore the plague has fallen on your dwellings, and the dead are more than the living in all your villages. Answer me, ye people, are not these things true?"

A hoarse sound of approval ran through the circle. A chant, in which the voices of the men and women blended, like the shrill wind in the pine-trees above the rumbling thunder of a waterfall, rose and fell in rude cadences.

O Thor, the Thunderer,
Mighty and merciless,
Spare us from smiting!
Heave not thy hammer,
Angry, against us;
Plague not thy people.
Take from our treasure
Richest of ransom.
Silver we send thee,
Jewels and javelins,
Goodliest garments,
All our possessions,
Priceless, we proffer.
Sheep will we slaughter,
Steeds will we sacrifice;
Bright blood shall bathe thee,
O tree of Thunder,
Life-floods shall lave thee,
Strong wood of wonder.
Mighty, have mercy,
Smite us no more,
Spare us and save us,
Spare us, Thor! Thor!

With two great shouts the song ended, and a stillness followed so intense that the crackling of the fire was heard distinctly. The old priest stood silent for a moment. His shaggy brows swept down over his eyes like snow-drifts quenching flame. Then he lifted his face and spoke.

"None of these things will please the god. More costly is the offering that shall cleanse your sin, more precious the crimson dew that shall send new life into this holy tree of blood. Thor claims your dearest and your noblest gift."

Hunrad moved nearer to the handful of children who stood watching the red mines in the fire and the swarms of spark-serpents darting upward. They had heeded none of the priest's words, and did not notice now that he approached them, so eager were they to see which fiery snake would go highest among the oak branches. Foremost among them, and most intent on the pretty game, was a boy like a sun-ray, slender and quick, with blithe brown eyes and hair of spun silk. The priest's hand was laid upon his shoulder. The boy turned and looked up in his face.

"Here," said the old man, with his voice vibrating as when a thick rope is strained by a ship swinging from her moorings, "here is the chosen one, the eldest son of the Prince, the darling of the people. Hearken, Asulf, wilt thou go to Valhalla, where the heroes dwell with the gods, to bear a message to Thor?"

The boy answered, swift and clear:

"Yes, priest, I will go if my father bids me. Is it far away? Shall I run quickly? Must I take my bow and arrows for the wolves?"

The boy's father, Duke Alvold, standing among his bearded warriors, drew his breath deep, and leaned so heavily on the handle of his spear that the wood cracked. And his wife, Thekla, bending forward from the ranks of women, pushed the golden hair from her forehead with one hand, and with the other dragged at the silver chain about her neck until the rough links pierced her flesh, and the red drops fell unheeded

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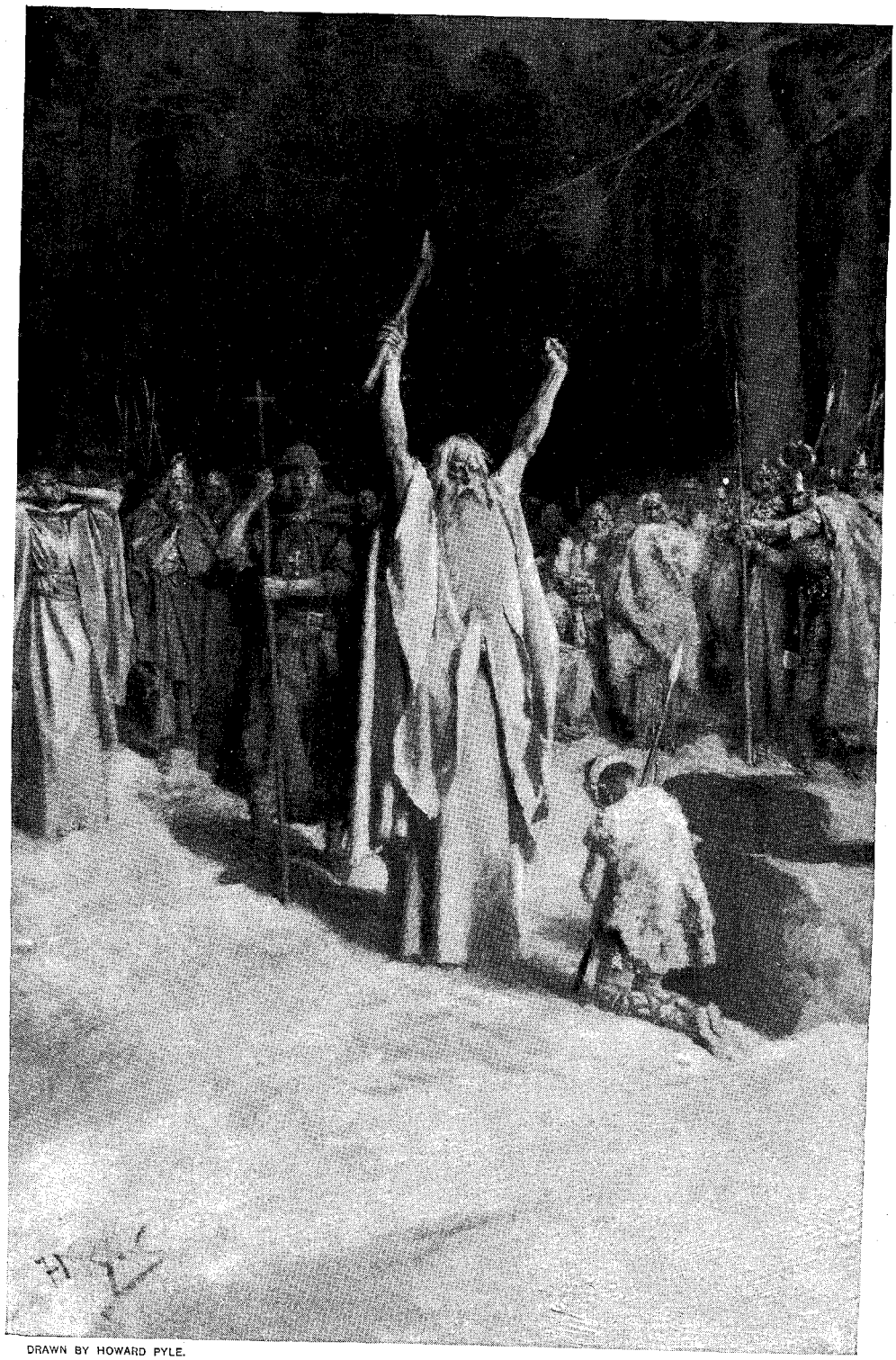

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

"It poised for an instant above the child's fair head—death cruel and imminent."—Page 686.

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on the snow of her breast. A sigh passed through the crowd, like the murmur of the forest before the storm breaks. Yet no one spoke save Hunrad:

"Yes, my Prince, both bow and spear shalt thou have, for the way is long, and thou art a brave huntsman. But in darkness thou must journey for a little space, and with eyes blindfolded. Fearest thou?"

"Naught fear I," said the boy, "neither darkness, nor the great bear, nor the were-wolf. For I am Alvold's son, and the defender of my folk."

Then the priest led the child in his raiment of lamb's-wool to a broad stone in front of the fire, and gave him his little bow tipped with silver, and his spear with shining head of iron; he bound the child's eyes with a white cloth, and bade him kneel beside the stone with his face to the east. Unconsciously the wide arc of spectators drew inward toward the centre, as the ends of the bow draw together when the cord is stretched. Winfrid moved noiselessly until he stood close behind the priest.

The old man stooped to lift a black hammer of stone from the ground—the sacred hammer of the god Thor. Summoning all the strength of his withered arms, he swung it high in the air. It poised for an instant above the child's fair head—death cruel and imminent—then turned to fall.

One keen cry shrilled out from where the women stood, "Me! not Asulf!" Winfrid's heavy staff thrust mightily against the hammer's handle as it fell. Sideways it glanced from the old man's grasp, and the black stone, striking on the altar's edge, split in twain. A shout of awe and joy rolled along the living circle; and the branches of the oak shivered; and the flames leaped higher; and as the shout died away the people saw the lady Thekla, with her arms clasped round her child, and above them, on the altar-stone, Winfrid, his face shining like an angel's.

"Hearken, ye sons of the forest! No blood shall flow this night save that which pity has drawn from a mother's breast. For this is the birth-night of the white Christ, the son of the All-Father, the Saviour of mankind. Fairer is he than Baldur the Beautiful, greater than Odin the Wise, kinder than Freya the Good. Since he has come sacrifice is ended. The dark Thor, on whom ye have vainly called, is dead. Deep in the shades of Niffelheim he is lost forever. And now on this Christ-night ye shall begin to live. This Blood-tree shall darken your land no more. In the name of the Lord I will destroy it."

He grasped the broad axe from the hand of Gregor, and striding to the oak began to hew against it. Then the sole wonder in Winfrid's life came to pass. For, as the bright blade circled above his head, and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak from its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir-tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

Winfrid let the axe drop, and turned to speak to the people.

"This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree to-night. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness."

So they took the fir-tree from its place, and carried it in joyful procession to the edge of the glade, and laid it on one of the sledges. The horse tossed his head and drew bravely at his load, as if the new burden had lightened it. When they came to the village, Alvold bade them open the doors of his great hall and set the tree in the midst of it. They kindled lights among its branches, till it seemed to be tangled full of stars. The children encircled it wondering, and the sweet smell of the balsam filled the house.

Then Winfrid stood up on the dais at the end of the hall, with the old priest sitting at his feet near by, and told the story of Bethlehem, of the babe in the manger, of the shepherds on the hillside, of the host of angels and their

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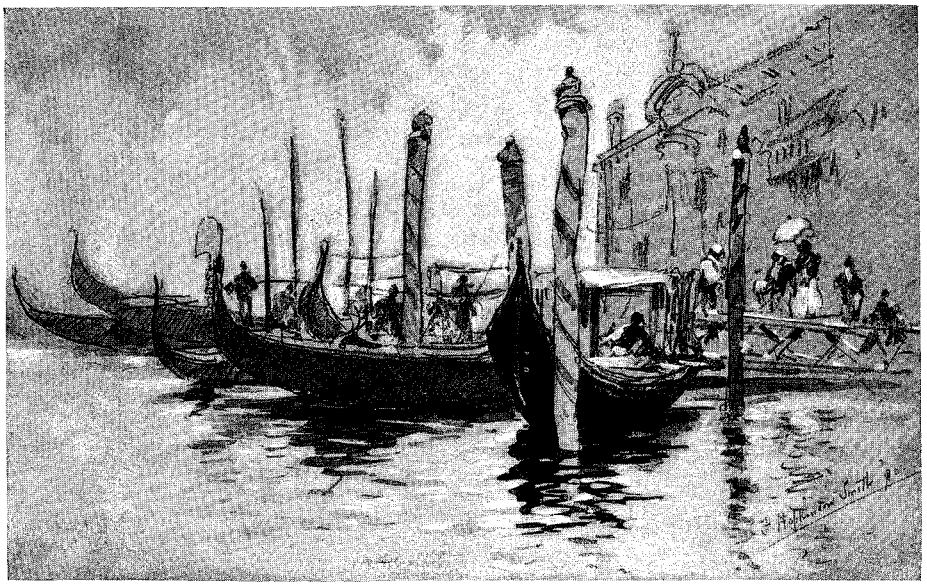
strange music. All listened, even the children, charmed into stillness.

But the boy Asulf, on his mother's knees, folded warm by her soft arms, and wondering a little at the stains on her breast, put up his lips to her ear and whispered, "Mother, listen now, for I hear those angels singing again behind the tree."

And some say that it was true; but others say that it was the Prince Gregor and his companions, at the lower end of the hall, softly chanting their Christmas hymn:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.



"The same old gondola-landing blue poles, bridge, and all."

ESPERO GORGONI, GONDOLIER.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.

I.

POOR old Ingenio—my gondolier of five years before—dear old Ingenio, with his white hair and gentle voice; Ingenio with the little, crippled daughter and the sad-faced wife, who lived near the church behind the Rialto, had made his last crossing. At least the sacristan shook his head and pointed upward when I sought tidings of him; and the old, familiar door with the queer gratings was locked, and the windows cobwebbed and dust-begrimed.

None of the gondoliers at the Rialto landing knew, nor did any of the old men at the water-steps—the men with the hooked staffs who steady your boat while you alight. Five years was so very long ago, they said, and then there had been the plague.

So I looked up wistfully at the windows of the old palace where I had called to him so often—I can see him now, with little Giuliétta in his arms, peering at me through the gay, climbing flowers which she watered so carefully—looked long and wistfully, as if he must surely answer back, "*Si, signor, immediatiménte*," and turned sadly away.

But then there was the same old gondola-landing, blue poles, bridge, and

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all, with its flock of gondolas hovering around, and a dozen lusty fellows ready to spring to their oars and serve me night and day for a pittance that elsewhere a man would starve on. My lucky star once sent me Ingenio, who, floating past in his boat, caught my signal; why not another?

"Next to these stand a row of poles to which are fastened the huge wicker crab and fish baskets."—Page 692.

This is why I am on the quay near the Rialto this lovely morning, in Venice, overlooking the gondolas curving in and out, and watching the faces of the gondoliers as with uplifted hands, like a row of whips, they call out their respective numbers and qualifications.

In my experience there is nothing like a gondola to paint from, especially in the summer—and it is the summer time. Then all these Venetian cabs are gay in their sunshiny attire, and have laid aside their dark, hooded cloaks, their rainy-day mackintoshes — their *felsi*—and have pulled over their shoulders a frail awning of creamy white, perched upon a delicate iron framework, with snowy curtains at sides and back, under which you paint in state or lounge luxuriously, drinking in the beauty about you.

I have in my wanderings tried all sorts of moving things to paint from; *tartanas* in Spain, *volantes* in Cuba, broad-sailed luggers in Holland, mules in Mexico, and cabs everywhere. One I remember with delight—an old night-hawk in Amsterdam—that offered me not only its front-seat for my easel, its arm-rest for my water-bottle, and a pocket in the door-flap for brushes (I am likely to expect all these conveniences in even the most disreputable of cabs), but insisted on giving me the additional luxury of a knot-hole in its floor for waste water.

But with all this a cab is not a gondola.

In a gondola you are never shaken by the tired beast resting his other leg, nor by the small boy who looks in at the window, nor by the cabby, who falls asleep on the box and awakes periodi-

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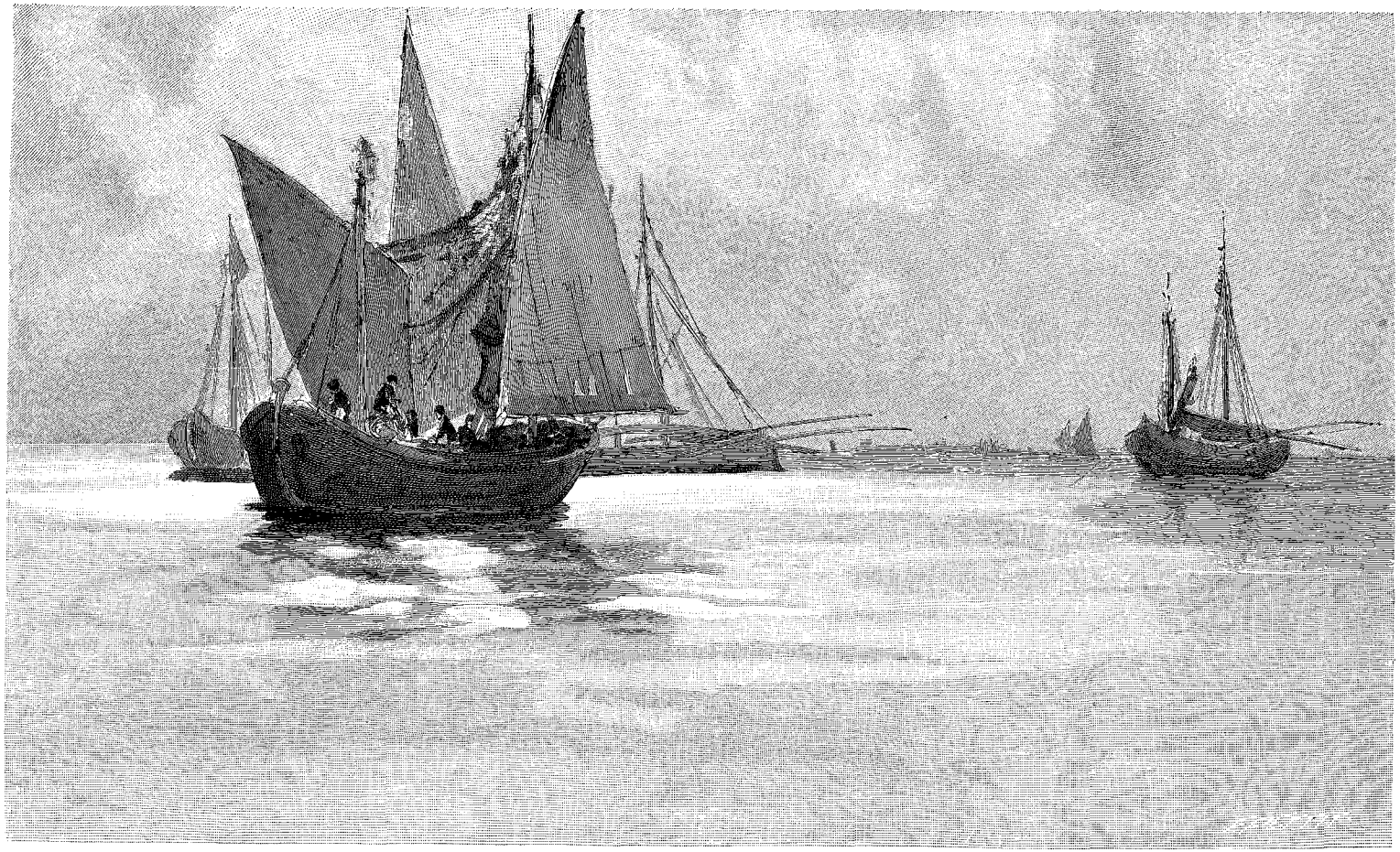

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Venetian Fishing Boats.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

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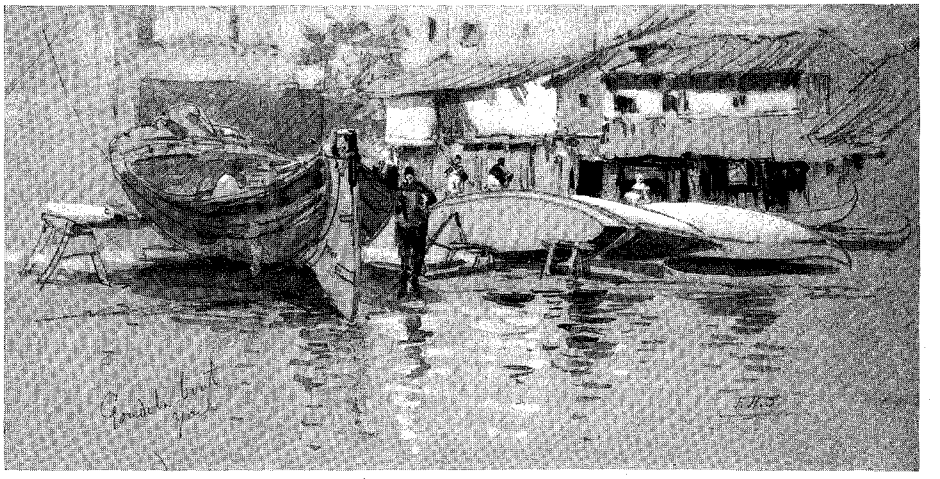
cally with a start that repeats a shiver through your brush hand, and a corresponding wave-line across your sky.

In place of this there is a cosy curtain-closed nest—a little boudoir with down cushions, and silk fringes and soft mo-



A Gondola Boat Yard.

rocco coverings; kept afloat by a long, lithe, swan-like, moving boat, black as an Inquisitor's gown save for the dainty awning. A something bearing itself proudly with head high in air—alive or still, alert or restful, and obedient to your lightest touch—half sea-gull revelling in the sunlight, half dolphin cutting the dark water.

If you are hurried, and the plash of the oar comes quick and strong, in an instant your gondola quivers with the excitement of the chase. You feel the thrill through its entire length as it strains every nerve; the touch of the oar, like the touch of the spur, urging it to its best. If you would rest, and so slip into some dark waterway under the shadow of overhanging balcony or mouldy palace wall, your water-swallow becomes a very *lasagnone*, and will go sound asleep, and for hours, or loll lazily, the little waves lapping about its bow.

In Venice my gondola is always my home, and my gondolier always my best friend; and so when my search for Ingenio ended only in a cobwebbed door and an abandoned balcony, and that mournful shake of the sacristan's head, and I stood scanning anxiously the upturned faces below me, it was some minutes before I selected his successor and returned Espero's signal.

I cannot say why I singled him out except, perhaps, that he did not press forward with the rest, rushing his bow ahead; but rather held back, giving his place to a gray-headed old gondolier, who in his haste had muffed his oar awkwardly, at which the others laughed.

Perhaps, too, it might have been his frank, handsome, young face, with its merry, black eyes; or the inviting look of his cushions beneath the white awning, with the bit of a rug on the floor; or the picturesque effect of the whole; or all of them together, that caught my eye. Or it might have been the perfect welding together of man and boat. For, as he stood erect in the sunlight, twisting the gondola with his oar, his loose shirt, with throat and chest bare in highest light against the dark water, his head bound with a red kerchief, his well knit, graceful figure swaying in the movement of the whole—blending with and yet controlling it—both man and boat seemed but parts of one organism, a sort of marine Centaur, as free and fearless as that wonderful myth of the olden time. Whatever it was, my lucky star peeped out at the opportune moment, and the next instant my sketch-traps were tumbled in.

"To the Salute!"

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The gondolier threw himself on his oar, the sensitive craft quivered at the touch, and we glided out upon the broad waters of the Grand Canal.

Nowhere else in the wide world is there such a sight. A double row of creamy white palaces tiled in red and topped with quaint chimneys. Overhanging balconies of marble bursting with flowers, with gay awnings above and streaming shadows below. Two lines of narrow quays crowded with people flashing bright bits of color in the blazing sun. Swarms of gondolas, barcos, and lesser water-spiders darting in and out. Lazy red-sailed luggers melon-loaded with crinkled green shadows crawling beneath their bows; while at the far end over the glistening high-water, until the edge of her steel blade touched the water-stairs of the Salute.

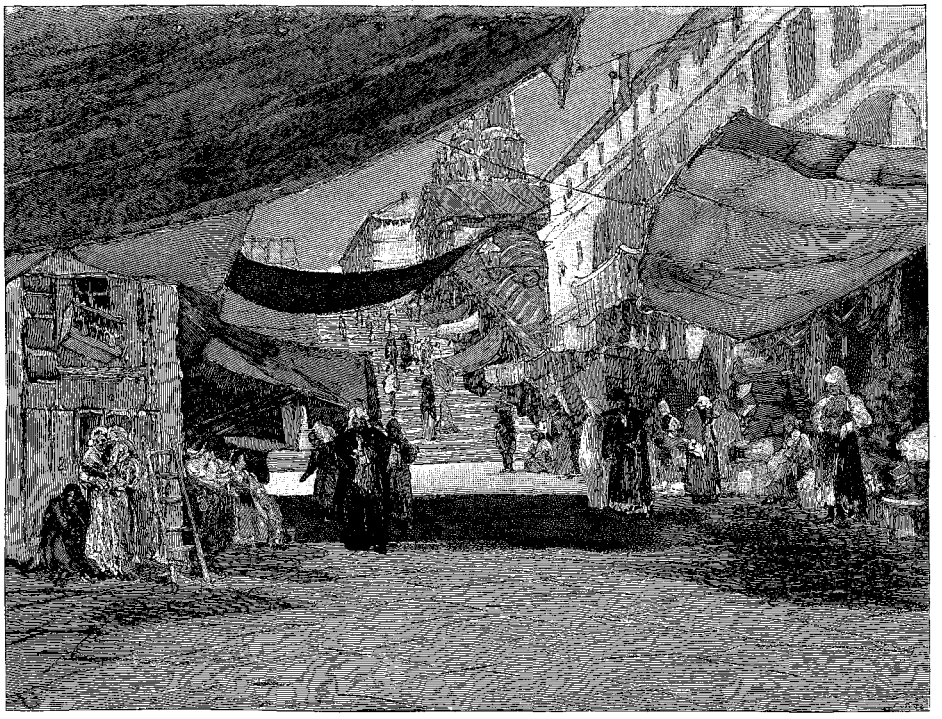
This beautiful church is always my rendezvous. It is half-way to everything: to the Public Garden; across the Guidecca; away over to the Lagoon where the fishermen live; to the Rialto and beyond.

In the freshness of the morning, when its lovely dome throws a cool shadow across its plaza, there is no better place for a painter to make up his mind in. Mine required but a few minutes: I would paint near the Fondimenta della Pallada; a narrow, short canal where the fishermen moor their boats.

"What is your name, gondolier?"

"Espero Gorgoni."

The voice was sweet and musical, and



The Rialto, Venice.

way, beaded with people, curves the beautiful bridge—an ivory arch against a turquoise sky.

Espero ran the gauntlet of the skimming boats, dodging the little steamers puffing away all out of breath with their run from the Lido, shot his boat into a narrow canal, out again upon the broad

the answer was given with a turn of the head as graceful as it was free.

"Do you know the Pallada?"

"Perfectly."

"Stop, then, near the crab baskets that are moored to the poles."

A turn of the wrist, a long, bending sweep of the oar across the Guidecca,

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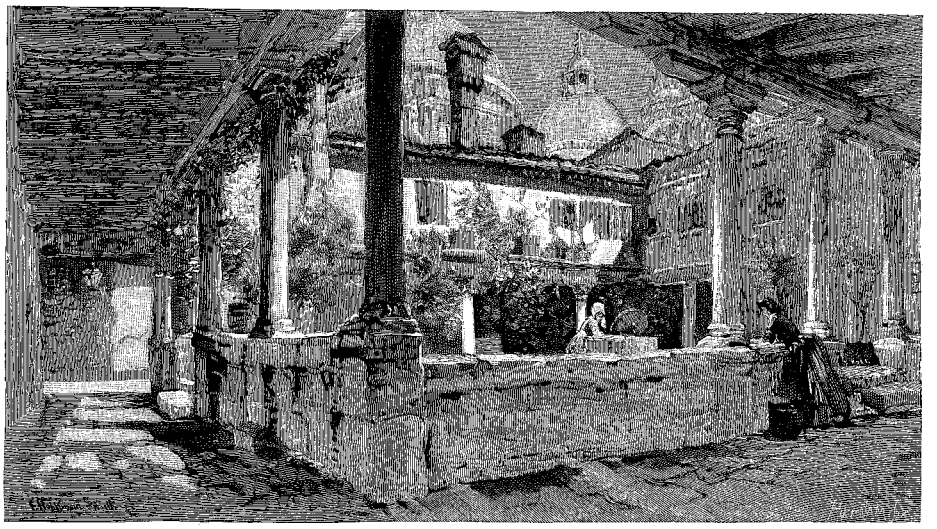

"We stepped into an abandoned cloister, once the most beautiful Cortile in Venice."—Page 696.

and we enter a waterway leading to the Lagoon. Here live the fishermen, in great, rambling houses three and four stories high — warehouses probably in the old days — running sheer into the water. Outside of the lower windows lie their boats, with gay-colored sails, and next to these stand a row of poles anchoring the huge wicker crab and fish baskets filled with their early morning catch.

Espero ran the gondola behind a protecting sail, and in five minutes I was at work.

The experience was not new to him. I saw that from the way he opened the awning on the proper side, unstrapped my easel, and spread out the contents of my trap on the cushions, which he reversed to protect from waste water; and from the way he stepped ashore, so that my gondola should lie perfectly still, joining later a group of children who were watching me from the doorway above. (Half an hour after they were laughing at his stories, the two youngest in his lap.) A considerate, good-natured fellow, I thought—this gondolier of mine—and fond of children; and I kept at work.

When the fisherman awoke and came down to make ready his boat for the morning, and I began the customary protest about the lowering of the sail, thus spoiling my sketch, Espero sprang up, locked his arm through the intruder's and led him gently back into the house, calling to me, five minutes thereafter from across the canal, to keep at work and not to hurry, as the fisherman and he were about to have a mouthful of wine together. And a man of tact, too! Really, if my gondolier develops like this, I shall not miss Ingenio so much.

The next day we were across the Lagoon, and the day following up the Guidecca by the storehouses where the lighters unload, and before the week was out I had fallen into my old habits and was sharing my breakfast and my cigarette-case with my gondolier, who, day by day, won his way by some new trait of usefulness or some new charm of manner.

Oh, these breakfasts in the gondola in the early morning; the soft, fresh air of the sea in your face, the cool plash of the water in your ears! On the floor of the boat, smoking hot, rests the little copper coffee-pot, and above, in the wooden side-pockets, your store of fruit and rolls. With what a waste and recklessness is the melon split and quartered, and the half-eaten crescents thrown overboard! What savory fish! What delicious bread! And yet Espero had gathered them up at a caffè, a fruit-stand, and a baker's; and a bit of silver no larger than my thumb-nail had paid for it all.

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When the wind freshens and the boats from Chioggia begin spreading their sails, Espero turns his prow toward the Public Garden—their mooring-ground—and we follow them out over the broad water until my sketch-book is filled with their varying forms and colors. On our way back we board the wood boats, drifting in with the tide, or land under the old garden-walls which Espero scales, regaining the gondola loaded with flowers, which he festoons over the awning, trailing the blossoming vines in the water behind. Or we circle about the Salute, composing it now on the right with some lighter boats in the distance; now on the left, with the Dogana and the stretch of palaces beyond. Or we haunt the churches, listening to the music, or follow with our eyes the slender, graceful Venetians who come and go.

In all these rambles there was one little, crooked canal near the Salute that, whatever our course, Espero always dodged into. Long way around or short way over, it was always the same. Somehow Espero must get into this waterway to get out somewhere else. At last I caught him. She wore a yellow silk handkerchief tied under her pretty chin, and was waving her hand from a balcony filled with oleanders high up on the wall of a crumbling old palace. These were our days!

Then came the twilights, with palace, tower, and dome purple against the fading light, and the canal all molten gold, through which the gondolas, with lamps alight, glided like fire-flies.

On one of these purple-laden twilights we had floated over to San Giorgio, moored the gondola to a great iron ring in the water-soaked steps that might once have held a slave-laden galley, and had sat down to watch the darkness slowly settle over the dreaming city. Away off to the right stood the Campanile, its cone-shaped top pink and gold, while behind, against the deepening blue, rose its almost twin tower.

The scene awoke all the old memories of the place, and I began talking to Espero, who was stretched out on the marble steps below me, of the olden times when this same harbor was full of ships of every clime, with sails of gold and cargoes of spice, and of the great regattas, and the two-decked war barges, with slaves double-banked rowing beneath; and from this to the wonderful Bucentaur, the Doge's barge, encrusted with gold like the model we had seen at the Arsenal the day before, rowed by members of the Arsenalotti—a sort of guild or corporation formed of the workmen at the Arsenal. How, every year, occurred the ceremony of the Espousal of the Adriatic, and how, when the Bucentaur returned there was a grand banquet, at which the Arsenalotti dined at public expense, with the privilege of carrying off everything on the table—even the linen, vessels, and glass.

Espero's attitude and face, as he listened, led me on. He had an odd way of lifting his eyebrows quickly when I told him something that interested him—a questioning, yet deferential expression, which I generally accepted as a tribute to my superior intelligence. He never formulated it in words. It was only one of the many flashes that swept over his face, but it was always a grateful encouragement.

And so, with the glamour of the scene about me, and with Espero's eyes fastened on mine, his well-shaped head clear cut against the fading sky, I rambled on, telling him of those things I thought would please him the most. Of how these Arsenalotti became gondoliers, joining the Castellani—the gondoliers at that time being divided into two parties, the Castellani, who wore red hoods, and the Nicolletti, who wore black hoods. Of how these Castellani were aristocrats and had portioned out to them the eastern part of the city where the Doge lived, his residence being in the Plaza of San Marco; while the Nicolletti were publicans. That, besides attending to the Doge in public, many of these Castellani had served him in private, thus being of great service to the state.

Espero listened to every word, raising his head and looking at me curiously when I mentioned the Castellani, and laughing outright at my description of the banquet tables in the hands of the Arsenalotti. Nothing else dropped from his lips except the grim remark that if he had lived in those days he would, perhaps, have owned his own gondola, and

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not have had to use his grandfather's, who was now too old to row. I remembered afterward a certain thoughtful expression overspread his face, as if my talk had awakened some memory of his own.

A passing music boat cut short my dissertation, and in a moment more we were following in its wake, threading our way in and out of the tangle of gondolas massed about it. Then a twist of the oar, and Espero glided alongside the lantern-hung barge and leaned over to speak to the leader. The musicians were going to the Piazza, would I care to hear them sing under the Bridge of Sighs?

In five minutes we had picked our way through the labyrinth of surrounding gondolas, and in five more had entered the close, narrow canal, where the beautiful bridge, buttressed by two great masses of gloom — the palace and the prison — overhung the sluggish, sullen water.

There is never a lantern now along this weird and grewsome waterway. One only sees the twinkling lamps of the gondolas, like will-o'-the-wisps, drift past—the boats themselves lost in the blackness of the shadows — the glimmer of the pale light of some slow-moving barge, or the reflection of the stars above. All else is dark and ghostly.

The music boat drifted sideways, and the bass viol, who was standing, twisted a light cord through an iron ring in the slimy, ooze-colored palace. Espero drifted against the opposite wall—the prison.

"What shall they sing, signor?"

"As you please, Espero."

I have heard the Miserere chanted at dead of night in the streets of an old Italian town, the flare of the torches lighting the upturned face of the ghastly dead; my eyes have filled when, with knee to marble floor, I have listened to the pathos of its harmonies as they sighed through the many-pillared mosque of Cordova; I have drunk in its cadences in curtained alcoves with the breath of waving fans and flash of gems about me; but never has its grandeur and majesty so stirred my imagination and entranced my soul as on this night in Venice, under the deep blue of the soft Italian sky, the frowning, blood-stained palace above, the treacherous silent water beneath.

I could stretch out my hand and touch the very stones that had coffined the living dead. I could look down into the same depths along the edge of the water-soaked marble where had lain the headless body, with sack and cord, awaiting the sure current of the changing tide; and from my cushions in the listening gondola I could see, high up against the blue in the starlight, the same narrow window in the fatal arch, through which the hopeless had caught their last glimpse of light and life.

When the last low strains had died away, Espero raised himself erect, walked slowly the length of the gondola, and, bending down, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Signor, did you hear the tramp of the poor fellows over the bridge, and the moans of the men dying under the wall? Holy God! Was it not terrible?"

At that instant the barge floated past. I looked at him in wonder—Espero's eyes were full of tears!

II.

This man began to interest me intensely. Only a plain, every-day, Venetian gondolier, in a blue shirt, and patched at that, with hardly a franc he could call his own—and yet there was something about him that made his presence a delight. It was not the graceful swing of his beautiful body, nor his musical laugh, nor his honest kindness to every human being. It was rather an undefined, courteous, well-bred independence.

When it came to rowing a gondola, it never seemed to me that he rowed because it was his duty and his livelihood. He rowed because he loved it, and because he loved the sunshine across his face, and the flash of the water on his oar-blade, and the swing and freedom of it all. My happening to be a passenger was but one of those necessary evils attending the earning and payment of five francs a day. And yet, not altogether an evil; for he loved me, too, as he did everything else that brought him

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companionship and air and light and life.

Nothing seemed to tire him. Day or night, or all night, if I wished it—for often we were whole nights together in the soft summer air, floating back to the sleeping city in the gray dawn, stopping to listen to early mass at the Pieta, or following the fruit boats or fishermen in from the Lido.

And thus it was that we ransacked Venice together from San Giorgio to Murano; and thus it was that every day I caught some fresh glimpse of the sweetness of his inner nature, and every day loved him the better. Nobody could have helped it. There was that touch about him one could not resist. Once on the Guidecca, when the sea was polished steel and the tide turning ebb, Espero ran the gondola up under the lee of a melon-boat, its sail limp and useless in the breathless air, sprang over her rail, caught the oar from the captain—fagged out with the long pull from the Lido—and threw his weight against the drooping blade. And all this with a laugh and a twist of his foot in pirouette, as if it was the merriest fun in the world to save a tide and a market for a man he had never seen in his life before.

On another morning he was just in time to save Beppo from a plunge overboard — old Beppo who for centuries (nobody knows how old Beppo is) has hooked his staff into myriads of gondolas landing at the Salute steps. It had happened that some other mediæval ruin, a few years Beppo's junior, had crowded the old man from his place, and Espero's righteous wrath was not appeased until he had driven the usurper from the plaza of the church, with the parting reminder that he would break every bone in his withered old skin if he ever caught him there again.

And yet, with all my opportunities for intimacy, I really got no nearer to the inner side of Espero than the day I hired him. To him I was still only the painter from over the sea, his patron, to whom he was loyal, good-natured, happy-hearted, and obliging; but nothing more. Nothing more was for sale for five francs a day. What his home or life might be outside the hours I called my own, I knew no more than of the hundred other gondoliers who filled the canal with their cries and their laughter. The one sole connecting link was the pretty Venetian of the little crooked canal, who waved her hand whenever we passed, and who once tossed down a spray of oleander which fell at his feet; and yet I could not even have found her doorway, much less have told her name.

This troubled me. It did not seem like an equal exchange of confidences.

One beautiful, bright Sunday morning this idea took possession of me. Espero and I would breakfast together —blue shirt, patch, and all! Not as we had often breakfasted before in the gondola under the shadow of a palace, or down by the stalls of the fruit market; but at the great Caffè Florian, in the Piazza of San Marco, at twelve o'clock, high noon, in the midst of gold embroidered officers with clanking swords and waxed mustaches, and ladies of high degree in dainty gowns and veils.

"Leave the gondola, Espero, in charge of somebody, and come with me!"

We twisted our way through the narrow slits of streets, choked with awnings shading groups of Venetians sipping their coffee, dodged under an archway, across a narrow bridge, and so out upon the blinding, baking piazza, dotted here and there with hurrying figures, dogged by ink-spilled shadows.

"Breakfast for two!" I said to the startled waiter. "Take the seat by the window, Espero!"

His face lighted up, and an expression of the greatest happiness and good-humor overspread it. But that was all. There was no sign of humility about him; nothing indicating that I had done him a kindness, or had conferred upon him any special favor. He merely pointed to himself, and then to the seat, as if making quite sure, saying, "Me, signor?" and then sat himself down, spreading his napkin, and all with the air of a man accustomed to that sort of thing every day of his life.

I ordered nearly everything on the bill of fare. Fish, eggs, salad, broiled cutlet, fruit, even a bottle of Chianti, with silk tassels on its neck. Espero took each in its course with the man-

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ners of a Chesterfield, and the quiet refinement of a man of the world.

The only person who put his astonishment into words was the head-waiter, who caught his breath when I lighted Espero's cigarette myself, recounting to his assistant and adding, "*Ma foi*, what funny people these painters!"

An hour later we were again afloat, embarking at the water-steps of the Piazza.

Just here, and for the first time in all our intercourse, I noticed a change in Espero's bearing. The touch of humility—it had been only a trace, and, as I always knew, only assumed that I might see he recognized the obligation of five francs—even that slight trace was gone.

The change was not one that betokened presuming familiarity, as if all social barriers having now been swept away he would insist upon sharing with me everything I owned. It was more the manner of a man clothed with the responsibilities of a host; a welcoming, generous, appropriating manner. Heretofore, when I had stepped into the gondola, Espero invariably offered me his bent elbow to steady myself; but now he gave me his hand.

Furthermore, he did not wait for instructions as to where the prow of the gondola should be pointed. He said instead:

"There is a famous old Cortile that I must show you. All the artists paint it. We will go now!"

With this he shot past our customary landing-place, entered the little, crooked canal, and rounded the gondola in front of an old marble archway curiously carved.

I began to wonder at the change that had come over him. What was there about this Cortile? If everybody had painted it, why should he have kept it hidden all summer from me?

Espero's manner at this landing was, if anything, more expressive than at the last; for, after securing the gondola, he waved his hand graciously and led me along a damp, tunnel-like passage, until we stepped into an abandoned cloister, once the most beautiful Cortile in Venice.

When we entered the sun was blazing against the opposite wall, the nearer columns standing out strong and dark. In the square, bounded by the low wall supporting the pillars, which in turn supported the living rooms above, climbing vines and grasses ran riot, while in the centre of the tangled mass of weeds stood an old covered well, at which a girl was filling her copper water-pail.

Espero watched my delight at its picturesqueness, laughing outright at my determination to begin work at once, and then, with great deference, led me to a doorway level with the flagging of the mouldy pavement. Here he rang a bell hung on the outside. The next instant a shutter opened above and a pair of black eyes peered out from between some pots of oleanders. It was the same face I had seen so often smiling at Espero from an upper balcony! The cloister evidently abutted on the little, crooked canal. This, then, was what he was hiding! But surely he could not have thought that I——

Another moment and the door was opened by the same pretty Venetian, who ushered us into a square hall having a broad staircase which led to the floor above. Here, on the wainscoted walls, half-way to the ceiling, hung a collection of old portraits, each one a delight to the eye of a painter. They were of men, costumed in the time of the later Doges—one in scarlet and black, another in a robe of deep blue, while a third wore a semi-military uniform and carried a short sword.

They all had one distinguishing feature—each head was covered by a bright red hood.

Espero never took his eyes from my face as I looked about in astonishment, not even long enough to salute the pretty Venetian who stood smiling at his side.

"Who lives here, Espero?"

"My grandfather, signor, who is very old, lives on this floor. My little wife, Mariana," turning to the pretty Venetian, "and I live on the floor above;" and he kissed the girl on the forehead and laid her hand in mine.

"And these portraits——"

"Are some of the famous gondoliers of old. This one was chief of the Arsenalotti, and an intimate friend of the Doge."

"And the others?"

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Espero's eyes twinkled, and a quizzical, half-triumphant smile broke over his face.

"These are all my ancestors, signor. We have been gondoliers for two hundred years. I am a Castellani!"

A CHARGE FOR FRANCE.

By John Heard, Jr.

I.

DURING his stay in the United States Maurice de Saint Brissac was a great favorite among women; among men he was correspondingly disliked. The former believed that the mask represented the man, a kind of man they did not often meet among homespun Americans, and to the more romantic he seemed to be a *grand seigneur* of the race Vandyck painted so well, and who had stepped down from his frame in some national gallery to criticise the progress of the world since his day. The latter envied his success, and, because of it, resented the superiority evinced in many ways by this man who was so different from themselves. In a way it soothed their wounded pride to call him a prig. But he was better than that. He did not believe in the stage business of his time. It was antiquated and often ridiculous. It was insincere. It was very largely "pose." At the same time family traditions, the "honor of the name," the prestige of nobility, combined with wealth, demanded this sacrifice, against which all the finer instincts of the man rebelled. For Saint Brissac was a good man, as good men go nowadays, and a good deal of a man. Had he belonged to the family of Smith, Jones, or Robinson, and been compelled to work for his living, he might have achieved even more than were enough to satisfy himself, and make him one of *the* few Smiths, Joneses, or Robinsons whose success has proved an incentive to subsequent generations of that name. Unfortunately he was reared as a hot-house plant, and he respected the responsibilities of his position too highly to sacrifice them to a better sense of right and wrong, inherited, at second hand, from a New-England grandmother. Indeed there was in his composition just enough of the old Puritan granite to leaven the enjoyment which might have followed his apparently easy successes in more than one field.

The life of such men is certainly not an enviable one. Their *ego* counts for naught until they are released from the bondage of training, and then it is too late for the natural and healthy development of the man that might have been. Saint Brissac's father admired the type of which M. de Camors is the literary exponent, and, *coûte que coûte*, his son should be such a *parfait gentilhomme*.

Maurice was nearly twenty-two when the old gentleman retired from this stage, and the prison-door was open. He looked out, and to his amazement looked out upon a world of men and women—a species to which he would fain belong, yet one whose life was incompatible with his training.

"It is a crime," he said to himself; "and I feel like a Chinese woman whose feet have been so long compressed that she cannot walk. I have been brought up for a world that ceased to exist in '89. Shall I go on? *Can* I go back?"

In his *milieu* it was impossible to go back, so he drifted along, taking infinite pains to accomplish, in the most correct manner, many things which he despised. It was nineteenth century to be bad, and he made people believe that he *was* bad. After his emancipation he travelled through Europe and learned something, viz., that the perfection at which his father aimed, and to which he had endeavored to educate his son, was a very second-rate perfection, entirely out of date, and more often to be condemned

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than praised. One day this conviction became enough of a certainty to warrant immediate action. Several young men were writing a collective letter of invitation at the club, and there arose some slight discussion as to the use of the subjunctive.

"I may be wrong, *très cher*," said his contestant, "but Musset's apology is good enough for me. A gentleman should never write French well enough to be mistaken for a professional."

"Our code of honor is written in French," retorted Saint Brissac. "Perhaps you think a gentleman has the same inherited privilege of ignorance in that field."

"The grammar of honor is written in blood, not in ink. Heraldry, sir, is a fine science," replied his opponent.

"Then, if it meet your pleasure," Saint Brissac answered, bowing low, "we will compare arms on a field *vert*, under a bend *azur*."

"What nonsense, what nonsense!" he said to himself, as he left the club. "And to think that for such absolute inanities two human beings *must* stand against one another, sword in hand, and each endeavor, as a duty, to cut the other's throat. Pshaw!"

The next step was obvious, with the result that Saint Brissac, though one of the best swordsmen in Paris, blundered to the extent of fatally wounding his adversary. Publicly he could not afford to be more than annoyed at his carelessness; at bottom, however, he was sincerely grieved, and made a vow never again to use weapons except in self-defence or in service of his country; and he then resolved to visit America, where a discussion about spelling did not necessarily involve a funeral.

At the club, as in society, the decision was received with consternation. Maurice made pretty speeches; the *Figaro* repeated them and quoted the admiring answers and comments of that exceedingly self-complacent *coterie* commonly called *Tout Paris*, an epithet which, in their ignorance of foreign idioms, they fondly believe to mean the whole intellectual world. There were farewell dinners of course; the most brilliant being that given by the Junior Jockey, where Saint Brissac made his last and best speech. To an audience of a certain character the occasion was an impressive one. The majority of the guests still thought of America as their ancestors had thought of Louisiana, and to them Saint Brissac was a modern La Salle. They toasted him, bespeeched him, cheered him, mourned him; and so prone are we to allow our desires the gratification of prettily worded well-wishes run amuck, that he was really moved, despite the more sane criticism of his reason. He went away early, and one of the guests of the evening, a young American, named Joe Sargent, overtook him on the stairs. The men knew each other slightly, and sauntered together down the rue de Rivoli.

"Ah! my dear friend," the Frenchman said, with a sigh, "it is very hard to say good-by without showing one's emotions!"

There was an amused look in Sargent's eyes, and for a moment he checked himself. Then turning suddenly, as though the temptation were too great to resist:

"I should think so," he answered, smiling. "But it seems impossible to do so without creating the impression of being either a damned fool or a humbug—at least according to our ideas."

Saint Brissac stopped and looked up with a puzzled frown into the honest, laughing face a few inches above his own.

"Well," he said, after a pause, and holding out his hand, "it is a new sensation to have the truth told one in that way; but I believe you meant it right. Indeed I believe you *are* right. I am going to your country, and it is well I should become accustomed to your ways. I suppose," he continued, interrogatively, "that I shall often hear the truth as frankly expressed?"

"Why," Sargent replied, laughing, "if you are going to the Rocky Mountains, as you said this evening, you will probably hear plenty of plain talk—if that's what you mean. I am on my way there myself for a couple of months' shooting," he added, after a few reflective puffs at his cigar. "Won't you join our party? I might put you up to a thing or two—and, frankly, I think you need it."

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To all outward appearances two more dissimilar men never shook hands, yet this dissimilarity was largely one of manner. At bottom they had much in common. Both were men; both were gentlemen, and both believed that whatever a gentleman attempted he should carry out well, and without evident effort. There was much in the behavior of the one that astonished the other and delighted his sense of humor. But, after all, if the Saxon did occasionally laugh at the Latin, and *vice versa*, they were merely doing as individuals what their respective races had done for centuries, and this did not in any way prevent them from becoming close friends as they came to know each other better.

II.

A YEAR later, in July, 1870, Joe Sargent was seated before the black, empty fireplace in his New York rooms, gloomily pulling at his pipe. The last comic papers and a couple of railroad novels littered the floor around his chair, and before him a large map of Mexico, half on his knees, half on the carpet, concealed a pile of crumpled papers—chiefly notes written on dainty sheets of various tints. It was dusk already, and through the open screened windows the vulgar noises of the city came up more softly, in jerks, like the last lapping of an ebb-tide; for the hours of business were over, and the city business of pleasure is dull at midsummer.

In the square below, an Italian organ-grinder was massacring "Santa Lucia" for the twentieth time, and a weary, perfunctory sort of an execution it was. But of all this Sargent was oblivious, as he had been of the more angry, irritating, noon-day street sounds; and he continued to pull at his brier mechanically, as though it were still alight. In his left hand, that hung over the arm of the chair, he held a flat, Russia-leather case, perhaps a photograph-frame, which he quietly slipped into his pocket as his bell rang.

"Come in!" he cried out, jumping up and moving a few steps toward the door. "Ah! Maurice, is it you? I am glad to see you."

"*Ce cher* Joe!" the other answered, running up and embracing him. "I have only just arrived in town, this noon in fact, and heard at the club that you were here. I came at once, as you see; to say *bon jour* first, amuse you for half an hour, and bid you good-by—probably forever."

"Probably forever?"

"Yes; Napoleon has declared war against Bismarck; the news is not known yet, but I have been privately advised, and sail by the next steamer. Joe, what I am going to say will sound very foolish, even unmanly, to you. I know that a great many men come back from the war, but not as many as go into it—except perhaps on the pension-lists; and I have a feeling that I shall be buried on my first battle-field. Don't laugh at me for the presentiment. Under other circumstances I know it would not sound well. But father and son for many generations, in fact, from Agincourt to Inkermann, every Saint Brissac has died in the field — generally in his first engagement, always in his first campaign."

"Well, that's a fine record," his friend interrupted. "*Dulce et decorum, . .*"

"To be sure!" the other answered, in his usual trenchant way. "It is an eminently correct sentiment, and proves that the gay poet was a gentleman as well as a philosopher. Give me a cigar, will you, Joe? To tell you the honest truth, *mon ami*," he continued, after a short pause, and walking slowly from one end of the room to the other, "I am more deeply moved by the news of this war than I can express to you in words. I have lived in Germany, as you know, and have looked into their military resources—superficially, of course, as an amateur like myself naturally would. But I saw enough to make me feel that France is going to be overwhelmed by one of the most appalling disasters ever recorded in history. It is that conviction that takes me over there; for, it goes without saying, I have no great sympathy with the Bonapartists. *We* owe them nothing. But France will need every arm in the Empire, mine among the rest. I tell you, Joe, this declaration of war is the most stupendous of all the follies that have

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distinguished this glorious Second Empire. It is *Napoléon le Petit*, whose glory is a little moonshine reflected from the sun of Austerlitz, against Bismarck the Great. I wish all Frenchmen had studied and remembered the meaning of Sadowa as well as I have! However, Joe," he continued, resuming his lighter manner, "all this interests you only as an outsider, and it is puerile of me to talk in this strain. My place is a horse's length ahead of my men. I will not say good-by now, for you must come and see me off—day after to-morrow, at ten in the morning—the Provence. *Au revoir*, then."

After his friend's departure Sargent lighted another pipe and sat down to think. Once or twice he glanced inquiringly at the little leather case, but without opening it. When the pipe was smoked out, he rose with a jump, swept all his letters into a drawer, threw the leather case on top of them all, and turned the key. He glanced at the clock. "By Jove!" he exclaimed "after nine. I must get a bite of something."

At the club, and while waiting for his dinner, he scribbled down memoranda on the back of the bill of fare, an occupation which he kept up between courses and while smoking his cigar over his coffee. Someone looked in at the door and called out to him.

"Hello, Sargent! Will you join us to-night?" and he made a gesture as though dealing cards.

"Come over here a minute, Durand," he answered. "No, I shall not join you to-night, I have lots to do. But I'll match you for a dollar."

The coins spun and Sargent lost.

"I thought so!" he said aloud as he stared at the silver piece. "Well, Durand, old man, the devil always gets his due—one way or another." He rose, slapped him on the shoulder and laughed bitterly as he left the room, while the other said to himself:

"I never saw Sargent drunk before. Something must have gone wrong, surely. I wonder what it was."

A few hours later the big steamer swung clear of the dock, and Saint Brissac stood at the rail scanning the line of waving handkerchiefs through his single eyeglass. Sargent had not appeared, and his friend felt deeply disappointed. Joe was his only American friend—the only person in fact to whom he had confided his intention of sailing. In the promiscuous mob of travellers he seemed to be the sole one whom nobody had come to bid "God-speed," and he felt both lonely and depressed.

They were in mid-stream now, headed for the ocean, and the Palisades of the Hudson, half-screened by a veil of golden mist, receded gradually into the horizon. The harbor, alive with screaming tugs and ferry-boats, looked its loveliest. The slow quivering of the floating city, freshly painted, and gleaming red, white, black, and gold, in the wet sunlight, lulled one agreeably into a state of poetic contemplation. But on Saint Brissac these soothing influences were lost, and he said to himself bitterly:

"*C'est toujours la même rengaîne!* And friendship is the same the world over—a matter of convenience or opportunity—just as love is a matter of juxtaposition. This fellow whom . . ."

Someone touched him on the shoulder, and he turned to look into the pleasant smiling face of the man he was reviling.

"Joe!" he cried out, joyfully, "*C'est toi!*" And somewhat to the edification of the surrounding groups of passengers he embraced him joyfully.

"You were late and got left?" he asked as they sat down on the wet rail-bench.

Sargent shook his head and held out his brawny right arm. "For France!" he said, smiling.

"Do you really mean it?"

"Why not, Maurice? You said France needed every arm she could get. Well, here is one. What on earth have I got to do in the world? A man cannot always be hunting, or fishing, or travelling, dining at the club and going to the theatre."

"Or into society?"

"Isn't it much the same thing?"

It was so unlike Sargent to make a remark that smacked ever so little of bitterness that Saint Brissac looked up quickly, and before his sharp, intelligent scrutiny the other turned away with an awkward smile. After a mo-

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ment of silence the Frenchman laid his hand on Sargent's arm, and said, very gently, in a voice that expressed his sympathy more perfectly than could any words:

"An arm for France, . . . Joe? France is sometimes typified by an eagle, sometimes by a flag, and sometimes by a goddess. There is always a woman in the case."

Sargent made no answer, and neither again alluded to the subject.

III.

A few weeks later, on the morning of the famous 6th of August, the two friends were riding side by side through the cool, green shade of the Haguenau forest. In their search for General Duhesme they had passed around the extreme right of the French army and were continuing their quest in a somewhat aimless way through a country already occupied by the enemy. Now and then, as they peered into the green depths of foliage they caught the glint of a rifle barrel and a glimpse of a *franc-tireur's* blouse. Sometimes the color of their amaranth breeches, for they wore undress staff uniform, seemed to reassure their would-be slayer, and he stepped on to the road to ask what might be the news of the day; and in turn they asked information as to their way. Positive advice they never received. "It might be this, it might be that, . . . but again—" and everywhere they were confronted by the fatal ignorance of facts and places, which contributed as much as any other cause to the misfortunes culminating at Sedan.

The shadow of impending disaster lay heavy on the land, and the nearer they approached the seat of war, the darker it grew.

In Paris all was confusion. A hundred conflicting despatches were received daily at the War Department, but only the most encouraging were sent out for publication. The probability of an invasion had never been contemplated, and all the plans of the French were drawn up on the basis of a march to Berlin. A defensive campaign was such an improbability that the French had never considered it as a possible contingency. The classes in Paris knew enough to be anxious, but the masses interpreted such news as was doled out to them according to their own desires, and studied the map of Germany with pathetic ignorance. Many a *concierge* and his wife invested a few laboriously saved francs in a large map of Prussia, and planted red-headed pins where they believed their son ought now to be. Wissembourg had not been fought, and in the story of the first skirmishes the facts had been colored with more than poetical license. The axiom of the day was simply that France was invincible. Hence, if a battle had been fought, the enemy must have been routed; if not routed, at least defeated; if not defeated, and this interpretation of the news was improbably conservative, the Prussians had been checked. Such a neutral result aroused the contempt of the disputatious plebs. In the *cafés*, in the *brasseries*, on extemporized platforms, the long down-trampled hydra of republicanism raised its heads, snarled loudly, angrily, at the evident degeneracy of the French army, and predicted—nay, clamored for—the fall of the Empire. And they builded better than they knew, for the *dégringolade* was at hand.

Arriving in the midst of such confusion, Saint Brissac had experienced no difficulty in securing a pass for his friend Sargent's American weapons and ammunition; still less in obtaining for both a staff appointment at large, which would allow them to choose their own fighting ground. This was totally at variance with any existing army regulations, but Saint Brissac had such influential friends that the favors he requested were conferred with a celerity that implied a fear of non-acceptance on his part. Good men seemed suddenly to have become scarce in France.

On the eve of their departure from Paris Saint Brissac went up to Sargent's room and brought him his uniform. Joe looked up from the map he was studying and noticed that his friend was very pale.

"Any news?" he asked, in his characteristically careless way.

"Yes; we start at eight in the morning; staff officers. I'll tell you about it

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on the way," Saint Brissac answered. Then he added, after a pause, during which he nervously paced the room: "The enemy is in France. But, Joe, I suppose you cannot understand what that means to me."

Sargent replied, phlegmatically: "Well, if the enemy is in France, the next thing to do is to drive him out." As he raised his eyes he was struck with the expression of anguish on Saint Brissac's face. "Come, Maurice," he said, rising and laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "things always seem worse on the day before. When we are out there and get to work, you'll see everything in a different light. Brace up, old man! If it comes to the worst, why, we can continue this little trip together, shoulder to shoulder, away into the happy hunting-grounds."

"What a blessing you are, Joe," the other answered, suddenly smiling and looking up at the square, rugged face of his companion. "The indifference and carelessness which we learn to assume are perfectly natural to you; and what a difference there is between the genuine and the imitation article! I assure you it does me more good to listen to you for five minutes than to spend an hour at the War Department and hear the—I suppose you would call it hurrahing—of a lot of men, clever men too, who are trying to hide the truth behind a screen of traditional conventionalities and phrases. Have you ever seen any fighting, Joe?"

"You would hardly call it fighting, I suppose," Sargent answered, laughing. "I served through a couple of Apache campaigns, for the fun of it, and so I do know what a bullet sounds like when it passes an inch or two away—and that is a trick those Apache bullets have. I guess I'll do well enough, Maurice, because," he continued, with a drop in his voice, "because as far as I am concerned I don't care a d—— how it all turns out. In a tight corner it helps a man to know that he has no family responsibilities; no letters to read over at the last minute, and all that sort of thing. Johnny Steens, who, by the way, was killed in one of our brushes with the Indians, used to say that he should prefer to start out as a foundling, with just money enough to make a start as a Gil Blas or some such *picaro*. I guess there is something in that. A fellow could afford to take big chances then and have lots of fun. Well, you say we're off in the morning, eh? Suppose, then, we quit swapping lies and get ready."

Their journey from Paris to the front was a horrible nightmare to Saint Brissac; a stern disillusion to Sargent. For, though he modestly alluded to his campaigns in Arizona and Sonora as mere hunting trips, he had there received such training and such correct critical insight as well-organized campaigns often fail to give. It was apparent to him that disorder was everywhere the order of the day; confusion and ignorance the watchwords. Saint Brissac bit his mustache in despair. Joe smoked grimly; but neither spoke. They understood each other and there was nothing to say.

The morning was wellnigh noon before they found the old general, seated under a tree on a knoll overlooking a part of the battle-field. In a little hollow behind, the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers stood dismounted by their horses, and still further back two squadrons of the Sixth Lancers halted at ease. A mile and a half away the picturesque little village of Morsbronn lay across the plain, like a brown lizard, quivering in the intense heat. To the left the deep booming of the artillery alternated with the sharp, snarling tattoo of the musketry. The distant clumps of woods were cushioned with rounded clouds of smoke that dissolved slowly, and hung in shreds across the tree-tops. Here and there, through the fields of hops, broken black lines advanced and patches of red receded. Fifty thousand Frenchmen were losing a battle against one hundred and eighty thousand Germans. But the fight was yet only at its height, and, though the result was a foregone conclusion, the defeated were not yet beaten, nor the conquerors victorious.

Just outside of the circle of staff officers Saint Brissac and Sargent dismounted, threw their reins to an orderly, and stepped up to where the general stood.

"Do you bring orders?" he asked, without taking his field-glass from his eyes.

"No, sir; we come to take them,"

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Saint Brissac answered, as he handed a letter to the general.

"Why, Maurice, is it you?" the old gentleman exclaimed as he wrung the soldier's hand. "How glad I am to see you! What can I do for you?"

"My friend Mr. Sargent and I, general, crave the honor of a charge with you."

"Charge?" the old soldier answered, testily. "Who the devil told you we were going to charge?"

"Excuse me, general. What else were cuirassiers made for?"

"Quite right, my boy, quite right. It was so up to Waterloo; but everything seems to be wrong to-day. Later, perhaps, we may have the pleasure of doing our duty." Then calling to his chief staff officer he said to him, "These gentlemen will ride with the Eighth."

"In what capacity, general?"

"Privates," answered Saint Brissac, promptly.

The general waved his hand in acquiescence and said kindly: "*Nous nous reverrons—peut-être!*"

As they were about to move away a couple of bullets sang through the trees above them, and their attention was drawn to a group of Prussians emerging from an apple orchard about six hundred yards away. A mounted officer, a few steps ahead of his men, examined the French through his glasses and directed the fire of the sharpshooters. Somewhat to the contemptuous astonishment of the French officers Sargent had dropped behind a rock as the first bullet pinged above him, and a second later the sharp, stinging report of his 45–90 rang out twice. When the smoke had cleared they saw a riderless horse galloping away, and before the suddenly deserted orchard wall, two dark things lying on the road. Sargent had raised himself on one knee and was quietly replacing his two spent cartridges.

"*Mâtin!* Monsieur Sargent," the general exclaimed. "You do not speak often, but, when you do, your words are to the point!"

Joe laughed as he straightened himself, still cautiously scanning the woods ahead. "If those fellows had been Apaches, general," he said in his frank, familiar way, "you would be snug behind that tree-trunk, or a dead man in front of it, and I wouldn't be such a fool as to stand out of the shadow of that rock for better than half an hour."

"*Voyez-vous cela!*" exclaimed one of the officers. "*Ces Américains sont impayables!*"

"I bet, general," interrupted Saint Brissac, "you thought he was afraid when he dropped like the ace of clubs behind that rock. 'Pon my honor, if I hadn't seen him at work after big game I'd have thought so myself."

Duhesme was looking approvingly at Sargent's large, careless figure. "I shall never think so again," he said, quietly. "Now, gentlemen, to your posts! Monsieur de Satory will look after you. Ah! Satory! one moment, please," he added as they moved away. "Put that young Goliath somewhere near the flag."

In the little ravine below, the men were listening anxiously to the rumbling of the battle. Half-way between them and the group of staff officers an old bugler, erect on his white horse, waited eagerly for orders. Now and then a lost shell dropped among the compact crowd and created a momentary confusion. Then the wounded were carried away, and the dead laid against the green bank, face upward, gazing, with sightless eyes at the blue eternity above. On the edge of the road a few frightened peasants leaned on their shovels and gaped, open-mouthed, at the magnificent soldiers before them. As long as there remained such men to fight for her, France—and they—must be safe.

From time to time a false alarm caused a passing flurry in this mass of iron-clad men, as would a breeze rippling through a grove of poplars. The troopers cursed under their breath, the officers grumbled, and then all dropped back again into a semblance of apathy. But nevertheless the suspense was intolerable, and even the steadiest trembled with suppressed excitement.

As de Satory, Saint Brissac, and Sargent came toward them the soldiers moved nearer to their horses, ready to mount, and a couple of officers rode forward to meet them.

"Well, at last?" they cried out.

"No, there is nothing!" Satory an-

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swered curtly. "Here, put those dead men underground with each a sword-handle for a cross. Take off their armor. These gentlemen will charge with the Eighth and need accoutrements. Get those peasants to work, and send Captain Moirac to me at once. Captain," he continued, as that officer rode up, "I present you Mr. Sargent, an American, and the Comte de Saint Brissac. They will ride next to the flag-bearer. The general requests that they be properly armed."

"Saint Brissac here!" the captain exclaimed, holding out his hand. "I thought you were in America. It is delightful to see you again . . . gambling as usual; . . . it is *rouge et noir* this deal, preceded by a little *picquet*, . . ."

"*Parbleu!*" answered Maurice, in the same light-hearted tone; "we lead hearts!"

"Good! against the clubs of Prussia and the diamonds of Bavaria."

"But black will take the stake," broke in de Satory. "Mark my words, gentlemen, spades will cover hearts and diamonds and clubs alike; spades will be trumps this evening," he repeated, riding away.

"Our friend is lugubrious," cried Saint Brissac, laughing, as he watched the other moving off.

"And no wonder," remarked a young lieutenant who had joined the party; "we have not had a decent bottle of wine for ten days."

Accoutred in dead men's armor the friends waited in the saddle on either side of the stalwart flag-bearer. The lines were not very straight, and whenever a shell dropped among them they swung to and fro, or fronted about to make room for the dismal processions of dead or wounded that passed between them to the rear. The horses fretted and champed their bits; the men played with their swords and cursed at their enforced inactivity. All around, the deafening din of the battle swayed back and forth, now fainter, now louder, as the breeze blew this way or that; and yet no news, no orders, reached them. Then suddenly the firing seemed to grow more brisk on the right.

Saint Brissac leaned forward and listened. "It will be our turn soon," he said, and, leaning over, he held out a blank sealed package to Sargent. "If I don't come back, Joe," he asked, "will you deliver this in person?"

Sargent nodded, and put the envelope away. In the nervous, excited throng he was the coolest man present. His training in the desert, where, of all places, patience is a virtue, now stood him in good stead. While other men jumped on and off their horses, he sat so perfectly still and apparently unmoved that the veteran flag-bearer said to him:

"You have seen much service, monsieur?"

"It is my first battle," Joe answered, quietly.

"Well, young man," the other replied, "my compliments to you! You will go far. It seems hardly right to entrust the flag to a foreigner, but, if I fall you take it. There isn't a man of your size in the regiment."

Suddenly, shrill and clear, the bugle sounded the *Garde à vous*, and a tremor shook the two regiments. The swearing and grumbling ceased, and a dead silence seemed to fall on the ranks. The men swung themselves into the saddle, reined their horses into line, and waited. A few officers galloped along the front, an order passed down the line, and the mounted iron-breasted mass moved forward out of the shadow into the sun. As of their own accord the squadrons deployed and again waited. A staff officer rode down the front and waved his *képi*.

"Boys!" he cried, "the country needs you. You are going to charge. Ahead of you are ten thousand bayonets, glory, and death. Behind you, our shattered right wing. You must save them, cost what it may. Good-by, boys! Go it as your fathers did at Waterloo!"

A voice answered from the ranks, "All right, general! We haven't forgotten how the old fellows charged." The next moment the hoarse cry of *Vive la France!* rang from twelve hundred throats.

And then again there was a pause. Several horsemen wheeled into place in their respective positions. A half-intelligible order rippled through the

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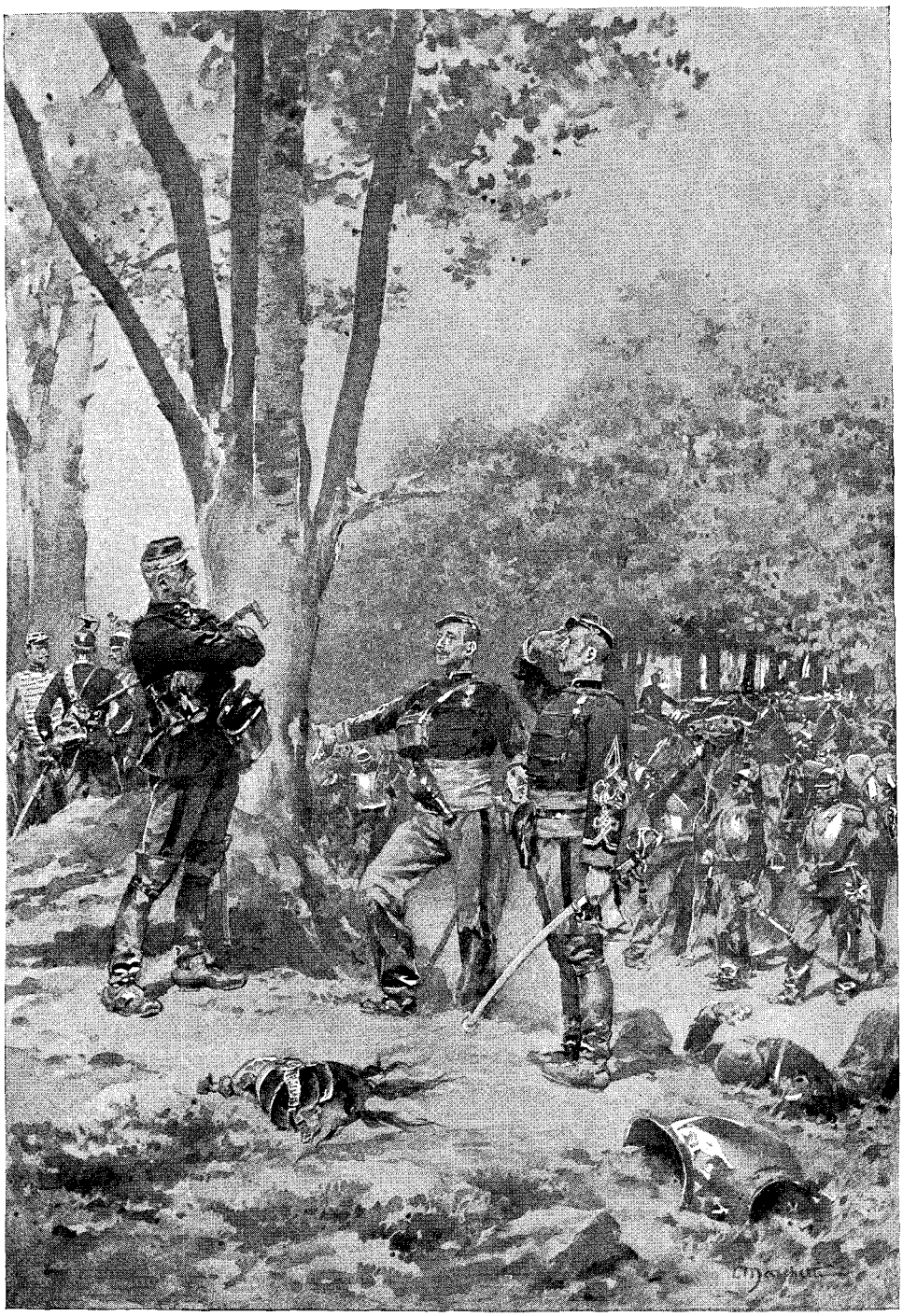

DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI.

"Who the devil told you we were going to charge?"—Page 703.

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ranks. The bugle sounded. The lines oscillated, and instinctively the squadrons chose their ground. The front moved ahead, and the long diagonal shrank into column. Then again they halted for a moment, and the first bullets, fired from too great a distance to do any harm, rang against the steel cuirasses with a dull, swinging, melancholy sound.

Saint Brissac reached over and shook Sargent's hand — and they were off. Twelve hundred swords flashed from their scabbards and cast a bar sinister of shadow across the golden shield of the burnished cuirasses; and the long horse-tails streamed out behind the star of light that sat upon each man's helmet.

The ground was very bad—sunken roads between high embankments; stone walls, orchards, and hop fields, crowded with sharp-shooters. But more terrible than all were the eight batteries of Gunstett sending their irresistible death ploughs through the gallant galloping mass of cannon-meat. From the right, from the left, from the front, sheets of leaden hail swirled, and whisked, and whistled, and shrieked at them, sinking into the quivering flesh with a dull, sodden sound, puncturing helmet and cuirass alike to deliver their direct death-message; or, coming aslant, brushing over the keen blades, were shattered into angry, fluid fragments against the bright armor that gave forth a curiously muffled ring. The ranks opened and closed again with that ghastly lozenge-shaped motion that means death or suffering, a tomb or a wound, for each divergence. And, strange to say, not a human, not a living sound was heard. The rumble of the clattering hoofs, the sombre drumming accompaniment of the musketry, the harsh clang-clanging of the lead pouring in fierce gusts on the advancing line of steel, the deep bass rolling of the heavy guns, drowned all animate sounds. No death-cries were heard; the wounded fell dumb; no horses neighed; no riders yelled. Twelve hundred started; eleven—ten—eight—six—four hundred reached the village. Into it, into it, flags ahead! like a human torrent, the quarters of the horses dancing a staccato death-dance cadence like the crested flow of a rushing stream, rising and falling and disappearing; rising and falling again, and falling, as a torrent, smoothing itself out into a bank of rapids. And at the end of the long crooked street, suddenly, a barricade and a human whirlpool! From above, from every roof and window and balcony and shutter the death-hail rattles down. And again a lull; a vision of dismounted men tearing away at the dam; and once more released the stream rushes on with a bound into the great orchard beyond.

In such a race there are no incidents, no personalities. A man is as a drop of water, a human atom whirled along by a rushing current and emptied out beyond, dizzy and half-stunned. Four hundred had reached the village; sixty rode out of it. In his left hand Saint Brissac grasped the flag, in his right a broken sword. Beside him Sargent, whose helmet had been shot off, was binding a handkerchief around his forehead. Six cuirassiers, panting and mostly wounded, sat on their horses behind them; and that was all. The main body had diverged to the south and left these eight men stranded on a little knoll, a stone's throw from the road. How they reached it, why they remained on it, not one of them understood.

Sargent looked around and laughed hysterically. "I feel as though I had been through the rapids at Niagara," he said. "How long do you suppose that business lasted, Maurice! Hullo! where did you get that flag?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you, Joe. Are you hurt?"

"Not to speak of. By Jove! here is my flask full and unbroken. Here's luck for you! Let's have a nip all round; I guess we've earned it. There, that's good; now, what's the next thing to do?"

"*Ma foi, mon capitaine,*" cried out one of the men, "just look around you! there's nothing left but to die!"

"Well," Sargent answered, good-humoredly, "after what we have been through that don't seem quite as easy as it looks. Come; jump off your horses, boys, and unsling your carbines. There are a couple of dead fellows in that ditch who'll fix us out with car-

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tridges. Why, Maurice, old man, you look played out; what's the matter? There's plenty of fight in us yet. Cheer up, boys! If we've got to die, let us die like good men!"

And here the difference of character of the two men showed itself. In the attack the reckless, dashing young Frenchman led the way, fearless, undaunted, always in the front rank. But now that the battle was lost, and the fight had become a purely defensive one—a pushing away of death as it were—his grip was gone, and the solid, staying qualities of the New Englander came out in strong contrast. The men at once recognized him as their leader, and whether by influence of the brandy, or of his cheeriness, they buckled heartily to the task before them. Sargent understood this as well as they, and acted accordingly.

"Tear the silk off that staff, Maurice, and put it inside your jacket. We must not lose the flag. Now, boys, look to your arms again; it is time for those pork-eaters to be at us—and here they come sure enough! Lie low, boys, and aim quietly, each mark his man!"

A moment later a volley crashed over them.

"On to your horses and charge!" Sargent yelled—and it seemed that his words had barely died away before they were back again—three men, Saint Brissac, and Sargent. "My God, Maurice," the latter said, "I haven't a cartridge left."

"Nor I," the other answered, doggedly. The men shared with them and they waited. They were too weak to charge again, but stood gallantly at bay. Three times the little band repulsed their assailants until all their ammunition was exhausted; and again they waited. The black uniforms were all around them.

Then some hussars came forward and Sargent rode out alone, a bloody handkerchief around his forehead, and his long, straight blade before him. The German officer advanced and gruffly demanded their surrender.

"Come and take us!" was the quiet answer; and Joe urged his horse onward. The soldier laughed and cocked his pistol. "Another step, my friend, and you are carrion." But Sargent still moved toward him. Sabre and pistol flashed at the same moment; and Joe disengaged himself from his fallen horse, the hussar dropped out of his saddle on to the grass, and the little band cheered, as even desperate men will do when they see a brave deed nobly done. Even the Germans seemed ashamed to attack again. After a few moments of deliberation another officer rode forward, with a handkerchief on the end of his sword, and Sargent met him half-way.

"Will you surrender?" he asked, courteously. "You have done all that brave men can do. You know the laws of war—we shall have to close in on you, and if you do not surrender, . . . well, you know what must happen as well as I do. . . . Think on it a moment, sir. You have no ammunition, no chance of escape. You are alone in the midst of our army. Surrender is the only course open to you."

Sargent glanced around, and, to his amazement, he saw the four cuirassiers mounted, and in line, erect as on parade. Three of them held their broken swords, presenting arms. A step to the front, his shattered right arm limp by his side, with head thrown back and chest expanded, the bugler was playing the grand old hymn:

> Mourir pour la patrie,
> C'est le sort le plus beau,
> Le plus digne d'envie. . . .

And as the notes sprang from the dented instrument, pathetically broken and husky, the men straightened themselves in their saddles. "Perfectly insane!" Sargent said to himself; "but it is devilish fine all the same;" and turning to the Prussian officer he added, with a wave of the hand toward the little group he commanded:

"You see, sir, surrender is out of the question. I must go back to them." The officer raised his cap in token of admiration, and Sargent walked slowly back to his men.

For a moment the enemy seemed embarrassed. Had they been Anglo-Saxons they would have given those five heroes a rousing cheer; but being merely Saxons the folly of the action

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DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

"You see, sir, surrender is out of the question."—Page 707.

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outweighed its grandeur. Before the generous officer could prevent it, a last volley was poured into the little clump of human wreckage that had drifted and hung on that fatal knoll. It seemed more like an execution than a fight, and for a few seconds the assailants held back waiting for the smoke to clear.

By some miracle Sargent had not been touched. Looming up through the mist of smoke they saw his giant figure rise from the grass, on to which he had flung himself, saw him snap his sword across his knee and hurl the fragments at them, watched him bend over the body of his dying friend and raise it with tender care in his mighty arms, as a mother might bear her child, and slowly walk down toward them with his burden, their bloody work.

On either side the ranks parted in solemn silence as he passed between them, and so great was the prestige that enmantled the solitary survivor, that instinctively the officers saluted as he walked down the line to the road. There, unconscious of his surroundings, he turned toward the village. A large body of staff officers had gathered on a little eminence near by, whence they had watched the last phases of the fight, and as the big cuirassier passed, bearing in his arms the body of his comrade the commanding general rode forward.

Without realizing to whom he was speaking, Sargent looked up and asked, in his simple, quiet way: "Can you tell me, sir, where I shall find some water? I am afraid my friend is dying."

There was something so gentle, so absolutely oblivious of self, in the stalwart young fellow's manner that the veteran's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"You poor boy," he said, kindly, "he is not dying—he is dead."

"Dead?"

At that moment a burly Rittmeister rushed from the ranks and hit Sargent on the shoulder. "You —— French dog of a prisoner," he said, "how dare you speak to a general. Come off here with your carrion."

"*Kreuz Granaten Donner Keil!*" the old general fairly yelled, as he smote the brute across the back with the flat of his sword. "Get back to the ranks, you hound!"

Sargent had not even noticed the incident. "Are you sure, sir, that he is dead?" he asked, in a hopeless, cruelly quiet voice.

The other merely nodded, and side by side they went down the road a little way, without apparent object, while the men made way for them to right and left. Presently they passed a group of sappers, and the sight of their picks and shovels seemed to rouse Sargent from his apathy. He stopped and looked up again.

"May I bury him, sir?" he asked, in the same dull voice.

The general gave some orders, and a few men fell to digging a hole under a gnarled old apple-tree. When they were done, Sargent bent forward and laid his friend down; and they covered him in silence. After it was over he planted the broken sword above his head and kneeled by the rough little mound. He was vaguely conscious of the necessity of a prayer, but for all his efforts he could think of none but the little jingle we have all babbled as children at our mothers' bedside. So, folding his hands, he repeated, slowly, the old familiar verses:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Then his voice broke, and he stopped. The white-haired old general removed his cap and muttered between his teeth, as the other officers present uncovered at his example, "A strong hand, and a tender heart. If my Fritz had lived I wish he had grown to be like you!" Then there was a long, awkward silence. Sargent rose and looked around. For the first time since the last volley was fired he realized where he was, and recognized the rank of the officer beside him. By way of apology for the liberties he felt he must have taken, he bowed low, then drew himself up.

"General," he said, quietly, "where shall I join my fellow-prisoners?"

IV.

A few months later Sargent arrived in New York. The long, dreary period of captivity was over, and once more he

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was a free man; for although he might have availed himself of his commission as staff officer, and been liberated on parole, he preferred to take his full punishment alongside of the men with whom, as a private, he had ridden, verily, into the jaws of death. At the frontier he opened the sealed package entrusted to him by Saint Brissac just before the charge, and his heart stood still as he read the address of the enclosed letter: "To Miss Edith Thomas." She was the girl he loved, the girl who had rejected him. It was all clear to him then; she had loved Saint Brissac—possibly they were engaged—and of all men in the world he had been chosen for the solemn duty of breaking the news of his friend's death to her. For, of course, the official despatches had never mentioned the names of the two volunteers. "Poor girl," he said to himself, and laughed. "She wrecked my happiness, and now I am obliged to do the same to her. It is indeed a bitter world."

The steamer arrived in the morning, and he called in the afternoon. As he walked up Fifth Avenue none of his former friends recognized him, for indeed he had grown very brown and gaunt during the long months of privation when he worked as a day-laborer in the German prison. Then the broad scar across his forehead had changed the frank, boyish expression of his face, so that, although many stared at him in an undecided sort of way, as he made no sign of recognition no one spoke to him.

Miss Thomas was alone, for he had come early, and in the somewhat gloomy, conventional room, furnished according to the most expensive New York taste, Sargent felt ill at ease. It was as though the prison walls he had barely left again enclosed him. They shook hands rather stiffly, and Joe retreated to the mantelpiece; from there he could retreat no further and must advance.

"And where have you been, pray, during the last year, Mr. Sargent?" she asked, with an assumption of light-heartedness.

"On a serious errand, Miss Thomas," he answered, much embarrassed. "I was in France with M. de Saint Brissac during the campaign; and—and afterward, alone, . . . in Germany, a prisoner. And . . . please take this; . . . he gave it to me just before the charge where . . . where we were all killed . . . I mean——" Then he handed the letter to her, strode to the window, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

A few minutes passed in silence before she called to him.

Apparently she had not moved; he glanced up furtively at her face and saw that she had been weeping.

"Tell me about it," she said, gently, holding the letter in her clasped hands. And the poor boy did. He told how Saint Brissac had left at once for France on receipt of the bad news; of his energy in Paris; of his suffering at the disaster which he felt must overwhelm his country; of his valiant charge, always in the front rank; of his gay and gallant behavior throughout; of his brave death; of his gloriously simple funeral before the enemy's host. He glorified his friend, and in doing so before the woman he believed that friend had loved, he grew enthusiastic and eloquent. While he talked he did not dare look up at her, but he heard her sobbing softly and his heart yearned with sympathy for her and bled with grief for his brilliant friend—for he remembered now—ah so distinctly! that last glimpse of him, erect and undaunted in the face of death.

But when he had finished a horrible feeling of nothingness came over him. His last duty was done, and life seemed to him like a deserted race-course.

"Well," he said, rising after a pause, "I think I must go," and he looked up.

The girl had also risen from her chair and was holding Maurice's letter toward him.

"Am I to read it?" he asked. "Thank you."

It was short, but characteristic, and ran thus:

"MADEMOISELLE: I regret that our very slight and formal acquaintance compels me to apologize for the liberty of addressing you. Nor would I dare, mademoiselle, to do so were it not for the knowledge that if this letter reaches your hands I shall no longer be of this

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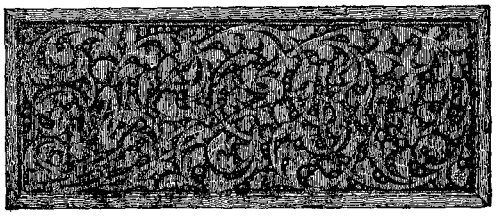
world. I intrust it to one of the bravest, the noblest, the most unselfish, the most loving of men—my friend Joe Sargent. Ah, mademoiselle, can I say more? May your noble heart teach you to read between the lines of your admiring and devoted servant,

"CHARLES MAURICE,
Comte de Saint Brissac."

"Why, . . . but what does it all mean?" Sargent exclaimed as he looked up from the paper at the graceful girl before him. I thought he . . . . you . . ."

"Ah, Joe," she interrupted, blushing bewitchingly, and smiling at him through her tears. "Joe, can't *you* read between the lines?"



WINTER LILACS.

By Annie Fields.

A BUNCH of lilacs there by the door,
These and no more!
Delicate, lily-white, like the new snow
Falling below;
A friend saw the flowers and brought them to me,
As one who should see
A trifle, a glove, just dropped and returned
While a loving thought burned.

Dark all day was that room of mine
Till those flowers divine
Into my darkness brought their own light,
And back to the sight
Of my spirit the fairest days of June
And the brooklet's tune;
Where the garden-door was left open wide,
While by my side
One sat, who, raising his eyes from the book
With the old fond look,
Asked if I loved not indeed that page
And the words of the sage.
And as we spoke the cool blue sky,
The robin nigh,

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The drooping blossoms of locust-trees
Humming with bees,
The budding garden, the season's calm,
Dropt their own balm.

All these, my friend, were brought back to me,
Like a tide of the sea,
When out of winter and into my room
Came summer's bloom;
The flowers reopened those shining gates
Where the soul waits
Many and many a day in vain,
While in the rain
We stand, and, doubting the future, at last
Forget the past!

So you will believe what a posy may do,
When friends are true,
For the sick at heart in the wintry days,
When nothing allays
The restless hunger, the tears that start,
The weary smart,
But the old, old love and the summer hush,
And the lilac bush.

A PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

By Harold Frederic.

THERE is an irresistible bent in human nature toward the establishment of orthodoxies. Fifteen years ago a convention was held in Philadelphia to protest against sundry existing manifestations of this tendency. Nominally the main purpose of this gathering was to resist some threatened effort to insert a religious clause in the Constitution of the United States; in practice it was an assemblage of enthusiastic people from all parts of the Union, each of whom was filled with resentment at a particular phase of the general disposition of humanity to mind someone else's business. They did not find many subjects upon which to agree, but there came up one point upon which they held a common view. A man from Camden, N. J., without a shirt-collar, rose to address the convention. The presiding officer promptly interfered, and the delegates declined to listen to the man. They burned with zeal to establish universal freedom of thought and action, but they drew the line at going about without shirt-collars.

Academic bodies are peculiarly prone

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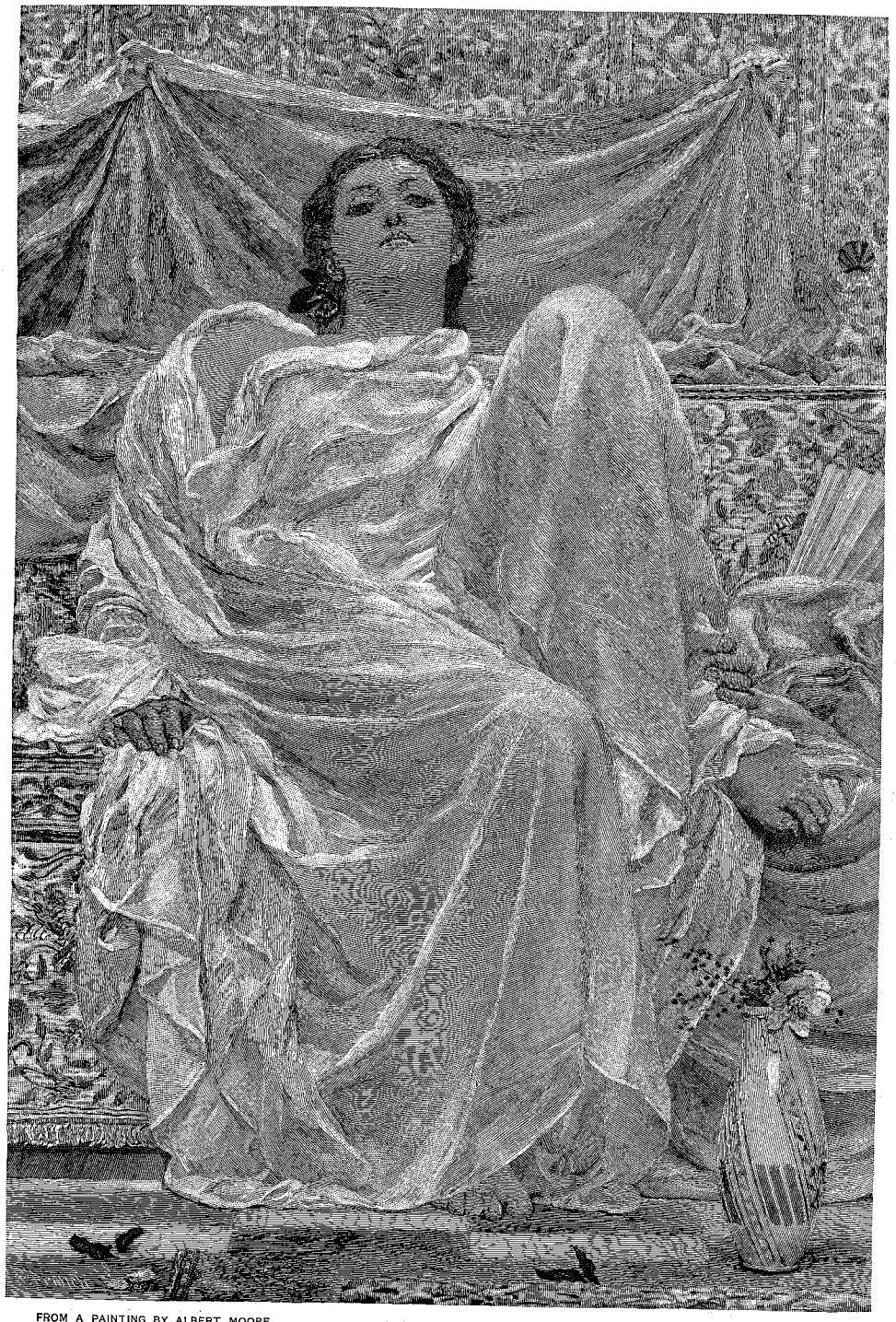

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

Roseleaves (1880).

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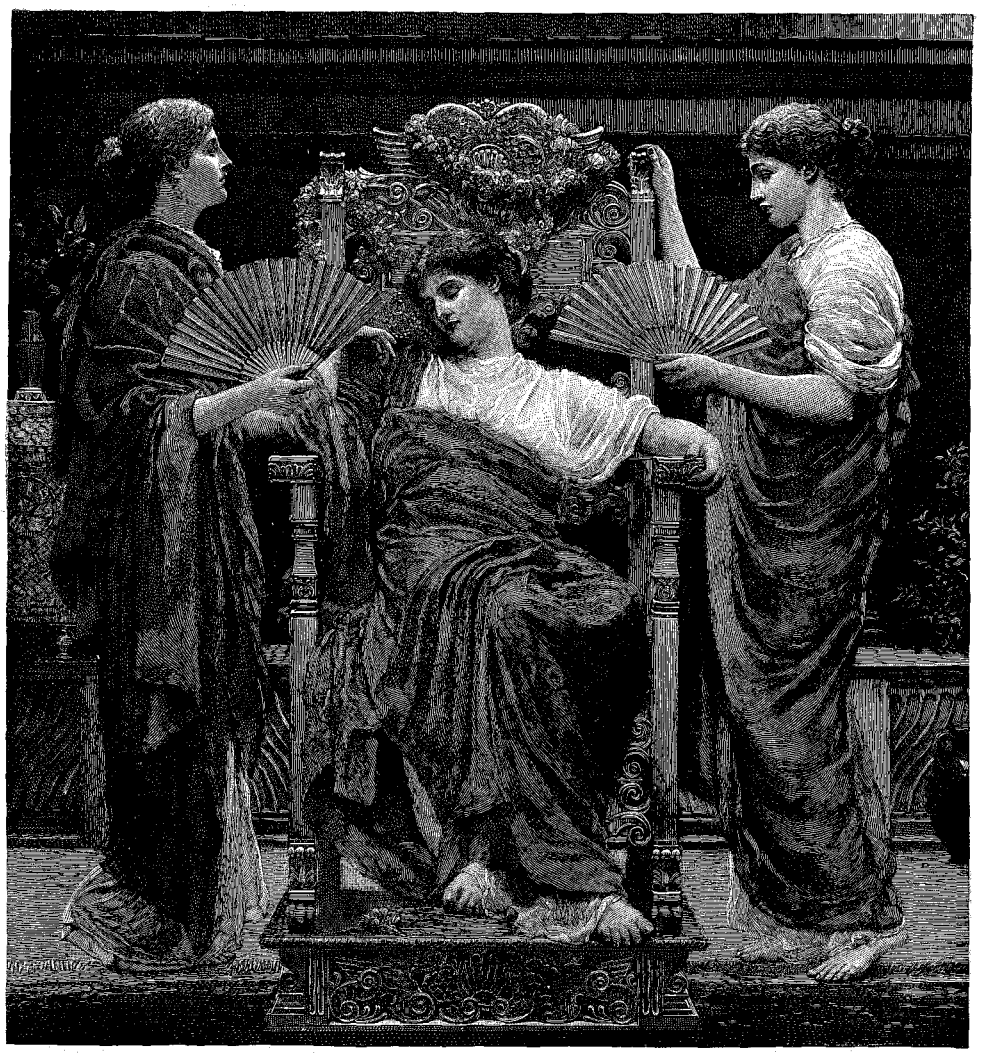

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

Midsummer.

to this creation of arbitrary standards. It matters little whether they are endowed or free — whether they dispense other people's money and power or their own. "Heresy hunts" proceed in independent communions not less than in established churches. There are, if we leave the savage medicine-man and fetish doctor out of the question, only two or three orthodox ways of curing bodies, as against several hundreds of curing souls, but the lines of cleavage are as sternly drawn in one as in the other. The Royal Academy in London holds as set opinions about how pictures should be painted as does the Republican Academy in Paris about the permissible in literature. This has always been going on since the first man scratched a rude geometric figure on the face of a rock. Our history is almost wholly a record of the battles which the Commonplace has fought with the Unconventional in the sacred name of uniformity.

Those superb Philistines of primitive art, the sculptors of Nineveh, reduced the thing to its elements when they portrayed all the kings of five centuries with precisely the same face, each with

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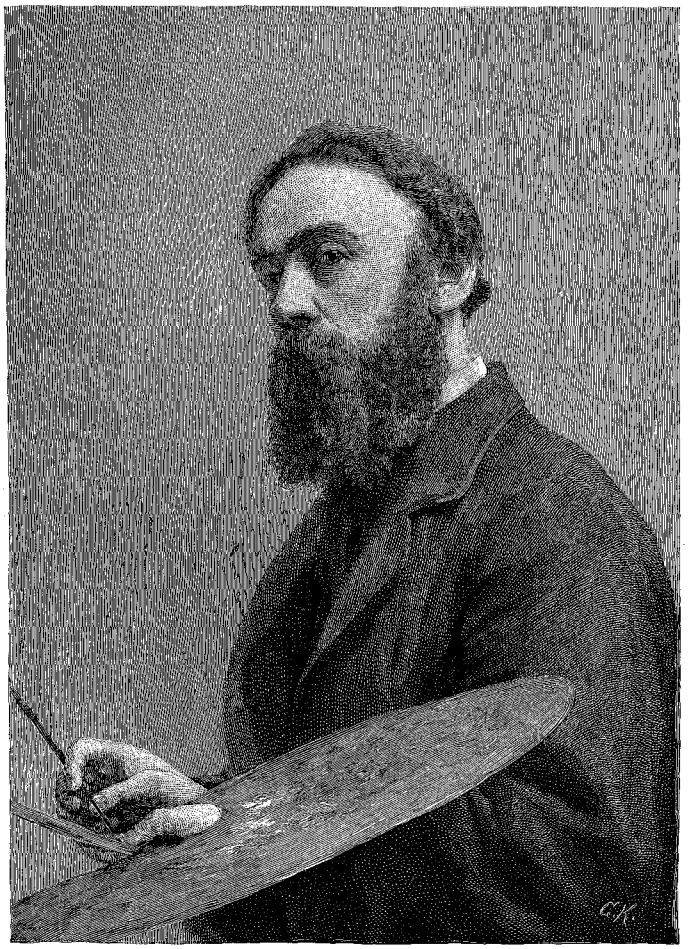
his curled beard containing the same number of ringlets. In what way they suppressed the artist who bothered them with views about the variety in actual royal countenances is now past finding out. They were a people of simple and direct methods, and most probably they fed him *au naturel* to the lions in the cages of the king. We do things in a more roundabout manner.

The English Royal Academy is the present home of the idea that a picture must necessarily tell a story. Traces of this notion are also to be found among some tribes of the Sioux Indians, who paint nothing but totems on the insides of their buffalo-skins, and it survives, under a highly commercial form of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

Albert Moore.

Our plan with this troublesome person is to keep him out of the Academy. Very likely succeeding generations will chiefly remember us because we did thus keep him out, and will muse upon our stupidity the while they are not engaged in hamstringing the genius of

adaptation, in certain places in South Germany. Formerly it enjoyed quite a general hold upon the human brain, but the dawn and spreading of the thought that pictures might be pictorial gradually drove it from one centre of population after another, until it found

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refuge in the island fastnesses of Burlington House. Here it still defies its enemies, and is supported cordially, and more or less satisfactorily, by the husband of the British matron.

Thus securely housed, this idea has expanded itself. Under its ruling impulse a number of acres of painted canvas are annually produced and exhibited to the faithful. There is a story—or a title indicating a story—for each canvas, big and little alike. A considerable majority of the tales thus told or suggested breathe the innocuous air of domesticity — or would do so if they were alive—and for the most part are set forth through the medium of a baby and a dog. This theme admits of much more variety than might at first blush be imagined. The range of possible effects is really wonderful. Emotions of terror are secured by painting the baby small and the dog very large, and with red eyes; envy, covetousness, and even the finer feelings of wounded affection may be portrayed by letting the baby hold a thick slice of bread and butter which the dog wants, but is either afraid, or too much of a gentleman, to seize upon; as for humor, the subject fairly reeks with it. England still grins joyously over the pictured puppy dog which has been fed by the baby from the mustard-pot, and the variety of other combinations, with such simple adjuncts as scalding shaving-water, tails and tin cans, inadvertent butter on the baby's nose, etc., opens a limitless vista of innocent British fun.

In the more exacting and complicated field of adult action the stories to be told have a wider scope. There is, first of all, the old, old story — the very phrase is a title in itself not to be despised — of the young woman and the young man. How endless are the possible combinations here! They may be looking at each other, which means "Till Death do Us Part!" They can have turned their backs on each other, with the legend "The Waning Honeymoon." He may look hopeful and she unrelenting, or *vice versa*, and at so many different angles that one can hardly think how many separate interpretations are not to be thus wrought out. Then as to accessories and periods, the young couple can traverse the whole gamut of academic properties; now with a marble slab behind them, and togas and sandals; now with solid satin trains, plumed hats, and lutes and harpsichords; now beside a piano, or in riparian costume with the house-boats of Henley as a background, or in an orchard under neatly painted leaves and hanging fruit. Sometimes the artist yields to the temptation to depict this young woman without any clothes, and then, after some literary research, he calls her "Andromeda," or "An Early Christian Martyr," or even "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." In such cases the young man has to be done over into a Gorgon, or a Royal Bengal Tiger, or a cowled and scowling Conrad of Marburg. Unless the nude young woman thus told a story, the British matron would cry out upon her for a shameless hussy; but as a labelled goddess or saint she is all right, and the husband of the matron aforesaid may scrutinize this symbolical art with none to make him afraid. He is not encouraged, however, to buy this variety of picture, and here a certain awkward hitch in the machinery might arise if it were not for the Chantrey Bequest.

There are historical stories to tell, too, world without end. The favorite form taken by these is that of a galloping horse and a man. This one year may typify Henry V. at Agincourt, and the next stand for Murat at Borodino. The substitution of a camel for a horse will give you Gordon. Variety is obtained by sometimes painting the man as having fallen off the horse; then it may be "The Death of the Blind King of Bohemia," or, if a good many other fellows are showing historical pictures that year, a few hounds in the distance and a pink jacket will make it "Coming a Cropper." A swarthy-faced young man in an oak-tree, with a beautifully clad peasant girl underneath, used to annually convey much historical information to the British mind, but just now our taste is formed upon more exemplary models among sovereigns. To a moderate extent stories needing satyrs and harpies for their complete elucidation are allowable; but these should be accompanied by succinct explanatory

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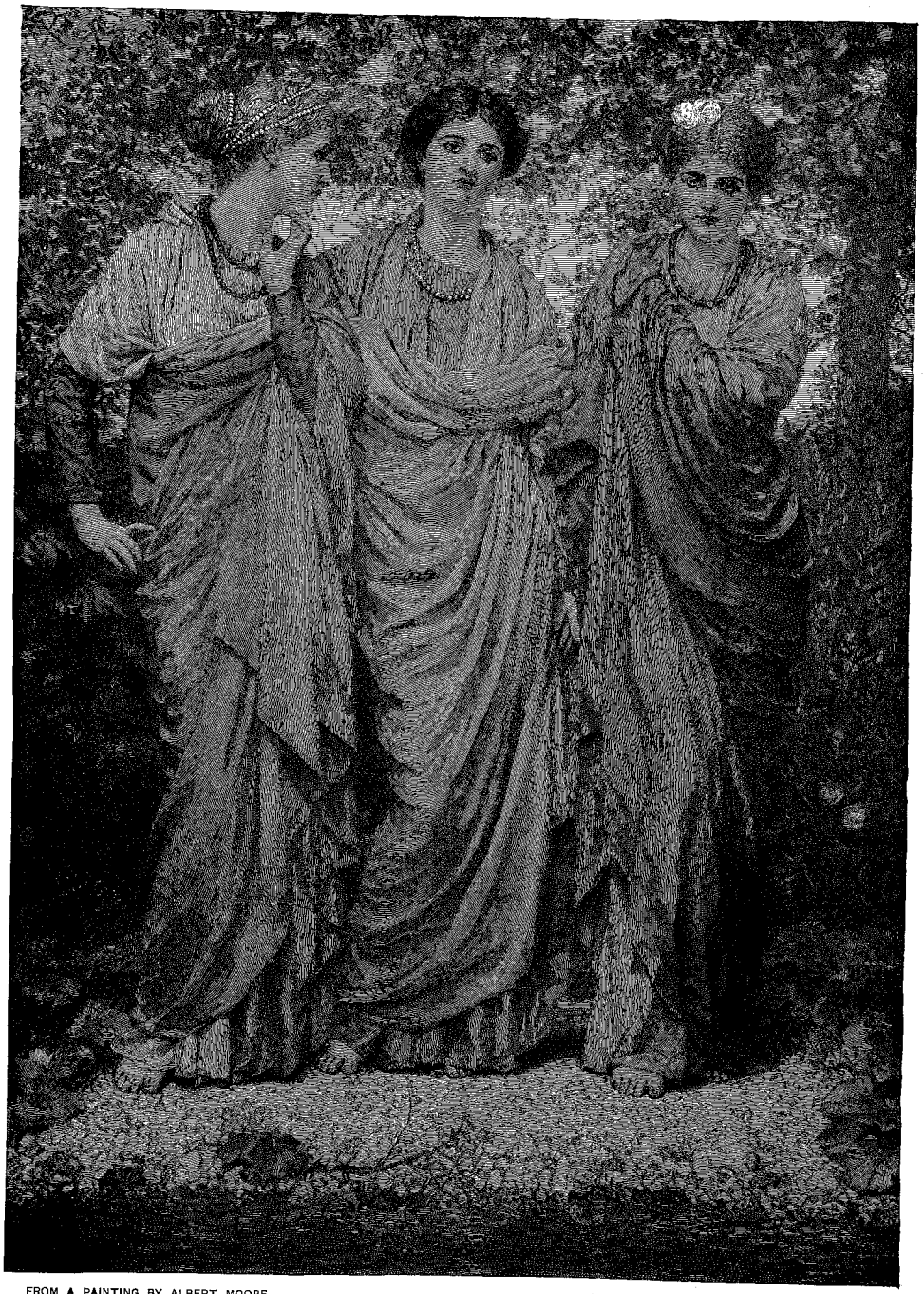

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

Riverside (1888).

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notes in the catalogues. At all hazards your picture must tell a story, and spectators must be enabled to comprehend readily what your story is.

On the outside of the Academy there is an English painter, now fifty years old, who laughs at all this. He does not believe that pictures should tell stories at all. He does believe that art means beauty, and he has devoted much more than half of his life to the exemplification of this belief in a series of exquisitely wrought and tenderly imagined pictures, which charm for themselves alone. To the great outside world he is scarcely known by name. In academic circles they have striven for years to pretend a similar ignorance—with a pretence increasingly burdened by the consciousness that his pictures are always sold before they are finished, and that perverse people are declaring that his work will live after all the annual output of Burlington House is forgotten.

Albert Moore was born in York, in 1841, and could draw before most children learn their alphabet. As in so many other cases, the limning instinct was clearly a matter of heredity. His father, William Moore, was a portrait-painter of considerable North Country repute, and of his two painter brothers, one is Henry Moore, A.R.A. He came up to London at the age of fourteen, as a working draughtsman for architects, and supported himself in this way while he studied the beginnings of a broader art. He was a pupil at the Royal Academy for a short time. Of actual tutelage he had little from that or any other source. No great painter was ever more nearly self-taught.

I have been privileged to secure for reproduction copies of some few of his pictures. They can scarcely be spoken of as a selection, since they represent simply those of which he happened to have photographs at hand. Some of his most valuable works have never been photographed at all. None, I believe, has been published. The canvases are in the homes of wealthy and appreciative amateurs in England, Scotland, and America, each the gem *par excellence* of a collection. To speak at length, or critically, of the pictures here reproduced, would be a work of supererogation. They are their own most eloquent commentators. There is excuse, perhaps, for the solitary remark that they lose more by the absence of color than do the black-and-white copies of the work of most living painters. In many cases the titles carelessly given to them by the artist relate to some delicately measured color-key, expressed most often by means of flowers, as in the case of "Marguerites" and "Roseleaves," which, in the monochromatic reproduction, hardly explains itself.

It is of more interest to get at Mr. Moore's own theories concerning his art. He has more of importance than I could hope to set down in a book, much less within magazine limits. He himself has long dallied with the temptation to clothe them in printer's ink, and has been restrained only by the perception that this is an age of specialists, and that if a man secures time and chance now to do even one thing well he ought to thank God and be content. Some few of these thoughts of his, filtered through the doubtful medium of casual talks, I venture to present.

He is frankly an idealist. He holds that the ideal form of things is the ascertained best form of Nature, the tradition of which has been handed down by little groups of devoted men from the time when the artist came into closest touch with what was finest and most beautiful in form. Even in that golden age the Greek masters had traditional ideals which transcended the wonderful nature they knew. The central group in the Parthenon frieze shows gods and goddesses dressed differently from the procession of people who wear the costume of the period. The dreams of Phidias were loftier and better than the best that even his informed eye could see in the chosen models of Athens.

Art has touched no other mark so high as that of Greece, even in the best days of the Renaissance. Mr. Moore will explain this upon the ground that when art reappeared in Europe, after the crash and darkened desolation of the barbaric conquests, it emerged as the slave of Church and kingcraft, and was set to the task of depicting stories

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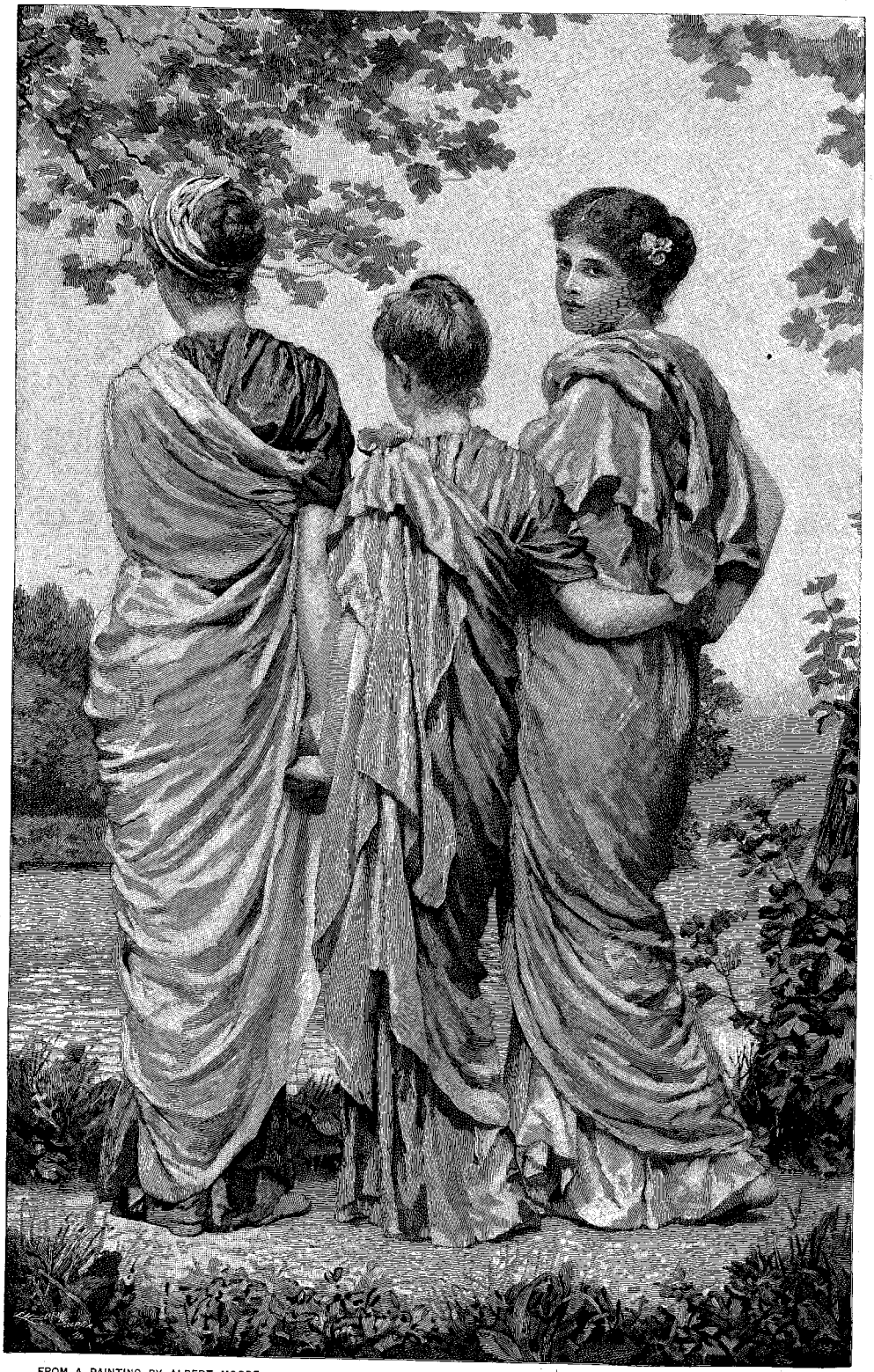

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

Waiting to Cross (1888).

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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for unlettered generations. For ages its work was to paint scriptural scenes for the churches and abbeys, and portraits and processions for the palaces. The Old Masters carried their art — wonderful as it was in its highest expressions, and inspiring as it must be for all time—to its acme of effectiveness in the days preceding the diffusion of printed books, and when the painter was still essentially a teller of stories. When men began to read their stories instead, painting sank to lower levels wherever it was not emancipated from the story-telling theory.

The modern revival has been vastly hampered and retarded — in England more than elsewhere—by the perpetuation of the old popular theory that art must of necessity deal with stories. Every artist remembers drawing an ideal head in his school-days, and being asked by all the non-artistic boys "Who is that meant for?" The commonplace mind instinctively seeks to identify pictures with things familiar to it. The great painters, in the days when there was no printing-press rival, could afford to bully or ignore this instinct, and forced the wondering and untutored masses, for sheer need of a story of some sort, to stare at their work and marvel over it, and so to, in some vague little measure, follow after them in their upward flight. But to-day the academic painter may not venture upon any flight at all. In pursuit of his hereditary misconception of his art as purely that of the narrator, he must tell a story which the commonplace mind will easily lay hold of and like. That means painting down, instead of up. It means the lowering of both artist and public. It means the Royal Academy.

There are, of course, a certain number of painters in the Academy who are artists as well, with a high sense of beauty and an honest shame in the necessity of the narrative pot-boiler, and their President is even a poet, who dares much in his efforts to escape the burden of Philistinism. But the weight of the Academy as a whole presses so heavily upon the other side that these enlightened few are powerless to shape either its precepts or its example, and their diminishing group is under no circumstances recruited from without.

The revolts in England against this orthodoxy of story-telling mediocrity have been many, but their history contains the record of few successes, and is not very comforting reading. It is not much to be able to say that Whistler is the foremost painter in England, if people will not buy his pictures, and if the young men who profess to follow him think more of being unlike the Academy than of being like their master. The revolts have been more fertile in astonishing extravagances than in substantial and hopeful work. Too often, where genius has been planted, only bald eccentricity has come up.

Albert Moore has made no revolt, because he has never owned allegiance, and because he has luckily commanded from the outset a success sufficient for independence. When he first began to look at things Britain was wrapped as with a mantle in ugliness. The sense of beauty in form had been dead for years. The horrors of Georgian architecture had been succeeded by the despair of frantic imitations of the worst that other people could do, as witness the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. Women wore crinolines, and men cased their legs in peg-tops. People sat on black horse-hair furniture, and the Pavilion at Brighton was supposed to be a vision of artistic perfection. It was a great deal that young Moore, in this barren environment should have dreamed a dream of what beauty was. It is vastly more that, having wakened to a mastery of his powers, he should have toiled unweariedly, steadfastly, turning neither to the right nor the left, after the realization of this dream.

Although one of the most facile and skilled of draughtsmen, Moore has only painted two portraits in his life, and has resisted with equal firmness every attempt to induce him to draw for publication. All the labor of his life has been scrupulously devoted to his paintings, and to the mass of charcoal studies, pastel cartoons, and painstaking drawings of minute details which led the way to these finished works. No painter was ever a severer self-critic. Oftentimes the drapery of a single fig-

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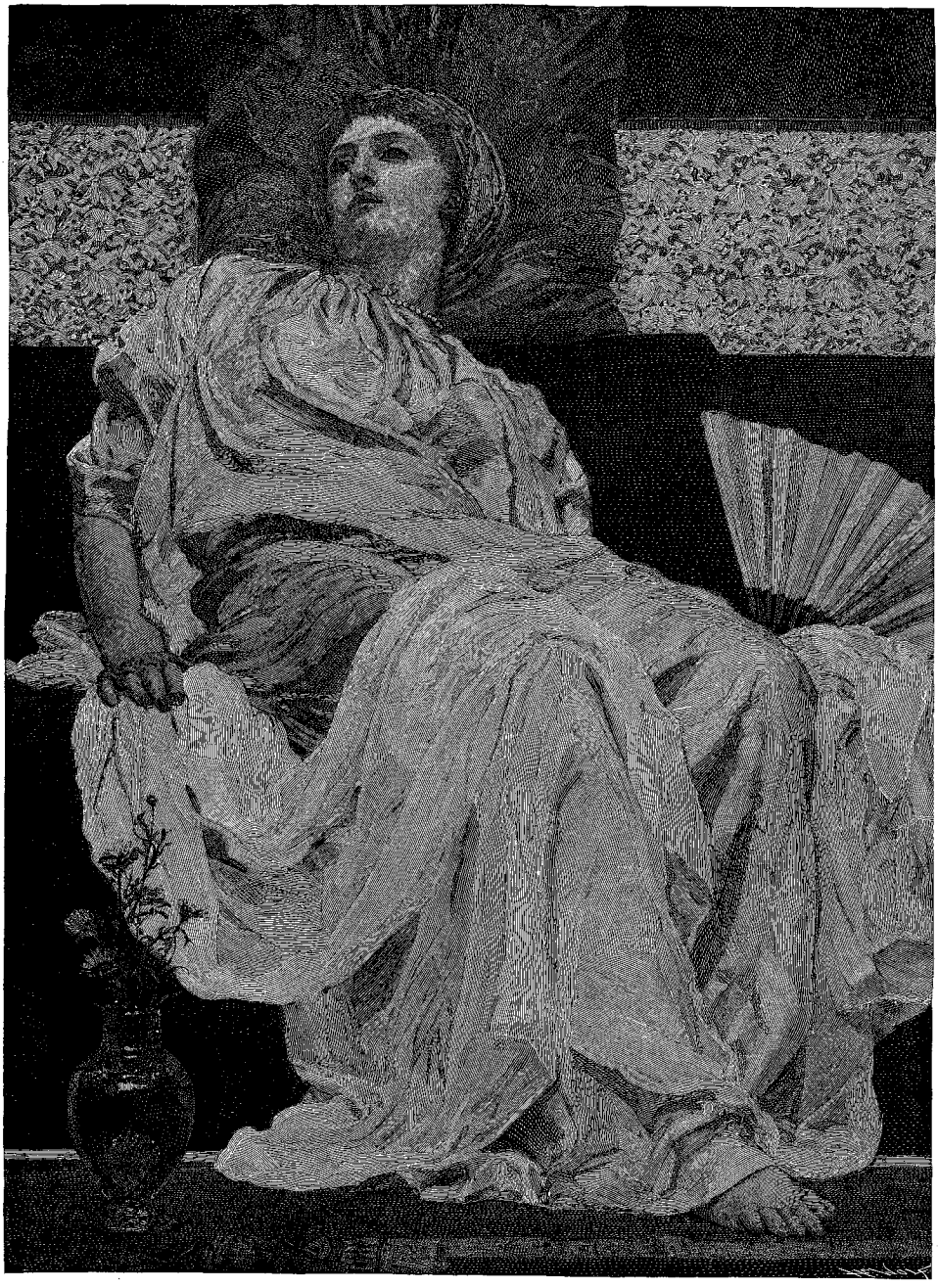

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

Yellow Marguerites (1881).

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

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ure — that strangely beautiful drapery in which he perpetuates the flowing lines of the Greek ideal, and which he obtains from robes of Chinese silk, never touching a fold with his hands, but having the model move again and again till he catches the desired effect —represents the toil of months. As has been said before, his pictures are sold on the easel, while they are still unfinished. The purchaser has time to saturate himself with the joys of anticipation before the painter will consent to release his work. He hangs over it in loving anxiety, perfecting this detail, altering another, bringing everything to the highest imaginable point of completion.

Albert Moore enters upon the plan of a picture, almost, one might say, in a spirit of consecration. It is always to be his best. He dreams over it, devises it through the laborious ordeal of many cartoons, makes exhaustive sketches of all its component parts. To skilful use of selected models the figures in his pictures are obviously indebted, for they palpitate with that life which lay-figure never yet gave. But the faces are those of women Moore never saw— the low-browed, broad-templed, sweetly gentle and tenderly grave faces that the nameless sculptor knew and loved and handed down to us through the Aphrodite found at Milo.

The titles which, in deference to cataloguing custom, these pictures bear, are purely adventitious. They need names no more than do the individual jewels in the necklace of a queen. They are things of restful beauty, and describe themselves. They are as mute and impersonal as a sunrise over the hill-tops. You could never dream of such a thing as asking them for a story.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

Reading Aloud.

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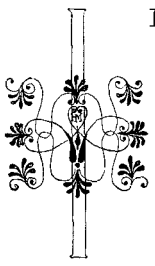
THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "NORAH CREINA."



I LOVE to recall the glad monotony of a Pacific voyage, when the trades are not stinted, and the ship, day after day, goes free. The mountain scenery of trade-wind clouds, watched (and in my case painted) under every vicissitude of light — blotting stars, withering in the moon's glory, barring the scarlet eve, lying across the dawn collapsed into the unfeatured morning bank, or at noon raising their snowy summits between the blue roof of heaven and the blue floor of sea; the small, busy, and deliberate world of the schooner, with its unfamiliar scenes, the spearing of dolphin from the bowsprit end, the holy war on sharks, the cook making bread on the main hatch; reefing down before a violent squall, with the men hanging out on the foot-ropes; the squall itself, the catch at the heart, the opened sluices of the sky; and the relief, the renewed loveliness of life, when all is over, the sun forth again, and our out-fought enemy only a blot upon the leeward sea. I love to recall, and would that I could reproduce that life, the unforgetable, the unrememberable. The memory, which shows so wise a backwardness in registering pain, is besides an imperfect recorder of extended pleasures; and a long-continued well-being escapes (as it were, by its mass) our petty methods of commemoration. On a part of our life's map there lies a roseate, undecipherable haze, and that is all.

Of one thing, if I am at all to trust my own annals, I was delightedly conscious. Day after day, in the sun-gilded cabin, the whiskey-dealer's thermometer stood at 84. Day after day, the air had the same indescribable liveliness and sweetness, soft and nimble, and cool as the cheek of health. Day after day the sun flamed; night after night the moon beaconed, or the stars paraded their lustrous regiment. I was aware of a spiritual change, or, perhaps, rather a molecular reconstitution. My bones were sweeter to me. I had come home to my own climate, and looked back with pity on those damp and wintry zones, miscalled the temperate.

"Two years of this, and comfortable quarters to live in, kind of shake the grit out of a man," the captain remarked; "can't make out to be happy anywhere else. A townie of mine was lost down this way, in a coal ship that took fire at sea. He struck the beach somewhere in the Navigators; and he wrote to me that when he left the place, it would be feet first. He's well off, too, and his father owns some coasting craft Down East; but Billy prefers the beach, and hot rolls off the bread-fruit trees."

A voice told me I was on the same track as Billy. But when was this? Our outward track in the *Nora Creina* lay well to the northward; and perhaps it is but the impression of a few pet days which I have unconsciously spread longer, or perhaps the feeling grew upon me later, in the run to Honolulu. One thing I am sure: it was before I had ever seen an island worthy of the name that I must date my loyalty to the South Seas. The blank sea itself grew desirable under such skies; and wherever the trade-wind blows, I know no better country than a schooner's deck.

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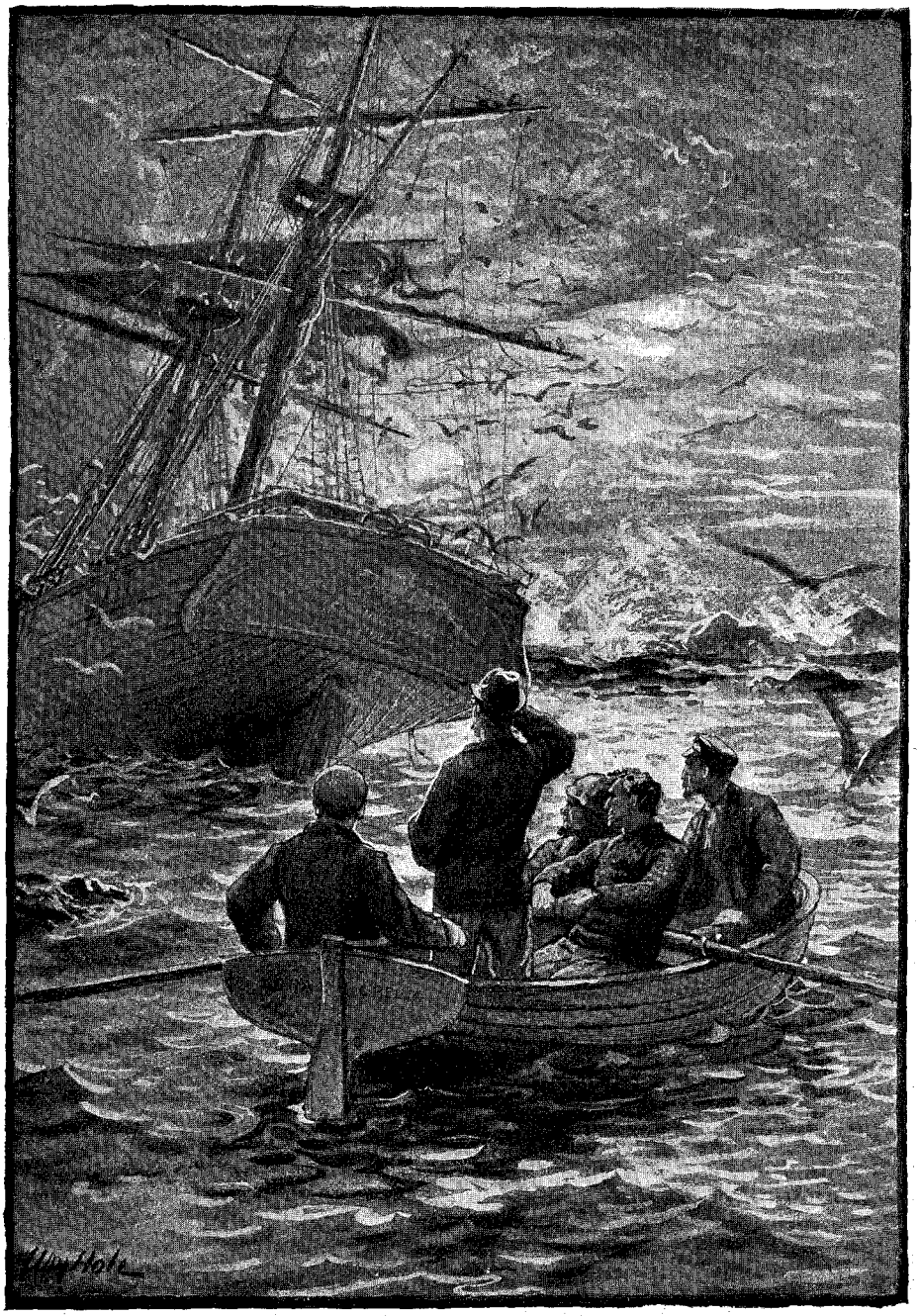

"She lay head to the reef, where one huge blue wall of rollers was forever ranging up and crumbling down."
—Page 732.

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But for the tugging anxiety as to the journey's end, the journey itself must thus have counted for the best of holidays. My physical well-being was overproof; effects of sea and sky kept me forever busy with my pencil; and I had no lack of intellectual exercise of a different order in the study of my inconsistent friend, the captain. I call him friend, here on the threshold; but that is to look well ahead. At first, I was too much horrified by what I considered his barbarities, too much puzzled by his shifting humors, and too frequently annoyed by his small vanities, to regard him otherwise than as the cross of my existence. It was only by degrees, in his rare hours of pleasantness, when he forgot (and made me forget) the weaknesses to which he was so prone, that he won me to a kind of unconsenting fondness. Lastly, the faults were all embraced in a more generous view: I saw them in their place, like discords in a musical progression; and accepted them and found them picturesque, as we accept and admire, in the habitable face of nature, the smoky head of the volcano or the pernicious thicket of the swamp.

He was come of good people Down East, and had the beginnings of a thorough education. His temper had been ungovernable from the first; and it is likely the defect was inherited, and the blame of the rupture not entirely his. He ran away at least to sea; suffered horrible maltreatment, which seemed to have rather hardened than enlightened him; ran away again to shore in a South American port; proved his capacity and made money, although still a child; fell among thieves and was robbed; worked back a passage to the States, and knocked one morning at the door of an old lady whose orchard he had often robbed. The introduction appears insufficient; but Nares knew what he was doing. The sight of her old neighborly depredator shivering at the door in tatters, the very oddity of his appeal, touched a soft spot in the spinster's heart. "I always had a fancy for the old lady," Nares said, "even when she used to stampede me out of the orchard, and shake her thimble and her old curls at me out of the window as I was going by; I always thought she was a kind of pleasant old girl. Well, when she came to the door that morning, I told her so, and that I was stone-broke; and she took me right in, and fetched out the pie." She clothed him, taught him, had him to sea again in better shape, welcomed him to her hearth on his return from every cruise, and when she died, bequeathed him her possessions. "She was a good old girl," he would say. "I tell you, Mr. Dodd, it was a queer thing to see me and the old lady talking a *pasear* in the garden, and the old man scowling at us over the pickets. She lived right next door to the old man, and I guess that's just what took me there. I wanted him to know that I was badly beat, you see, and would rather go to the devil than to him. What made the dig harder, he had quarrelled with the old lady about me and the orchard: I guess that made him rage. Yes, I was a beast when I was young. But I was always pretty good to the old lady." Since then he had prospered, not uneventfully, in his profession; the old lady's money had fallen in during the voyage of the *Gleaner*, and he was now, as soon as the smoke of that engagement cleared away, secure of his ship. I suppose he was about thirty: a powerful, active man, with a blue eye, a thick head of hair, about the color of oakum and growing low over the brow; clean-shaved and lean about the jaw; a good singer; a good performer on that sea-instrument, the accordion; a quick observer, a close reasoner; when he pleased, of a really elegant address; and when he chose, the greatest brute upon the seas.

His usage of the men, his hazing, his bullying, his perpetual fault-finding for no cause, his perpetual and brutal sarcasm, might have raised a mutiny in a slave galley. Suppose the steerman's eye to have wandered: "You—, —, little, mutton-faced Dutchman," Nares would bawl; "you want a booting to keep you on your course! I know a little city-front slush when I see one. Just you glue your eye to that compass, or I'll show you round the vessel at the but-end of my boot." Or suppose a hand to linger aft, whither he had perhaps been summoned not a minute be-

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fore. "Mr. Daniells, will you oblige me by stepping clear of that main sheet?" the captain might begin, with truculent courtesy. "Thank you. And perhaps you'll be so kind as to tell me what the hell you're doing on my quarter-deck? I want no dirt of your sort here. Is there nothing for you to do? Where's the mate? Don't you set *me* to find work for you, or I'll find you some that will keep you on your back a fortnight." Such allocutions, conceived with a perfect knowledge of his audience, so that every insult carried home, were delivered with a mien so menacing and an eye so fiercely cruel, that his unhappy subordinates shrank and quailed. Too often violence followed; too often I have heard and seen, and boiled at the cowardly aggression; and the victim, his hands bound by law, has risen again from deck and crawled forward stupefied—I know not what passion of revenge in his wronged heart.

It seems strange I should have grown to like this tyrant. It may even seem strange that I should have stood by and suffered his excesses to proceed. But I was not quite such a chicken as to interfere in public; for I would rather have a man or two mishandled than one-half of us butchered in a mutiny and the rest suffer on the gallows. And in private, I was unceasing in my protests.

"Captain," I once said to him, appealing to his patriotism, which was of a hardy quality, "this is no way to treat American seamen. You don't call it American to treat men like dogs?"

"Americans?" he said grimly. "Do you call these Dutchmen and Scattermouches* Americans? I've been fourteen years to sea, all but one trip under American colors, and I've never laid eye on an American foremast hand. There used to be such things in the old days, when thirty-five dollars were the wages out of Boston; and then you could see ships handled and run the way they want to be. But that's all past and gone; and nowadays the only thing that flies in an American ship is a belaying pin. You don't know; you haven't a guess. How would you like to go on deck for your middle watch, fourteen months on end, with all your duty to do and every one's life depending on you, and expect to get a knife ripped into you as you come out of your state-room, or be sandbagged as you pass the boat, or get tripped into the hold, if the hatches are off in fine weather? That kind of shakes the starch out of the brotherly love and New Jerusalem business. You go through the mill, and you'll have a bigger grudge against every old shellback that dirties his plate in the three oceans, than the Bank of California could settle up. No; it has an ugly look to it, but the only way to run a ship is to make yourself a terror."

"Come, Captain," said I, "there are degrees in everything. You know American ships have a bad name; you know perfectly well if it wasn't for the high wage and the good food, there's not a man would ship in one if he could help; and even as it is, some prefer a British ship, beastly food and all."

"Oh, the lime-juicers?" said he. "There's plenty booting in lime-juicers, I guess; though I don't deny but what some of them are soft." And with that he smiled like a man recalling something. "Look here, that brings a yarn in my head," he resumed; "and for the sake of the joke, I'll give myself away. It was in 1874, I shipped mate in the British ship *Maria*, from 'Frisco for Melbourne. She was the queerest craft in some ways that ever I was aboard of. The food was a caution; there was nothing fit to put your lips to—but the lime-juice, which was from the end bin, no doubt: it used to make me sick to see the men's dinners, and sorry to see my own. The old man was good enough, I guess; Green was his name; a mild, fatherly old galoot. But the hands were the lowest gang I ever handled; and whenever I tried to knock a little spirit into them, the old man took their part! It was Gilbert and Sullivan on the high seas; but you bet I wouldn't let any man dictate to me. 'You give me your orders, Captain Green,' I said, 'and you'll find I'll carry them out; that's all you've got to say. You'll find I do my duty,' I said; 'how I do it is my lookout; and there's no man born that's going to give me lessons.' Well, there was plenty dirt on

* In sea-lingo (Pacific) *Dutchman* includes all Teutons and folk from the basin of the Baltic; *Scattermouch*, all Latins and Levantines.

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board that *Maria* first and last. Of course, the old man put my back up, and, of course, he put up the crew's; and I had to regular fight my way through every watch. The men got to hate me, so's I would hear them grit their teeth when I came up. At last, one day, I saw a big hulking beast of a Dutchman booting the ship's boy. I made one shoot of it off the house and laid that Dutchman out. Up he came, and I laid him out again. 'Now,' I said, 'if there's a kick left in you, just mention it, and I'll stamp your ribs in like a packing-case.' He thought better of it, and never let on; lay there as mild as a deacon at a funeral; and they took him below to reflect on his native Dutchland. One night we got caught in rather a dirty thing about 25 south. I guess we were all asleep; for the first thing I knew there was the fore-royal gone. I ran forward, bawling blue hell; and just as I came by the foremast, something struck me right through the forearm and stuck there. I put my other hand up, and by George! it was the grain; the beasts had speared me like a porpoise. 'Cap'n!' I cried. —'What's wrong?' says he.—'They've grained me,' says I.—'Grained you?' says he. 'Well, I've been looking for that.'——'And by God,' I cried, 'I want to have some of these beasts murdered for it!'—'Now, Mr. Nares,' says he, 'you better go below. If I had been one of the men, you'd have got more than this. And I want no more of your language on deck. You've cost me my fore-royal already,' says he; 'and if you carry on, you'll have the three sticks out of her.' That was old man Green's idea of supporting officers. But you wait a bit; the cream's coming. We made Melbourne right enough, and the old man said: 'Mr. Nares, you and me don't draw together. You're a first-rate seaman, no mistake of that; but you're the most disagreeable man I ever sailed with; and your language and your conduct to the crew I cannot stomach. I guess we'll separate.' I didn't care about the berth, you may be sure; but I felt kind of mean; and if he made one kind of stink, I thought I could make another. So I said I would go ashore and see how things stood; went, found I was all right, and came aboard again on the top rail.—'Are you getting your traps together, Mr. Nares?' says the old man.—'No,' says I; 'I don't know as we'll separate much before 'Frisco; at least,' I said, 'it's a point for your consideration. I'm very willing to say good-by to the *Maria*, but I don't know whether you'll care to start me out with three months' wages.' He got his money-box right away. 'My son,' says he, 'I think it cheap at the money.' He had me there."

It was a singular tale for a man to tell of himself; above all, in the midst of our discussion; but it was quite in character for Nares. I never made a good hit in our disputes, I never justly resented any act or speech of his, but what I found it long after carefully posted in his day-book and reckoned (here was the man's oddity) to my credit. It was the same with his father, whom he had hated; he would give a sketch of the old fellow, frank and credible, and yet so honestly touched that it was charming. I have never met a man so strangely constituted: to possess a reason of the most equal justice, to have his nerves at the same time quivering with petty spite, and to act upon the nerves and not the reason.

A kindred wonder in my eyes was the nature of his courage. There was never a braver man: he went out to welcome danger; an emergency (came it never so sudden) strung him like a tonic. And yet, upon the other hand, I have known none so nervous, so oppressed with possibilities, looking upon the world at large, and the life of a sailor in particular, with so constant and haggard a consideration of the ugly chances. All his courage was in blood, not merely cold, but icy with reasoned apprehension. He would lay our little craft rail under, and "hang on" in a squall, until I gave myself up for lost, and the men were rushing to their stations of their own accord. "There," he would say, "I guess there's not a man on board would have hung on as long as I did that time; they'll have to give up thinking me no schooner sailor. I guess I can shave just as near capsizing as any other captain of this vessel, drunk or sober." And then he would fall to repining and wishing himself well out of the enterprise, and dilate on the peril of the seas, the

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particular dangers of the schooner rig, which he abhorred, the various ways in which we might go to the bottom, and the prodigious fleet of ships that have sailed out in the course of history, dwindled from the eyes of watchers, and returned no more. "Well," he would wind up, "I guess it don't much matter. I can't see what any one wants to live for, any way. If I could get into some one else's apple-tree, and be about twelve years old, and just stick the way I was, eating stolen apples, I won't say. But there's no sense to this grown-up business—sailorising, politics, the piety mill, and all the rest of it. Good clean drowning is good enough for me." It is hard to imagine any more depressing talk for a poor landsman on a dirty night; it is hard to imagine anything less sailor-like (as sailors are supposed to be and generally are) than this persistent harping on the minor.

But I was to see more of the man's gloomy constancy ere the cruise was at an end.

On the morning of the seventeenth day I came on deck, to find the schooner under double reefs, and flying rather wild before a heavy run of sea. Snoring trades and humming sails had been our portion hitherto. We were already nearing the island. My restrained excitement had begun again to overmaster me; and for some time my only book had been the patent log that trailed over the taffrail, and my chief interest the daily observation and our caterpillar progress across the chart. My first glance, which was at the compass, and my second, which was at the log, were all that I could wish. We lay our course; we had been doing over eight since nine the night before; and I drew a heavy breath of satisfaction. And then I know not what odd and wintry appearance of the sea and sky knocked suddenly at my heart. I observed the schooner to look more than usually small, the men silent and studious of the weather. Nares, in one of his rusty humors, afforded me no shadow of a morning salutation. He, too, seemed to observe the behavior of the ship with an intent and anxious scrutiny. What I liked still less, Johnson himself was at the wheel, which he span busily, often with a visible effort; and as the seas ranged up behind us, black and imminent, he kept casting behind him eyes of animal swiftness, and drawing in his neck between his shoulders, like a man dodging a blow. From these signs, I gathered that all was not exactly for the best; and I would have given a good handful of dollars for a plain answer to the questions which I dared not put. Had I dared, with the present danger signal in the captain's face, I should only have been reminded of my position as supercargo—an office never touched upon in kindness—and advised, in a very indigestible manner, to go below. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to entertain my vague apprehensions as best I should be able, until it pleased the captain to enlighten me of his own accord. This he did sooner than I had expected; as soon, indeed, as the Chinaman had summoned us to breakfast, and we sat face to face across the narrow board.

"See here, Mr. Dodd," he began, looking at me rather queerly, "here is a business point arisen. This sea's been running up for the last two days, and now it's too high for comfort. The glass is falling, the wind is breezing up, and I won't say but what there's dirt in it. If I lay her to, we may have to ride out a gale of wind and drift God knows where—on these French Frigate Shoals, for instance. If I keep her as she goes, we'll make that island to-morrow afternoon, and have the lee of it to lie under, if we can't make out to run in. The point you have to figure on, is whether you'll take the big chances of that Captain Trent making the place before you, or take the risk of something happening. I'm to run this ship to your satisfaction," he added, with an ugly sneer. "Well, here's a point for the supercargo."

"Captain," I returned, with my heart in my mouth, "risk is better than certain failure."

"Life is all risk, Mr. Dodd," he remarked. "But there's one thing; it's now or never; in half an hour, Archdeacon Gabriel couldn't lay her to, if he came down stairs on purpose."

"All right," said I. "Let's run."

"Run goes," said he; and with that he fell to breakfast, and passed half an

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hour in stowing away pie and devoutly wishing himself back in San Francisco.

When we came on deck again, he took the wheel from Johnson—it appears they could trust none among the hands—and I stood close beside him, feeling safe in this proximity, and tasting a fearful joy from our surroundings and the consciousness of my decision. The breeze had already risen, and as it tore over our heads, it uttered at times a long hooting note that sent my heart into my boots. The sea pursued us without remission, leaping to the assault of the low rail. The quarter-deck was all awash, and we must close the companion doors.

"And all this, if you please, for Mr. Pinkerton's dollars!" the captain suddenly exclaimed. "There's many a fine fellow gone under, Mr. Dodd, because of drivers like your friend. What do they care for a ship or two? Insured, I guess. What do they care for sailors' lives alongside of a few thousand dollars? What they want is speed between ports, and a damned fool of a captain that'll drive a ship under as I'm doing this one. You can put in the morning, asking why I do it."

I sheered off to another part of the vessel as fast as civility permitted. This was not at all the talk that I desired, nor was the train of reflection which it started anyway welcome. Here I was, running some hazard of my life, and perilling the lives of seven others; exactly for what end, I was now at liberty to ask myself. For a very large amount of a very deadly poison, was the obvious answer; and I thought if all tales were true, and I were soon to be subjected to cross-examination at the bar of Eternal Justice, it was one which would not increase my popularity with the court. "Well, never mind, Jim," thought I. "I'm doing it for you."

Before eleven, a third reef was taken in the mainsail; and Johnson filled the cabin with a storm-sail of No. 1 duck and sat cross-legged on the streaming floor, vigorously putting it to rights with a couple of the hands. By dinner I had fled the deck, and sat in the bench corner, giddy, dumb, and stupefied with terror. The frightened leaps of the poor *Norah Creina*, spanking like a stag for bare existence, bruised me between the table and the berths. Overhead, the wild huntsman of the storm passed continuously in one blare of mingled noises; screaming wind, straining timber, lashing rope's end, pounding block and bursting sea contributed; and I could have thought there was at times another, a more piercing, a more human note, that dominated all, like the wailing of an angel. I could have thought I knew the angel's name, and that his wings were black. It seemed incredible that any creature of man's art could long endure the barbarous mishandling of the seas, kicked as the schooner was from mountain side to mountain side, beaten and blown upon and wrenched in every joint and sinew, like a child upon the rack. There was not a plank of her that did not cry aloud for mercy; and as she continued to hold together, I became conscious of a growing sympathy with her endeavors, a growing admiration for her gallant staunchness, that amused and at times obliterated my terrors for myself. God bless every man that swung a mallet on that tiny and strong hull! It was not for wages only that he labored, but to save men's lives.

All the rest of the day, and all the following night, I sat in the corner or lay wakeful in my bunk; and it was only with the return of morning that a new phase of my alarms drove me once more on deck. A gloomier interval I never passed. Johnson and Nares steadily relieved each other at the wheel and came below. The first glance of each was at the glass, which he repeatedly knuckled and frowned upon; for it was sagging lower all the time. Then, if Johnson were the visitor, he would pick a snack out of the cupboard, and stand, braced against the table, eating it, and perhaps obliging me with a word or two of his hee-haw conversation: how it was "a son of a gun of a cold night on deck, Mr. Dodd" (with a grin); how "it wasn't no night for panjammers, he could tell me;" having transacted all which, he would throw himself down in his bunk and sleep his two hours with compunction. But the captain neither ate nor slept. "You there, Mr. Dodd?" he would say,

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after the obligatory visit to the glass. "Well, my son, we're one hundred and four miles" (or whatever it was) "off the island, and scudding for all we're worth. We'll make it to-morrow about four, or not, as the case may be. That's the news. And now, Mr. Dodd, I've stretched a point for you; you can see I'm dead tired; so just you stretch away back to your bunk again." And with this attempt at geniality, his teeth would settle hard down on his cigar, and he would pass his spell below staring and blinking at the cabin lamp through a cloud of tobacco-smoke. He has told me since that he was happy, which I should never have divined. "You see," he said, "the wind we had was never anything out of the way; but the sea was really nasty, the schooner wanted a lot of humoring, and it was clear from the glass that we were close to some dirt. We might be running out of it or we might be running right crack into it. Well, there's always something sublime about a big deal like that; and it kind of raises a man in his own liking. We're a queer kind of beasts, Mr. Dodd."

The morning broke with sinister brightness; the air alarmingly transparent, the sky pure, the rim of the horizon clear and strong against the heavens. The wind and the wild seas, now vastly swollen, indefatigably hunted us. I stood on deck, choking with fear; I seemed to lose all power upon my limbs; my knees were as paper when she plunged into the murderous valleys; my heart collapsed when some black mountain fell in avalanche beside her counter, and the water, that was more than spray, swept round my ankles like a torrent. I was conscious of but one strong desire, to bear myself decently in my terrors, and whatever should happen to my life, preserve my character: as the captain said, we are a queer kind of beasts. Breakfast time came, and I made shift to swallow some hot tea. Then I must stagger below to take the time, reading the chronometer with dizzy eyes, and marvelling the while what value there could be in observations taken in a ship launched (as ours then was) like a missile among flying seas. The forenoon dragged on in a grinding monotony of peril; every spoke of the wheel a rash, but an obliged experiment—rash as a forlorn hope, needful as the leap that lands a fireman from a burning staircase. Noon was made; the captain dined on his day's work, and I on watching him; and our place was entered on the chart with a meticulous precision which seemed to me half pitiful and half absurd, since the next eye to behold that sheet of paper might be the eye of an exploring fish. One o'clock came, then two; the captain gloomed and chafed, as he held to the coaming of the house, and if ever I saw dormant murder in man's eye, it was in his. God help the hand that should have disobeyed him.

Of a sudden, he turned toward the mate, who was doing his trick at the wheel.

"Two points on the port bow," I heard him say. And he took the wheel himself.

Johnson nodded, wiped his eyes with the back of his wet hand, watched a chance as the vessel lunged up hill, and got to the main rigging, where he swarmed aloft. Up and up, I watched him go, hanging on at every ugly plunge, gaining with every lull of the schooner's movement, until, clambering into the cross-trees and clinging with one arm around the masts, I could see him take one comprehensive sweep of the southwesterly horizon. The next moment, he had slid down the backstay and stood on deck, with a grin, a nod, and a gesture of the finger that said, "yes;" the next again, and he was back sweating and squirming at the wheel, his tired face streaming and smiling, and his hair and the rags and corners of his clothes lashing round him in the wind.

Nares went below, fetched up his binocular, and fell into a silent perusal of the sea-line; I also, with my unaided eyesight. Little by little, in that white waste of water, I began to make out a quarter where the whiteness appeared more condensed: the sky above was whitish likewise, and misty like a squall; and little by little there thrilled upon my ears a note deeper and more terrible than the yelling of the gale—the long, thundering roll of breakers. Nares

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wiped his night glass on his sleeve and passed it to me, motioning, as he did so, with his hand. An endless wilderness of ranging billows came and went and danced in the circle of the glass; now and then a pale corner of sky, or the strong line of the horizon rugged with the heads of waves; and then of a sudden—come and gone ere I could fix it, with a swallow's swiftness—one glimpse of what we had come so far and paid so dear to see: the masts and rigging of a brig pencilled on heaven, with an ensign streaming at the main, and the ragged ribbons of a topsail thrashing from the yard. Again and again, with toilful searching, I recalled that apparition. There was no sign of any land; the wreck stood between sea and sky, a thing the most isolated I had ever viewed; but as we drew nearer, I perceived her to be defended by a line of breakers which drew off on either hand and marked, indeed, the nearest segment of the reef. Heavy spray hung over them like a smoke, some hundred feet into the air; and the sound of their consecutive explosions rolled like a cannonade.

In half an hour we were close in; for perhaps as long again, we skirted that formidable barrier toward its farther side; and presently the sea began insensibly to moderate and the ship to go more sweetly. We had gained the lee of the island as (for form's sake) I may call that ring of foam and haze and thunder; and shaking out a reef, wore ship and headed for the passage.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ISLAND AND THE WRECK.

All hands were filled with joy. It was betrayed in their alacrity and easy faces; Johnson smiling broadly at the wheel, Nares studying the sketch chart of the island with an eye at peace, and the hands clustered forward, eagerly talking and pointing; so manifest was our escape, so wonderful was the attraction of a single foot of earth after so many suns had set and risen on an empty sea. To add to the relief, besides, by one of those malicious coincidences which suggest for fate the image of an underbred and grinning schoolboy, we had no sooner worn ship than the wind began to abate.

For myself, however, I did but exchange anxieties. I was no sooner out of one fear than I fell upon another; no sooner secure that I should myself make the intended haven, than I began to be convinced that Trent was there before me. I climbed into the rigging, stood on the board, and eagerly scanned that ring of coral reef and bursting breaker, and the blue lagoon which they enclosed. The two islets within began to show plainly—Middle Brooks and Lower Brooks Island, the Directory named them: two low, bush-covered, rolling strips of sand, each with glittering beaches, each perhaps a mile or a mile and a half in length, running east and west, and divided by a narrow channel. Over these, innumerable as maggots, there hovered, chattered, screamed and clanged, millions of twinkling sea-birds: white and black; the black by far the largest. With singular scintillations, this vortex of winged life swayed to and fro in the strong sunshine, whirled continually through itself, and would now and again burst asunder and scatter as wide as the lagoon; so that I was irresistibly reminded of what I had read of nebular convulsions. A thin cloud overspread the area of the reef and the adjacent sea—the dust, as I could not but fancy, of earlier explosions. And a little apart, there was yet another focus of centrifugal and centripetal flight, where, hard by the deafening line of breakers, her sails (all but the tattered topsail) snugly furled down, and the red rag that marks Old England on the seas beating, union down, at the main—the *Flying Scud*, the fruit of so many toilers, a recollection in so many lives of men, whose tall spars had been mirrored in the remotest corners of the sea—lay stationary at last and forever, in the first stage of naval dissolution. Toward her, the taut *Norah Creina*, vulture-wise, wriggled to windward; come from so far to pick her bones. And, look as I pleased, there was no other presence of man or of man's handiwork; no Honolulu schooner lay there crowded with armed rivals, no smoke rose from the fire at which I fancied Trent cooking a meal of sea-birds.

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It seemed, after all, we were in time, and I drew a mighty breath.

I had not arrived at this reviving certainty before the breakers were already close aboard, the leadsman at his station, and the captain posted in the fore cross-trees to con us through the coral lumps of the lagoon. All circumstances were in our favor, the light behind, the sun low, the wind still fresh and steady, and the tide about the turn. A moment later we shot at racing speed betwixt two pier heads of broken water; the lead began to be cast, the captain to bawl down his anxious directions, the schooner to tack and dodge among the scattered dangers of the lagoon; and at one bell in the first dog watch, we had come to our anchor off the northeast end of Middle Brooks Island, in five fathoms of water. The sails were gasketted and covered, the boats emptied of the miscellaneous stores and odds and ends of sea-furniture, that accumulate in the course of a voyage, the kedge sent ashore, and the decks tidied down: a good three-quarters of an hour's work, during which I raged about the deck like a man with a strong toothache. The transition from the wild sea to the comparative immobility of the lagoon had wrought strange distress among my nerves: I could not hold still whether in hand or foot; the slowness of the men, tired as dogs after our rough experience outside, irritated me like something personal; and the irrational screaming of the sea-birds saddened me like a dirge. It was a relief when, with Nares, and a couple of hands, I might drop into the boat and move off at last for the *Flying Scud*.

"She looks kind of pitiful, don't she?" observed the captain, nodding toward the wreck, from which we were separated by some half a mile. "Looks as if she didn't like her berth, and Captain Trent had used her badly. Give her ginger, boys!" he added to the hands, "and you can all have shore liberty to-night to see the birds and paint the town red."

We all laughed at the pleasantry, and the boat skimmed the faster over the rippling face of the lagoon. The *Flying Scud* would have seemed small enough beside the wharves of San Francisco, but she was some thrice the size of the *Norah Creina*, which had been so long our continent; and as we craned up at her wall-sides, she impressed us with a mountain magnitude. She lay head to the reef, where the huge blue wall of the rollers was forever ranging up and crumbling down; and to gain her starboard side, we must pass below the stern. The helm was hard aport, and we could read the legend:

FLYING SCUD

HULL

On the other side, about the break of the poop, some half a fathom of rope ladder trailed over the rail, and by this we made our entrance.

She was a roomy ship inside, with a raised poop standing some three feet higher than the deck, and a small forward house, for the men's bunks and the galley, just abaft the foremast. There was one boat on the house, and another and larger one, in beds on deck, on either hand of it. She had been painted white, with tropical economy, outside and in: and we found, later on, that the stanchions of the rail, hoops of the scuttle but, etc., were picked out with green. At that time, however, when we first stepped aboard, all was hidden under the droppings of innumerable sea-birds.

The birds themselves gyrated and screamed meanwhile among the rigging; and when we looked into the galley, the outrush drove us back. Savage-looking fowl they were, savagely beaked, and some of the black ones great as eagles. Half-buried in the slush, we were aware of a litter of kegs in the waist; and these on being somewhat cleaned, proved to be water beakers and quarter casks of mess beef with some colonial brand, doubtless collected there before the *Tempest* hove in sight, and while Trent and his men had no better expectation than to strike for Honolulu in the boats. Nothing else was notable on deck, save where the loose topsail had played some havoc with the rigging, and there hung, and swayed, and sang in the declining wind, a raffle of intorted cordage.

With a shyness that was almost awe,

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Nares and I descended the companion. The stair turned upon itself and landed us just forward of a thwart-ship bulkhead that cut the poop in two. The fore part formed a kind of miscellaneous store-room, with a double-bunked division for the cook (as Nares supposed) and second mate. The after part contained, in the midst, the main cabin, running in a kind of bow into the curvature of the stern; on the port side, a pantry opening forward and a state-room for the mate; and on the starboard, the captain's berth and water-closet. Into these we did but glance: the main cabin holding us. It was dark, for the sea-birds had obscured the skylight with their droppings; it smelt rank and fusty; and it was beset with a loud swarm of flies that beat continually in our faces. Supposing them close attendants upon man and his broken meat, I marvelled how they had found their way to Midway reef; it was sure at least some vessel must have brought them, and that long ago, for they had multiplied exceedingly. Part of the floor was strewn with a confusion of clothes, books, nautical instruments, odds and ends of finery, and such trash as might be expected from the turning out of several seaman's chests, upon a sudden emergency after a long cruise. It was strange in that dim cabin, quivering with the near thunder of the breakers and pierced with the screaming of the fowls, to turn over so many things that other men had coveted, and prized, and worn on their warm bodies—frayed old underclothing, pyjamas of strange design, duck suits in every stage of rustiness, oil skins, pilot coats, bottles of scent, embroidered shirts, jackets of Pongee silk—clothes for the night watch at sea or the day ashore in the hotel verandah; and mingled among these, books, cigars, fancy pipes, quantities of tobacco, many keys, a rusty pistol, and a sprinkling of cheap curiosities—Benares brass, Chinese jars and pictures, and bottles of odd shells in cotton, each designed no doubt for somebody at home—perhaps in Hull, of which Trent had been a native and his ship a citizen.

Thence we turned our attention to the table, which stood spread, as if for a meal, with stout ship's crockery and the remains of food—a pot of marmalade, dregs of coffee in the mugs, a basin of gulls' eggs, bread, some toast, and a tin of condensed milk. The tablecloth, originally of a red color, was stained a dark brown at the captain's end, apparently with coffee; at the other end, it had been folded back, and a pen and ink-pot stood on the bare table. Stools were here and there about the table, irregularly placed, as though the meal had been finished and the men smoking and chatting; and one of the stools lay on the floor, broken.

"See! they were writing up the log," said Nares, pointing to the ink-bottle. "Caught napping, as usual. I wonder if there ever was a captain yet, that lost a ship with his log-book up to date? He generally has about a month to fill up on a clean break, like Charles Dickens and his serial novels.—What a regular, lime-juicer spread!" he added, contemptuously. "Marmalade—and toast for the old man! Nasty, slovenly pigs!"

There was something in this criticism of the absent that jarred upon my feelings. I had no love indeed for Captain Trent or any of his vanished gang; but the desertion and decay of this once habitable cabin struck me hard: the death of man's handiwork is melancholy like the death of man himself; and I was impressed with an involuntary and irrational sense of tragedy in my surroundings.

"This sickens me," I said. "Let's go on deck and breathe."

The captain nodded. "It *is* kind of lonely, isn't it?" he said. "But I can't go up till I get the code signals. I want to run up 'Got Left' or something, just to brighten up this island home. Captain Trent hasn't been here yet, but he'll drop in before long; and it'll cheer him up to see a signal on the brig."

"Isn't there some official expression we could use?" I asked, vastly taken by the fancy. "'Sold for the benefit of the underwriters: for further particulars, apply to J. Pinkerton, Montana Block, S.F.'"

"Well," returned Nares, "I won't say but what an old navy quartermaster might telegraph all that, if you gave him a day to do it in and a pound of tobacco for himself. But it's above my register.

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I must try something short and sweet: KB, urgent signal, 'Heave all aback;' or LM, urgent, 'The berth you're now in is not safe;' or what do you say to PQH?—'Tell my owners the ship answers remarkably well.'"

"It's premature," I replied; "but it seems calculated to give pain to Trent. PQH for me."

The flags were found in Trent's cabin, neatly stored behind a lettered grating; Nares chose what he required and (I following) returned on deck, where the sun had already dipped, and the dusk was coming.

"Here! don't touch that, you fool!" shouted the captain to one of the hands, who was drinking from the scuttle butt. "That water's rotten!"

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the man. "Tastes quite sweet."

"Let me see," returned Nares, and he took the dipper and held it to his lips. "Yes, it's all right," he said. "Must have rotted and come sweet again. Queer, isn't it, Mr. Dodd? Though I've known the same on a Cape-Horner."

There was something in his intonation that made me look him in the face; he stood a little on tiptoe to look right and left about the ship, like a man filled with curiosity, and his whole expression and bearing testified to some suppressed excitement.

"You don't believe what you're saying!" I broke out.

"Oh, I don't know but what I do!" he replied, laying a hand upon me soothingly. "The thing's very possible. Only, I'm bothered about something else."

And with that he called a hand, gave him the code flags, and stepped himself to the main signal halliards, which vibrated under the weight of the ensign overhead. A minute later, the American colors, which we had brought in the boat, replaced the English red, and PQH was fluttering at the fore.

"Now, then," said Nares, who had watched the breaking out of his signal with the old-maidish particularity of an American sailor, "out with those handspikes, and let's see what water there is in the lagoon."

The bars were shoved home; the barbarous cacophony of the clanking pump rose in the waist; and streams of ill-smelling water gushed on deck and made valleys in the slab guano. Nares leaned on the rail, watching the steady stream of bilge as though he found some interest in it.

"What is it that bothers you?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, shortly," he replied. "But here's another. Do you see those boats there, one on the house and two on the beds? Well, where is the boat Trent lowered when he lost the hands?"

"Got it aboard again, I suppose," said I.

"Well, if you'll tell me why?" returned the captain.

"Then it must have been another," I suggested.

"She might have carried another on the main hatch, I won't deny," admitted Nares; "but I can't see what she wanted with it, unless it was for the old man to go out and play the accordion in, on moonlight nights."

"It can't much matter, anyway," I reflected.

"Oh, I don't suppose it does," said he, glancing over his shoulder at the spouting of the scuppers.

"And how long are we to keep up this racket?" I asked. "We're simply pumping up the lagoon. Captain Trent himself said she had settled down and was full forward."

"Did he?" said Nares, with a significant dryness. And almost as he spoke the pumps sucked, and sucked again, and the men threw down their bars. "There, what do you make of that?" he asked. "Now, I'll tell, Mr. Dodd," he went on, lowering his voice, but not shifting from his easy attitude against the rail, "this ship is as sound as the *Norah Creina*. I had a guess of it before we came aboard, and now I know."

"It's not possible!" I cried. "What do you make of Trent?"

"I don't make anything of Trent; I don't know whether he's a liar or only an old wife; I simply tell you what's the fact," said Nares. "And I'll tell you something more," he added: "I've taken the ground myself in deep-water vessels; I know what I'm saying; and I say that, when she first struck and before she

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bedded down, seven or eight hours' work would have got this hooker off, and there's no man that ever went two years to sea but must have known it."

I could only utter an exclamation.

Nares raised his finger warningly. "Don't let *them* get hold of it," said he. "Think what you like, but say nothing."

I glanced round; the dusk was melting into early night; the twinkle of a lantern marked the schooner's position in the distance; and our men, free from further labor, stood grouped together in the waist, their faces illuminated by their glowing pipes.

"Why didn't Trent get her off?" inquired the captain. "Why did he want to buy her back in 'Frisco for these fabulous sums, when he might have sailed her into the bay himself?"

"Perhaps he never knew her value until then," I suggested.

"I wish we knew her value now," exclaimed Nares. "However, I don't want to depress you; I'm sorry for you, Mr. Dodd; I know how bothering it must be to you; and the best I can say's this: I haven't taken much time getting down, and now I'm here I mean to work this thing in proper style. I just want to put your mind at rest: you shall have no trouble with me."

There was something trusty and friendly in his voice; and I found myself gripping hands with him, in that hard, short shake that means so much with English-speaking people.

"We'll do, old fellow," said he. "We've shaken down into pretty good friends, you and me; and you won't find me working the business any the less hard for that. And now let's scoot for supper."

After supper, with the idle curiosity of the seafarer, we pulled ashore in a fine moonlight, and landed on Middle Brook's Island. A flat beach surrounded it upon all sides: and the midst was occupied by a thicket of bushes, the highest of them scarcely five feet high, in which the sea-fowl lived. Through this we tried at first to strike; but it were easier to cross Trafalgar Square upon a day of demonstration than to invade these haunts of sleeping sea-birds; the nests sank, and the eggs burst under footing; wings beat in our faces, beaks menaced our eyes, our minds were confounded with the screeching, and the coil spread over the island and mounted high into the air.

"I guess we'll saunter round the beach," said Nares, when we had made good our retreat.

The hands were all busy after sea-birds' eggs, so there were none to follow us. Our way lay on the crisp sand by the margin of the water: on one side, the thicket from which we had been dislodged; on the other, the face of the lagoon, barred with a broad path of moonlight, and beyond that, the line, alternately dark and shining, alternately hove high and fallen prone, of the external breakers. The beach was strewn with bits of wreck and drift: some redwood and spruce logs, no less than two lower masts of junks, and the stern-post of a European ship; all of which we looked on with a shade of serious concern, speaking of the dangers of the sea and the hard case of castaways. In this sober vein we made the greater part of the circuit of the island; had a near view of its neighbor from the southern end; walked the whole length of the westerly side in the shadow of the thicket; and came forth again into the moonlight at the opposite extremity.

On our right, at the distance of about half a mile, the schooner lay faintly heaving at her anchors. About half a mile down the beach, at a spot still hidden from us by the thicket, an upboiling of the birds showed where the men were still (with sailor-like insatiability) collecting eggs. And right before us, in a small indentation of the sand, we were aware of a boat lying high and dry, and right side up.

Nares crouched back into the shadow of the bushes.

"What the devil's this?" he whispered.

"Trent," I suggested, with a beating heart.

"We were damned fools to come ashore unarmed," said he. "But I've got to know where I stand." In the shadow, his face looked conspicuously white, and his voice betrayed a strong excitement. He took his boat's whistle from his pocket. "In case I might

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want to play a tune," said he, grimly, and thrusting it between his teeth, advanced into the moonlit open; which we crossed with rapid steps, looking guiltily about us as we went. Not a leaf stirred; and the boat, when we came up to it, offered convincing proof of long desertion. She was an eighteen-foot whaleboat of the ordinary type, equipped with oars and thole-pins. Two or three quarter-casks lay on the bilge amidships, one of which must have been broached, and now stank horribly; and these, upon examination, proved to bear the same New Zealand brand as the beef on board the wreck.

"Well, here's the boat," said I. "Here's one of your difficulties cleared away."

"H'm," said he. There was a little water in the bilge, and here he stooped and tasted it.

"Fresh," he said. "Only rain-water."

"You don't object to that?" I asked.

"No," said he.

"Well, then, what ails you?" I cried.

"In plain United States, Mr. Dodd," he returned, "a whaleboat, five ash sweeps, and a barrel of stinking pork."

"Or, in other words, the whole thing?" I commented.

"Well, it's this way," he condescended to explain. "I've no use for a fourth boat at all; but a boat of this model tops the business. I don't say the type's not common in these waters; it's as common as dirt; the traders carry them for surf-boats. But the *Flying Scud?* a deep-water tramp, who was lime-juicing around between big ports, Calcutta and Rangoon, and 'Frisco and the Canton River? No; I don't see it."

We were leaning over the gunwale of the boat as we spoke. The captain stood nearest the bow, and he was idly playing with the trailing painter, when a thought arrested him. He hauled the line in hand over hand, and stared, and remained staring, at the end.

"Anything wrong with it?" I asked.

"Do you know, Mr. Dodd," said he, in a queer voice, "this painter's been cut? A sailor always worms a rope's end, but this is sliced off with the cold steel. This won't do at all for the men," he added. "Just stand by till I fix it up more natural."

"Any guess what it all means?" I asked.

"Well, it means one thing," said he. "It means Trent was a liar. I guess the story of the *Flying Scud* was a sight more picturesque than he gave out."

Half an hour later, the whaleboat was lying astern of the *Norah Creina;* and Nares and I sought our bunks, silent and half bewildered by our late discoveries.

(To be continued.)

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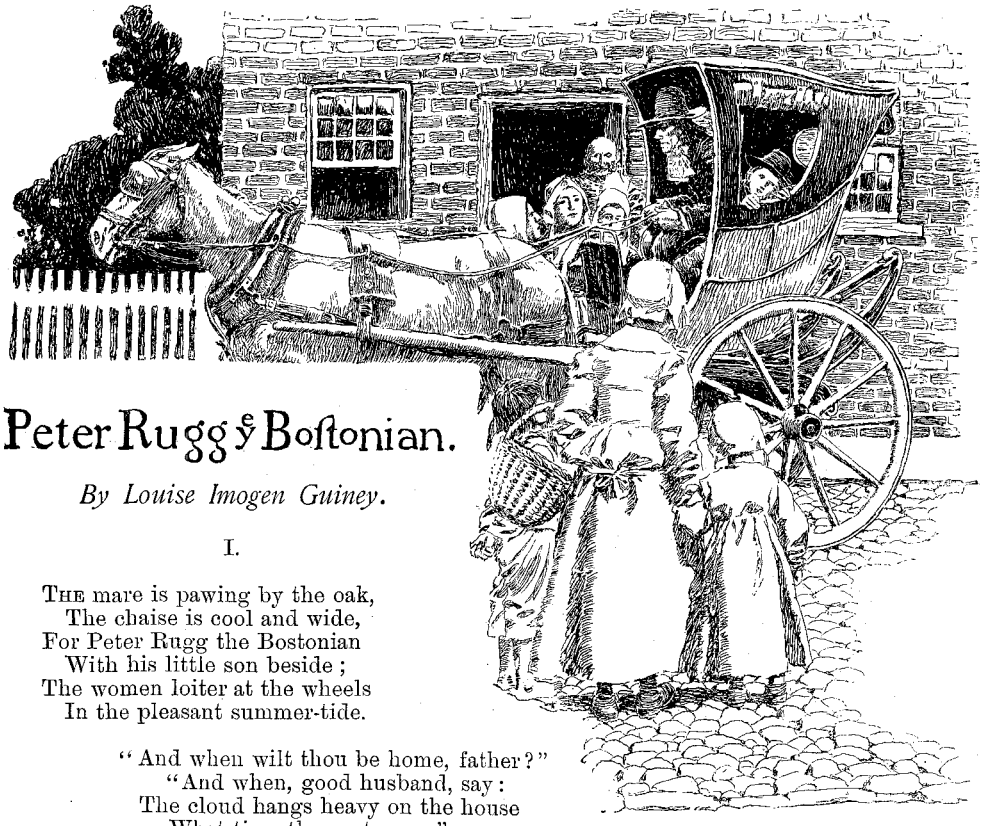

Peter Rugg the Bostonian.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

I.

The mare is pawing by the oak,
The chaise is cool and wide,
For Peter Rugg the Bostonian
With his little son beside;
The women loiter at the wheels
In the pleasant summer-tide.

"And when wilt thou be home, father?"
"And when, good husband, say:
The cloud hangs heavy on the house
What time thou art away."
He answers straight, he answers short,
"At noon of the seventh day."

"Fail not to come, if God so will,
And the weather be kind and clear."
"Farewell, farewell! But who am I,
A blockhead rain to fear?
God willing or God unwilling,
I have said it, I will be here."

He gathers up the sunburnt boy,
And from the gate is sped;
He shakes the spark from the stones below,
The bloom from overhead,
Till the last roofs of his own town
Pass in the morning-red.

Upon a homely mission
North unto York he goes,
Thro' the long highway broidered thick
With elder-blow and rose;
And sleeps in sound of breakers
The second twilight's close.

Intense upon his heedless head
Frowns Agamenticus,
Knowing of Heaven's challenger
The answer: even thus
The Patience that is hid on high
Doth stoop to master us.

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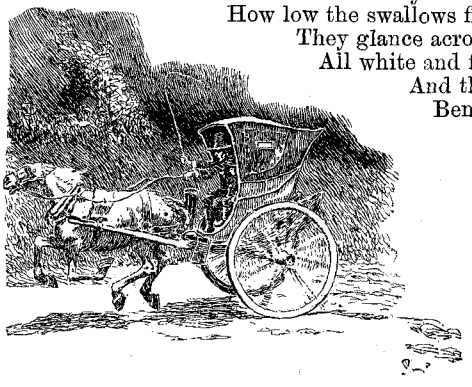
II.

Full light are all his parting dreams,
  Desire is in his brain;
He tightens at the tavern post
  The fiery creature's rein;
"Now eat thine apple, six years' child!
  We face for home again."

They had not gone a many mile,
  With nimble heart and tongue,
When the lone thrush grew silent
  The walnut woods among;
And on the lulled horizon
  A premonition hung.

The babes at Hampton school-house,
  The wife with lads at sea,
Search with a level-lifted hand
  The distance bodingly;
And farmer folk bid pilgrims in
  Under a safe roof-tree.

The mowers mark by Newbury
  How low the swallows fly;
They glance across the southern roads
  All white and fever-dry,
And the river anxious at the bend
  Beneath a thinking sky.



But there is one abroad was born
  To disbelieve and dare!
Along the highway furiously
  He cuts the purple air:
The wind leaps on the startled world
  As hounds upon a hare;

With brawl and glare and shudder ope
  The sluices of the storm;
The woods break down, the sand upblows
  In blinding volleys warm;
The yellow floods in frantic surge
  Familiar fields deform.

From evening until morning
  His skill will not avail,
And as he cheers his youngest-born
  His cheek is spectre-pale,
For the bonny mare from courses known
  Has drifted like a sail.

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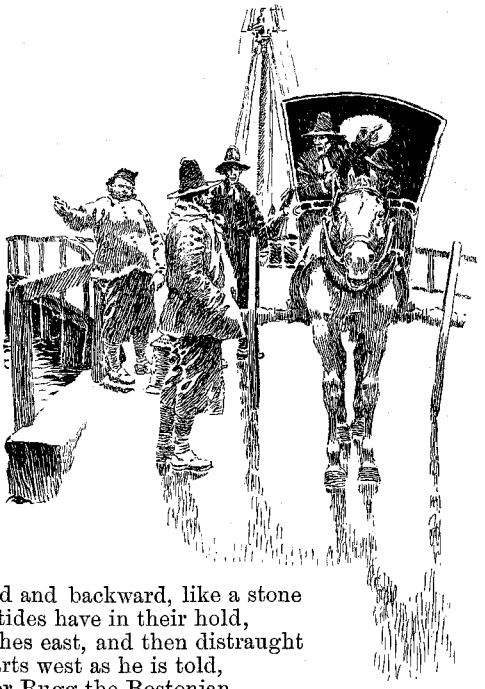
III.



On some wild crag he sees the dawn
Unsheathe her scimitar,
"Oh, if it be my mother-earth,
And not a foreign star,
Tell me the way to Boston,
And is it near or far?"

One watchman lifts his lamp and laughs:
"Ye've many a league to wend,"
The next doth bless the sleeping boy
From his mad father's end;
A third upon a drawbridge growls:
"Bear ye to larboard, friend."

Forward and backward, like a stone
The tides have in their hold,
He dashes east, and then distraught
Darts west as he is told,
(Peter Rugg the Bostonian
That knew the land of old!)

And journeying, and resting scarce
A melancholy space,
Turns to and fro, and round and round,
The frenzy in his face,
And ends alway in angrier mood,
And in a stranger place.

Lost! lost in bayberry thickets
Where Plymouth plovers run,
And where the masts of Salem
Look lordly in the sun;
Lost in the Concord vale, and lost
By rocky Wollaston!

Small thanks have they that guide him,
Awed and aware of blight;
To hear him shriek denial
It sickens them with fright;
"They lied to me a month ago
With thy same lie to-night!"

To-night, to-night, as nights succeed,
He swears at home to bide,
Until, pursued with laughter,
Or fled as soon as spied,
The weather-drenched man is known
Over the country side!

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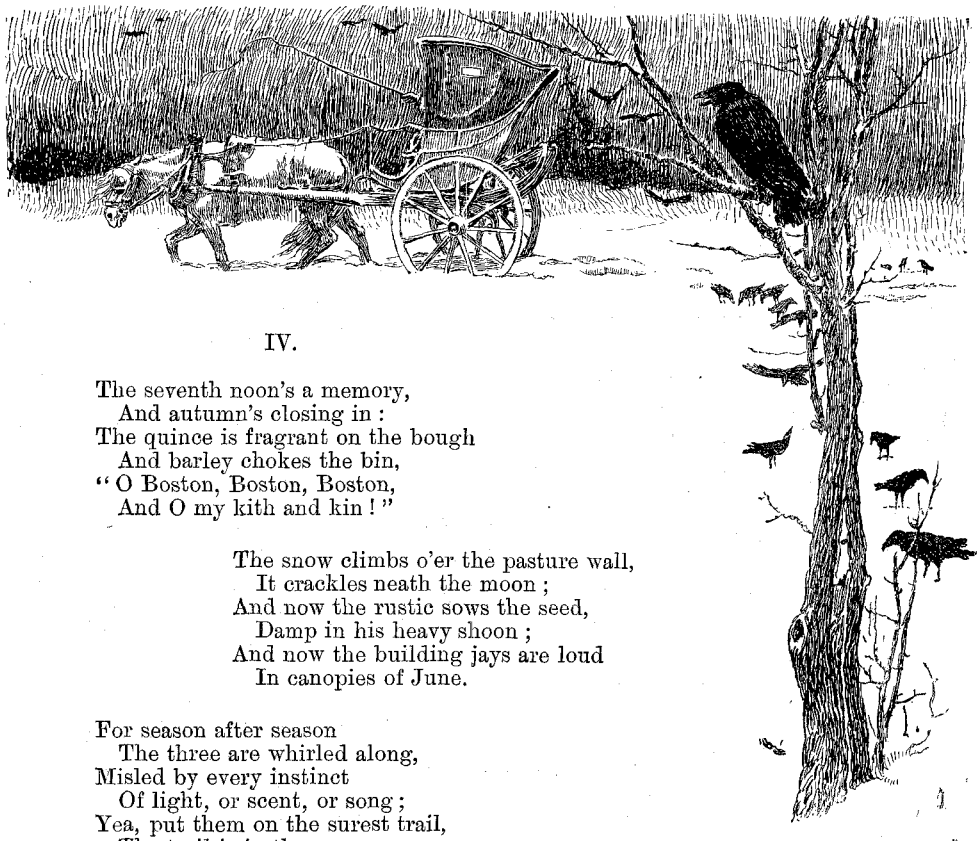


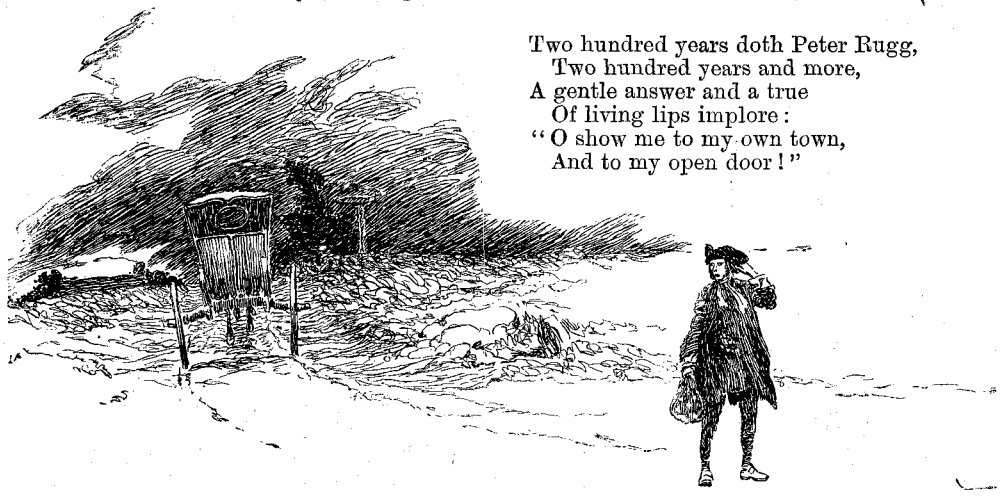
IV.

The seventh noon's a memory,
And autumn's closing in :
The quince is fragrant on the bough
And barley chokes the bin,
" O Boston, Boston, Boston,
And O my kith and kin ! "

The snow climbs o'er the pasture wall,
It crackles neath the moon ;
And now the rustic sows the seed,
Damp in his heavy shoon ;
And now the building jays are loud
In canopies of June.

For season after season
The three are whirled along,
Misled by every instinct
Of light, or scent, or song ;
Yea, put them on the surest trail,
The trail is in the wrong.

Upon those wheels in any path
The rain will follow loud,
And he that meets that ghostly man
Will meet a thunder-cloud,
And whosoever speaks with him
May next bespeak his shroud.



Two hundred years doth Peter Rugg,
Two hundred years and more,
A gentle answer and a true
Of living lips implore :
" O show me to my own town,
And to my open door ! "

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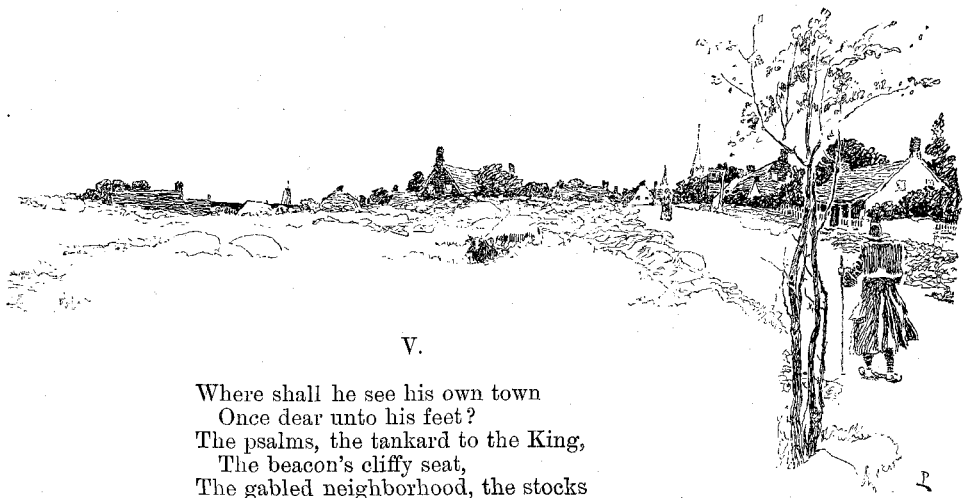

V.

Where shall he see his own town
  Once dear unto his feet?
The psalms, the tankard to the King,
  The beacon's cliffy seat,
The gabled neighborhood, the stocks
  Set in the middle street?

How shall he know his own town
  If now he clatters thro'?
Much men and places change that have
  Another love to woo,
And things occult, incredible,
  They find to think and do.

With such new wonders since he went
  A broader gossip copes,
Across the crowded triple hills,
  And up the harbor slopes,
Tradition's self for him no more
  Remembers, watches, hopes.

But ye, O unborn children!
  (For many a race must thrive
And drip away like icicles
  Ere Peter Rugg arrive,)
If of a sudden to your ears
  His plaint is blown alive;

If nigh the city, folding in
  A little lad that cries,
A wet and weary traveller
  Shall fix you with his eyes,
And from the crazy carriage lean
  To spend his heart in sighs:—

"That I may enter Boston,
  O help it to befall!
There would no fear encompass me,
  No evil craft appall;
Ah, but to be in Boston
  GOD WILLING! after all,"—

Ye children, tremble not, but go
  And lift his bridle brave,
In the one Name, the dread Name,
  That can forgive and save,
And lead him home to Copp's Hill ground,
  And to his fathers' grave.

THE END.

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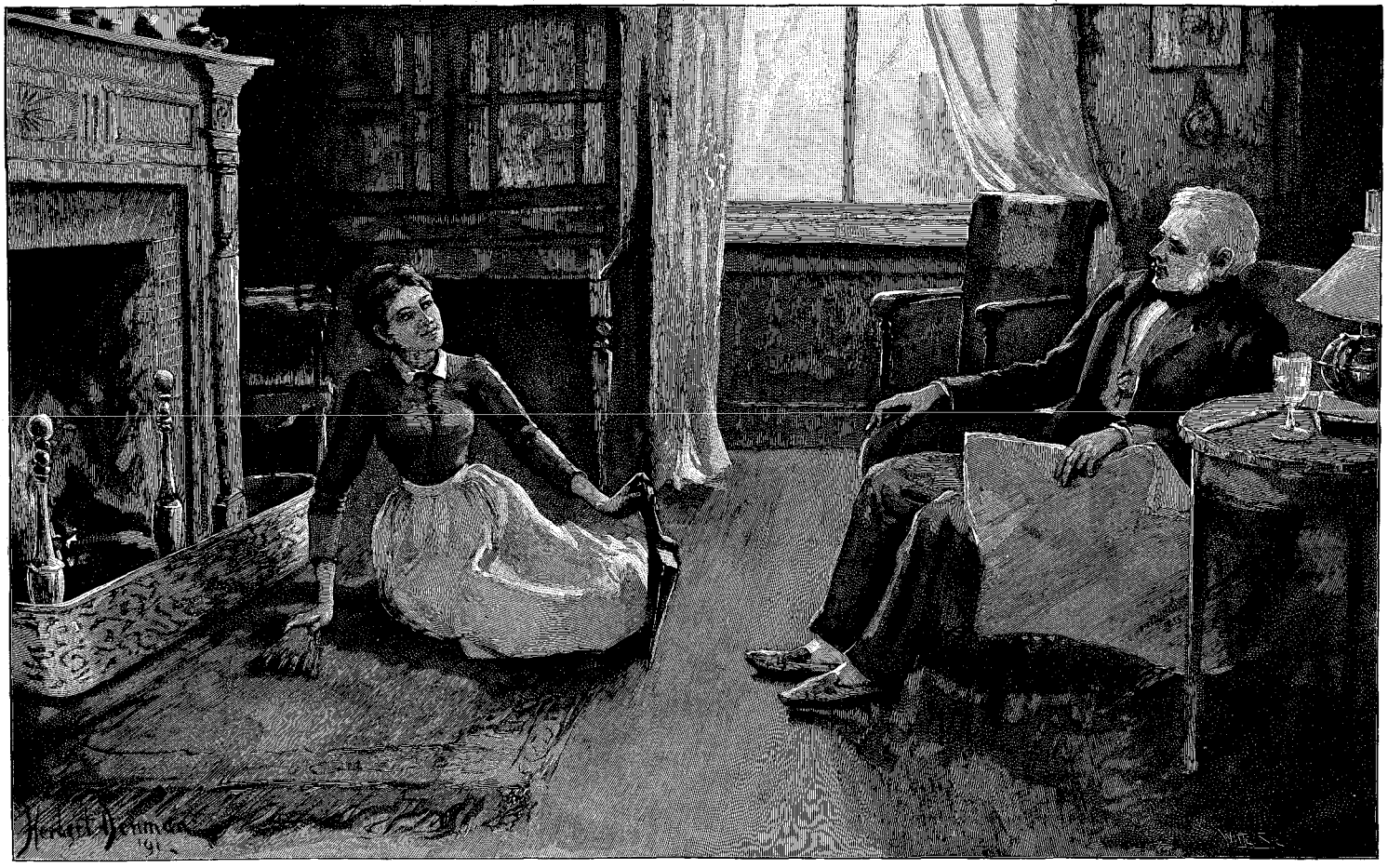

DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

"She was only making an excuse of the brushing to linger with him a little while."—Page 748.

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A LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

I.

THE early winter twilight was falling over the town of Kenmare, a heavy open carriage with some belated travellers bounced and rattled along the smooth highway, hurrying toward the inn and a night's lodging. Two slender young figures drew back together into the leafless hedge by the roadside and stood there, whispering and keeping fast hold of hands after the simple fashion of children and lovers. There was an empty bird's nest close beside them, and they looked at that, and after they had watched the carriage a moment, and even laughed because Dinny Killoren, the driver, had recognized their presence by a loud snap of his whip, they still loitered. The girl turned away from her lover who only looked at her, and felt the soft lining of the nest with the fingers of her left hand. Johnny Morris's handsome young face looked pinched and sad in the gray dampness of the dusk.

"The poor tidy cr'atures!" said Nora Connelly. "Look now at their little house, Johnny, how nate it is, and they gone from it. I mind the birds singing in the hedge one day last summer, and I walking by in the road."

"Wisha, 'tis our own tidy house I'm thinking of," said Johnny, reproachfully; "I've long dr'amed of it, and now whatever will I do and you gone away to Ameriky? Faix, it's too hard for us, Norry dear, we'll get no luck from your goin'; 'twas the Lord mint us for 'ach other!"

"I'm safe to come back, darling," said Nora, troubled by her lover's lamentations. "'Tis for the love of you I'm going, sure, Johnny dear! I suppose 'tis yourself won't want me then aither whin I come back; sure they says folks dries all up there and gets brown and small with the heat that's in it. Promise now that you'll say nothing so long as I'm fine an' rich coming home!"

"Don't break me heart, Nora, with your wild talk; who else but yourself would be joking, and our hearts breaking with the parting, and this our last walk together," mourned the young man. "Come, darling, we must be going on. 'Tis a good way yet through the town, an' your aunt ready to have my life now for not sinding you back at t'ree o'clock."

"Let her wait!" said Nora, scornfully. "I'll be free of her, then, this time to-morrow. 'Tis herself 'll be keenin' after me as if 'twas wakin' me she was, and the heart of stone that's inside her and no tears to her eyes. They might be glass buttons in her old head, they might then! I'd love you to the last day I lived, John Morris, if 'twas only to have the joke on her," and Nora's eyes sparkled with fun. "I'd spite her if I could, the old crow! Sorra a bit of l'ave takin' have I got from her yet, but to say I must sind her home my passage-money inside the first month I'm out. Oh, but, Johnny, I'll be so lonesome there; 'tis a cold home I had since me mother died, but God

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"And Dinny Killoren laughed aloud on the side-car."—Page 759.

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help me when I'm far from it." The girl and her lover were both crying now; Johnny kissed her and put his arm tenderly about her, there where they stood alone by the roadside; both knew that the dreaded hour of parting had come.

Presently, as if moved by the stern hand of fate rather than by their own will, they walked away along the road, still weeping. They came into the town where lights were bright in the houses. There was the usual cheerful racket about the inn. The Lansdowne Arms seemed to be unusually populous and merry for a winter night. Somebody called to Johnny Morris from a doorway, but he did not answer. Close by were the ruins of the old abbey, and he drew Nora with him between the two stones which made a narrow entranceway to the grounds. It was dreary enough there among the wintry shadows, the solemn shapes of the crumbling ruin, and the rustling trees.

"Tell me now once more that you love me, darlin'," sobbed the poor lad; "you're goin' away from me, Nora, an' 'tis you'll find it aisy to forget. Everything you l'ave will be spakin' to me of you. Oh, Nora, Nora! howiver will I l'ave you go to Ameriky; I was no man at all, or why didn't I forbid it? 'Tis only I was too poor to keep you back, God help me!"

"Be quiet now," said Nora. "I'll not forget you. I'll save all my money till I'll come back to you. We're young, dear lad, sure; kiss me now an' say good-by, my fine gay lad, and then walk home quiet wid me through the town. I call the holy saints to hear me that I won't forget."

And so they kissed and parted, and walked home quiet through the town as Nora had desired. She stopped here and there for a parting word with a friend, and there was even a sense of dignity and consequence in the poor child's simple heart because she was going to set forth on her great journey the next morning, while others would ignobly remain in Kenmare. Thank God, she had no father and mother to undergo the pain of seeing her disappear forever from their eyes. The poor heart-broken Irish folk who let their young sons and daughters go away from them to America, who of us has stopped half long enough to think of their sorrows and to pity them? What must it be to see the little companies set forth on their way to the sea, knowing that they will return no more? The fever for emigration is a heart-rending sort of epidemic, and the boys and girls who dream of riches and pleasure until they are impatient of their homes in poor, beautiful Ireland! alas, they sail away on the crowded ships to find hard work and hard fare, and know their mistakes about finding a fairy land, too late, too late! And Nora Connelly's aunt had hated Johnny Morris, and laid this scheme for separating them, under cover of the furtherance of Nora's welfare. They had been lovers from their childhood, and Johnny's mother, from whom Nora had just parted on that last sad evening, was a sickly woman and poor as poverty. Johnny was like son and daughter both, he could never leave her while she lived; they had needed all of Nora's cheerfulness and love, and now they were going to lose her, perhaps forever. Everybody knew how few came back from America, no wonder that these Irish hearts were sad with parting.

On the morrow there was little time for leave-takings. Some people tried to make it a day of jokes and festivities when such parties of emigrants left the country-side, but there was always too much sadness underneath the laughter; and the chilly rain fell that day as if Ireland herself wept for her wandering children—poor Ireland, who gives the best of them to the great busy countries over seas, and longs for the time when she can be rich and busy herself, and keep the young people at home and happy in field and town. What does the money cost that comes back to the cottage households broken as if by death? What does it cost to the aching hearts of fathers and mothers, to the homesick lads and girls in America, with the cold Atlantic between them and home?

II.

THE winter day was clear and cold, with a hint of coming spring in the blue sky. As you came up Barry Street, the

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main thoroughfare of a thriving American town, you could not help noticing the thick elm-branches overhead and the long rows of country horses and sleighs before the stores, and a general look of comfortably-mingled country and city life.

The high-storied offices and warehouses came to an end just where the hill began to rise, and on the slope, to the left, was a terraced garden planted thick with fruit-trees and flowering shrubbery. Above this stood a large old-fashioned white house close to the street. At first sight one was pleased with its look of comfort and provincial elegance, but, as you approached, the whole lower story seemed unused. If you glanced up at a window of the second story you were likely to see an elderly gentleman looking out, pale and unhappy, as if invalidism and its enforced idleness were peculiarly hard for him to bear. Sometimes you might catch sight of the edge of a newspaper, but there was never a book in his hand, there was never a child's face looking out to companion the old man. People always spoke of poor old Captain Balfour nowadays, but only a few months before he had been the leading business man of the city, absorbed in a dozen different enterprises. A widower and childless, he felt himself to be alone indeed in this time of illness and despondency. Early in life he had followed the sea, from choice, not necessity, but for many years he had been master of the old house and garden on Barry Street, his inherited home. People always spoke of him with deference and respect, they pitied him now in his rich and pitiful old age. In the early autumn a stroke of paralysis had dulled and disabled him, and its effect was more and more puzzling and irritating beside to the captain's pride.

He more and more insisted upon charging his long captivity and uncomfortable condition at the doors of his medical advisers and the household. At first, in dark and gloomy weather, or in days of unusual depression, a running fire of comments was kept up toward those who treated him like a child, and who made an apothecary's shop of his stomach, and kept him upon such incomprehensible diet. A slice of salt beef and a captain's biscuit were indignantly demanded at these times, but it was touching to observe that the person in actual attendance was always treated with extreme consideration or even humble gratitude, while the offenders were always absent. "*They*" were guilty of all the wrongs and kept the captain miserable; *they* were impersonal foes of his peace; there never was anything but a kind word for Mrs. Nash, the housekeeper, or Reilly, the faithful attendant; there never were any personal rebukes administered to the cook; and as for the doctor, Captain Balfour treated him as one gentleman should treat another.

Until early in January, when once in a while, even the hitherto respected Mrs. Nash was directly accused of a total lack of judgment, and James Reilly could not do or say anything to suit, and the lives of these honest persons became nearly unbearable; the maid under Mrs. Nash's charge (for the household had always been kept up exactly as in Mrs. Balfour's day) could not be expected to consider the captain's condition and her own responsibilities as his older and deeply attached companions could, and, tired of the dulness and idleness of the old house, fell to that state where dismissal was inevitable. Then neither Mrs. Nash nor Reilly knew what to do next, they were not as young as they had been, and to use their own words, minded the stairs. At last Reilly, a sensible Irishman, proposed a change in the order of housekeeping. The captain might never come downstairs any more, they could shut up the dining-room and the parlors, and make their daily work much lighter.

"An' I won't say that I haven't got word for you of a tidy little girl," said Reilly, beseechingly. "She's a relation to my cousins the Donahues and as busy as a sparrow. She'll work beside you an' the cook like your own shild, she will that, Mrs. Nash, and is a lighthearted shild the day through. She's just over too, the little greenhorn!"

"Perhaps she'll be just what we want, Reilly," agreed the housekeeper, after reflection. "Send her up to see me this very evening, if you're going where she is."

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So the very next day, into the desolate old house came young Nora Connelly, a true child of the old country, with a laughing gray eye and a smooth girlish cheek, and a pretty touch of gold at the edge of the fair brown hair about her forehead. It was a serious little face, not beautiful, except in its delightful girlishness. She was a friendly, kindly little creature, fond of her simple pleasures and willing to work hard the day through. The great house itself was a treasure-house of new experience, and she felt her position in the captain's family to be a valued promotion.

One morning life looked very dark to the master. Everything had been going wrong since breakfast, and the captain rang for Reilly when he had just gone out, and Mrs. Nash was busy with a messenger.

"Go up, will you, Nora?" she said, anxiously, "and say that I'll be there in a minute. Reilly's just left him——"

And Nora sped away, nothing loath; she had never taken a satisfactory look at the master, and this was the fourth day since she had come to the house.

She opened the door and saw a handsome, fretful, tired old gentleman, whose newspaper had slipped from his hand and gone out of reach. She hurried to pick it up without being told.

"Who are you?" inquired the captain, looking at her with considerable interest.

"Nora Connelly, sir," said the girl, in a delicious Irish voice. "I'm your new maid, sir, since Winsday. I feel very sorry for your bein' sick, sir."

"There's nothing the matter with me," growled the captain, unexpectedly.

"Wisha, sir, I'm glad of that!" said Nora, with a wag of her head like a bird, and a light in her eye. "Mrs. Nash'll be here at once, sir, for your ordhers. She is d'aling wid a boy below in the hall. You are looking fine an' comfortable the day, sir."

"I never was so uncomfortable in my life," said the captain. "You can open that window."

"And it snowing fast, sir? You'll let out all the fine heat; heat's very dear now and cold is cheap, so it is, with poor folks. 'Tis a great pity you've no turfs now to keep your fire in for you. 'Tis very strange there do be no turf in this foine country," and she looked at the captain with a winning smile. The captain smiled back again in spite of himself.

Nora stood looking out of the window; she seemed to be thinking of herself instead of the invalid.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the old gentleman, a moment later, frowning his eyebrows at her like pieces of artillery.

"Pl'ase, sir, I'm Nora Connelly, from the outside o' Kenmare." She made him the least bit of a curtsey, as if a sudden wind had bent her like a long-stemmed flower.

"How came you here?" His mouth straightened into a smile as he spoke, in spite of a determination to be severe.

"I'm but two weeks over, sir. I come over to me cousins, the Donahues, seeking me fortune. I'd like Ameriky, 'tis a fine place, sir, but I'm very homesick intirely. I'm as fast to be going back as I was to be coming away," and she gave a soft sigh and turned away to brush the hearth.

"Well, you must be a good girl," said the captain, with great propriety, after a pause.

"'Deed, sir, I am that," responded Nora, sincerely. "No one had a word to fling afther me and I coming away, but crying afther me. Nobody'll tell anything to my shame whin my name'll be spoke at home. My mother brought me up well, God save her, she did, then!"

This unaffected report of her own good reputation was pleasing to Nora's employer; the sight of Nora's simple, pleasant Irish face and the freshness of her youth was the most delightful thing that had happened in many a dreary day. He felt in his waistcoat pocket with sudden impulse, sure of finding a bit of money there with which Nora Connelly might buy herself a ribbon. He was strongly inclined toward making her feel at home in the old house which had grown to be such a prison to himself. But there was no money in the pocket, as there always used to be when he was well. He had not needed any before in a long time. He began to fret about this and to wonder what they had done with his pocket-book; it was

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ignominious to be treated like a schoolboy. While he brooded over his wrongs, Nora heard Mrs. Nash's hurrying footsteps in the hall, but as she slipped away it was plain that she had found time enough to bestow her entire sympathy, and even affection, upon the captain in this brief interview.

"He's dull, poor gentleman — he's very sad all day by himself, and so pleasant spoken, the crathur!" she said to herself, indignantly, as she went running down the stairs.

It was not long before, to everybody's surprise, Captain Balfour gained strength, and began to feel so much better, that Nora was often posted in the room or the hall close by to run his frequent errands and pick up his newspapers as they fell. This gave Mrs. Nash and Reilly a chance to look after their other business affairs, and to take their ease after so long a season of close attendance. The captain had a gruff way of asking, "Where's that little girl?" as if he only wished to see her to scold her roundly; and Nora was always ready to come with her sewing or any bit of housework that could be carried and to entertain her master by the hour. The more irritable his temper, the more unconscious and merry she always seemed.

"I was down last night wid me cousins, so I was," she informed him one morning, while she brushed up the floor about the fireplace on her hands and knees. "You'd ought to see her little shild, sir, indade she's the darling cr'ature. I never saw anyone so crabbed and smart for the size of her. She ain't the heighth of a bee's knee, sir!"

"Who isn't?" inquired the captain, absently, attracted for the moment by the pleasing simile.

"Me cousin's little shild, sir," answered Nora, appealingly, with a fear that she had failed in her choice of a subject. "'Tis no more than the heighth of a bee's knee she is, the colleen, and has every talk to you like a little grandmother—the big words of her haves to come sideways out of her mouth. I'd like it well if her mother would dress her up prertty, and I'd go fetch her for you to see."

The captain made an expressive sound of disdain, and Nora brushed away at the rug in silence. He looked out of the window and drummed on the arm of his chair. It was a very uncomfortable morning. There was a noise in the street, and Nora pricked up her ears with her head alert like a young hare, stood up on her knees, and listened.

"I'll warrant it's me heart's darlin' tooting at the fife," she exclaimed.

"Nothing but a parcel of boys," grumbled the captain.

"Faix it's he, thin, the dacint lad!" said Nora, by this time close to the other front window. "Look at him now, sir, goin' by! He's alther b'y in the church and a lovely voice in him. Me cousins is going to have him learn music. That's 'The girl I left behind me,' he's got in the old fife now."

"Hard to tell what it is," growled the captain. "Anything for a racket, I dare say."

"Faix, sir, I was thinking meself the tune come out of him tail first," agreed Nora, with ready sympathy. "He's the big brother to the little sisther I told you of just now. 'Twas Dan Sullivan gave Johnny the old fife; himself used to play it in a company. There's a kay or two gone, I'm misthrusting, anyway there's teeth gone in the tune."

Nora was again brushing the floor industriously. The captain was listless and miserable: the silence vexed him even more than the harmless prattle.

"I used to play the flute pretty well myself when I was a young man," he said pleasantly, after a while.

"I'd like well to hear you, then," said Nora, enthusiastically. She was only making an excuse of the brushing to linger with him a little while. "Oh, but your honor would have liked to hear me mother sing. God give her rest, but she had the lovely voice for you! They'd be sinding for her from three towns away to sing with the fiddle for weddings and dances. If you'd hear her sing the 'Pride of Glencoe' 'twould take the heart out of you, it would indade."

"My wife was a most beautiful singer when she was young. I like to hear a pretty voice," said the captain, sadly.

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"'Twas me dear mother had it, then," answered Nora. "I do be often minding her singing when I'm falling asleep. I hear her voice very plain sometimes. My mother was from the North, sir, and she had tunes that didn't be known to the folks about Kenmare. 'Inniskillen Dragoon' was one of the best liked, and it went lovely with the wheel when she'd be spinning. Everybody'd be calling for her to sing that tune. Strangers would come and ask her for a song that were passing through the town. There was great talk always of me mother's singing, they'd know of her for twinty miles round. Whin I see the fire gone down in red coals like this, all red like our turf at home, and it do be growing dark, I remimber well 'twas such times she'd sing like a bird for us, being through her long day's work an' all of us round the fire kaping warm if we could a winter night. Oh, but she'd sing then like a lark in the fields, God save her!"

Nora brushed away a tear and blessed herself. "You'd like well to hear me mother sing, sir, I'm telling you God's truth," she said, simply. And the old captain watched her and smiled as if he were willing to hear more.

"Folks would pay her well, too. They'd all be afraid she'd stop when she'd once begin. There was nobody but herself could sing with the fiddle. I mind she came home one morning when she'd been sint for to a great wedding—'twas a man's only daughter that owned his own land. And me mother came home to us wid a collection of twilve and eight-pince tied up in her best apron corner. We'd as good as a wedding ourselves out of it too; 'twas she had the spinding hand, the crathur; and we had a roast goose that same night and asked fri'nds to it. Folks don't have the good fun here they has in the old country, sir, so they don't."

"There used to be good times here," said the poor old captain.

"I'm thinking 'twould be a dale the better if you wint and stayed for a while over there," urged the girl, affectionately. "It'll soon be comin' green and illigant while its winther here still; the gorse'll be blooming, sir, and the little daisies thick under your two feet, and you'd be sitting out in the warm rain and sun and feeling the good of the ground. If you'd go to Glengariff I think you'd soon be well, I do, then, Captain Balfour, your honor, sir."

"I'm too old, Nora," replied the captain, dismally, but not without interest.

"Sure there ain't a boy in the town that has the spark in his eye like yourself, sir," responded Nora, with encouraging heartiness. "I'd break away from these sober old folks and the docthers and all, and take ship, and you'd be soon over the say, and live like a lord in the first cabin, and you'd land aisy on the tinder in the cove o' Cork and slape that night in the city, and go next day to the Eccles Hotel in Glengariff. Oh, wisha, the fine place it is wid the say forninst the garden wall. You'd get a swim in the clane salt wather, and be as light as a bird. Sure I wouldn't be t'ased wid so much docthoring and advising, and you none the betther wid it."

"Why couldn't I have a swim in the sea here?" inquired the captain, indulgently.

"Sure, it wouldn't be the same at all," responded Nora, with contempt. "Tis the say-shore of the old country will do you the most good. The say is very salt entirely by Glengariff, the bay runs up to it, and you'd get a strong boatman would row you up and down, and you'd walk in the green lanes and the folks in the houses would give you good day; and whin you'd be afther givin' old Mother Casey a trippence she'd down on her two little knees and pray for your honor till you'd be running home like a light horseman."

The old man laughed heartily for the first time that day. "I used to be the fastest runner of any lad in school," he said, with pride.

"Sure you might thry it again wid Mrs. Casey's kind help, sir," insisted the girl. "Now go to Glengariff this next month o' May, sir, do!"

"Perhaps I will," said the captain, decidedly. "I'm not going to keep up this sort of thing much longer, I can tell them that! If they can't do me any good they may say so, and I'll steer my own course. That's a good idea about the salt water."

The old man fell into a pleasant sleep,

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with a contented smile on his face. The fire flickered and snapped, and Nora sat still looking into it; her thoughts were far away. Perhaps her unkind aunt would find means to stop the letters between Johnny Morris and herself. Oh, if her mother were only alive, if the scattered household were once more together! It would be a long time at this rate, before she could go back to Johnny with a hundred pounds.

The fire settled itself together and sent up a bright blaze. The old man opened his eyes and looked bewildered; she stepped quickly to his side. "You'll be askin' for Mr. Reilly?" she said.

"No, no," responded the captain, firmly. "What was the name of that place you were talking about?"

"Whiddy Island, sir, where me father was born?" Nora's thoughts had wandered far and wide, she was thinking that she had heard that land was cheap on Whiddy and the fishing fine. She and Johnny had often thought they might do better than in Kenmare.

"No, no," said the captain again, sternly.

"Oh, Glengariff," she exclaimed. "Yes, sir, we were talking——"

"That's it," responded the captain, complacently. "I should like to know something more about the place."

"I was never in it but twice," exclaimed Nora, "but 'twas lovely there intirely. My father had a time of fishin', and 'twas one summer we left Kenmare and went to a place, Baltimore was the name, beyond Glengariff itself, toward the illigant town of Bantry, sir. I saw Bantry, sir, when I was young. We were all alive and together then, my father and mother and all of us; the old shebeen we lived in looked like the skull of a house, it was so old, and the roof falling in on us, but thank God, we were happy in it—Oh, Ireland's the lovely country, sir."

"No bad people at all there?" asked the captain, looking at her kindly.

"Oh, sir, there are then," said the little maid, regretfully. "I have sins upon my own soul, truth I have, sir. The sin of st'aling was my black shame when I was growing up, then."

"What did you ever steal, child?" asked the captain.

"Mostly eggs, sir," said Nora, humbly.

"I dare say you were hungry," said the old man, taking up his newspaper and pretending to frown at the shipping list.

"Oh, no, captain, 'twas not that always. I used to follow an old spickled hen of my mother's and wait for the egg. I'd thrack her within the furze, and whin I'd be two days getting two eggs I'd run wid 'em to sell 'em, and 'twas to buy things to sew for me doll I'd spind the money. I'd ought to make confission for it now too. I'm shamed thinkin' of it, and the spickled hen was one that laid very large white eggs intirely, and whiles my poor mother would be missing them and thinking the old hen was no good and had best be killed, the honest cr'atur', and go to market that way when poulthry was dear. I'd like one of her eggs now to boil it myself for you, sir, 'twould be aisy 'atin' for you coming right in from some place under the green bushes. I think she's long dead, I didn't see her a long while before I was l'avin'. A woman called Johanna Spillane bought her from my aunt when my mother was dead. She was a very honest, good hen; a top-knot hen, sir."

"I dare say," said the captain, looking at his newspaper; he did not know why the simple chatter touched and pleased him so. He shrugged his shoulders and moved about in his easy chair, frowned still more at the shipping list, and so got the better of his emotion."

"I see that the old brig Miranda has gone ashore on the Florida Keys," he said, as if speaking to a large audience of retired shipmasters. "Stove her bows, rigging cut loose and washed overboard; total wreck. I suppose you never saw a wreck?"—he turned and regarded Nora affectionately.

"I did, sir, then," said Nora Connelly, flushing with satisfaction. "We got news of it one morning early, and all trooped to the shore, every grown person and child in the place, l'aving out Mother Dolan, the ould lady that had no use of her two legs, and all the women, me mother and all, took their babies to her and left them, and she en-

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treatin'—you'd hear the bawls of her a mile away—that some of the folks would take her wid 'em on their backs to see what would she get wid the rest; but we left her screeching wid all the poor shilder, and I was there with the first, and the sun coming up and the ship breaking up fine out a little way in the rocks. 'Twas loaded with sweet oranges, she was, and they all comin' ashore like yellow ducklings in the high wather. I got me fill for once, I did, indeed."

"Dear, dear," said the captain. "Did the crew get ashore?"

"Well, I belave not, sir, but I couldn't rightly say. I was small, and I took no notice. I mind there were strangers round that day, but sailors or the nixt parish was one to me then. The tide was going out soon, and then we swarmed aboard, and, wisha, the old ship tipped up wid us in it, and I thought I was killed. 'Twas a foine vessel, all gilded round the cabin walls, and I thought in vain 'twould be one like her comin' to Ameriky. There was wines aboard, too, and all the men got their fill. Mesilf was gatherin' me little petticoat full of oranges that bobbed in the wather in the down-side of the deck. Wisha, sir, the min was pushin' me and the other shilder into the wather; they were very soon tight, sir, and my own father was wid 'em, God rest his soul! and his cheeks as red as two roses. Some busy-body caught him ashore and took him to the magistrate—that was the squire of our place, sir, and an illigant gentleman. The bliguards was holdin' my father, and I running along, screeching for fear he'd be going to jail on me. The old squire began to laugh, poor man, when he saw who it was, and says he, 'Is it yoursilf, Davy?' and says my father, 'It's mesilf, God save your honor, very tight intirely, and feelin' as foine as any lord in Ireland. L'ave me go, and I'll soon slape it off under the next furze-bush that'll stop still long enough for me by the roadside,' says he. The squire says, 'L'ave him go, boys, 'twas all from his 'ating the oranges!' says he, and the folks give a great laugh all round. He was doin' no harrum, the poor man! I run away again to the say, then; I forget was there any more happened that day."

"She must have been a fruiter from the Mediterranean. I can't think what she was doing up there on the west coast, out of her bearings," said the captain.

"Faix, sir, I couldn't tell you where she was from, if it's the ship you mane; but she wint no further than our parish and the Black Rocks. I heard tell of plinty other foine wrecks, but I was to that mesilf."

III.

The lengthening days of late winter went slowly by, and at last it was spring and the windows were left open all day in the captain's room. The household had accepted the fact that nobody pleased the invalid as Nora did, and there was no feeling of jealousy; it was impossible not to be grateful to anyone who could invariably spread the oil of sympathy and kindness over such troubled waters. James Reilly and Mrs. Nash often agreed upon the fact that the captain kept all the will he ever had, but little of the good judgment. Yet, in spite of this they took it upon them to argue with him upon every mistaken point. Nora alone had the art of giving a wide berth to dangerous subjects of conversation, and she could twist almost every sort of persistence or aggravation into a clever joke. She had grown very fond of the lonely old man; the instinct toward motherliness in her simple heart was always ready to shelter him from his fancied wrongs, and to quiet him in the darkest hours of fretfulness and pain.

Young Nora Connelly's face had grown thin during the long winter, and she lost the pretty color from her cheeks as spring came on. She was used to the mild air of Ireland and to an out-of-door life. She could not feel like herself in the close rooms of Captain Balfour's house on Barry Street. By the time that the first daffodils were in bloom on the south terrace, she longed inexpressibly for the open air and used to disappear from even the captain's sight into the garden, where at times she took her turn with the gardeners at spading up the rich soil, and working with a zeal which put to shame their

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languid efforts. Something troubled the girl, however; she looked older and less happy; sometimes it was very plain to see that she had been crying.

One morning, when she had been delayed unusually with her downstairs work, the captain grew so impatient that he sent Reilly away to find her. Nora quickly set down a silver candlestick and wiped her powdery hands upon her apron as she ran upstairs. The captain was standing in the middle of the floor, scowling like a pirate in a picture book, and even when Nora came in, he did not smile. "I'm going out to take a walk," he said, angrily.

"Come on, then, sir," said Nora. "I'll run for your coat and hat if you'll tell me where ——"

"Pooh, pooh! child!" the pacified captain was smiling broadly. "I only want to take a couple of turns here in the hall. You forget how long I've been house-bound. I'm a good deal better; I'll have that meddling Reilly know it, too; and I won't be told what I may do and what I may not."

"'Tis thrue for you, sir," said Nora, amiably. "Steady yourself with my arrum, now, and we'll go to the far end of the hall and back again. 'Twas the docther himself said a while ago that ye'd ought to thry walking more, and 'twas your honor was like to have the life of him. You're a very conthrairy gentleman, if I may be so bold!"

The captain laughed, but the business of dragging his poor heavy foot was more serious than he had expected, in spite of all his brave determination. Nora did her best to beguile him from too much consciousness of his feebleness and disappointment.

"Sure, if you'd see ould Mother Killahan come hobbling into church, you'd think yourself as good as a greyhound," she said, presently, while the master rested in one of the chairs at the hall's end. "She's very old intirely. I saw her myself asleep at her beads this morning, but she do be very steady on her two knees, and whiles she prays and says a bead or two, and whiles she gets a bit of sleep, the poor cr'ature. She do be staying in the church a dale this cold weather, and Father Dunn is very aisy with her. She makes the stations every morning of the year, so she does, and one day she come t'rough the deep snow in a great storm there was, and she fell down with weakness in the church steps; and they told Father Dunn and said how would they get her home, and he come running himself scolding all the way and took her up in his arrums, and wint back with her to his own house. You'd thought she was his own mother, sir. 'She's one of God's poor,' says he, with the tears in his eyes. Oh, captain, sir! I wish it was Father Dunn was praste to you, I do then! I'm thinking he'd know what prayers would be right for you, and himself was born in the country forninst Glengariff, and would tell you how foine it was for your stringth. If you'd get better, sir, and we'd meet him on the street, we'd be after asking his riverence."

The captain made no answer, he was tired and spent, and sank into his disdained easy-chair, grateful for its comfortable support. The mention of possible help for his feeble frame from any source clung to his erratic memory, and after a few days one of the thoughts that haunted his mind was that Father Dunn, a kind-faced elderly man, might be of use in this great emergency. To everybody's surprise, his bodily strength seemed to be slowly returning as the spring days went by, but there was oftener and oftener an appealing childish look in his face, the firm lines of it were blurred, even while there was a steady renewing of his shattered forces. At last he was able to drive down the busy street one day, with Reilly, in his familiar chaise. The captain's old friends gathered to welcome him, and he responded to their salutations with dignity and evident pleasure; but once or twice, when someone congratulated him upon certain successful matters of business which he had planned before his illness, there was only a troubled look of dulness and almost pain for answer.

One day Nora Connelly stole out into the garden in the afternoon, and sat there idly under an old peach-tree. The green fruit showed itself thick all along the slender boughs. Nora had been crying already, and now she looked up through the green leaves at the far blue

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sky, and then began to cry again. She was sadly homesick, poor child! She longed for her lover, whom she feared now never to see. Like a picture she recalled the familiar little group of thatched houses at home, with their white walls and the narrow green lanes between; she saw the pink daisies under foot and the golden gorse climbing the hill till it stood against the white clouds. She remembered the figures of the blue-cloaked women who went and came, the barefooted merry children and the dabbling ducks; then she fell to thinking lovingly of her last walk with Johnny Morris, the empty bird's nest, and all their hopes and promises the night before she left home. She had been wilful in yielding to her aunt's plans; she knew that Johnny feared her faithlessness, but it was all for love of him that she had left him. She knew how poor they were at home. She had faithfully sent a pound a month to her aunt, and though she had had angry appeals for more, the other pound that she could spare, leaving but little for herself, had been sent in secret to Johnny's mother. She always dreaded the day when her avaricious aunt should find this out and empty all the vials of her wrath of covetousness. Nora, to use her own expression, was as much in dread of this aunt as if the sea were a dry ditch. Alas! she was still the same poor Nora Connelly, though rich and busy America stretched eastward and westward from where she had made her new home. It was only by keeping her pounds in her pocket that she could gather enough to be of real and permanent use to those she loved; and yet their every day woes, real or fictitious, stole the pounds from her one by one.

So she sat crying under the peach-tree until the pale old captain came by, in the box-bordered walk, with scuffling, unsteady steps. He saw Nora and stopped, leaning on his cane.

"Come, come, Nora!" he said, anxiously. "What's the matter, my girl?"

Nora looked up at him and smiled instantly. It was as if the warm Irish sunshine had broken out in the middle of a May shower. A long spray of purple foxglove grew at her feet and the captain glanced down at it. The sight of it was almost more than she could bear, this flower that grew in the hedge-rows at home. She felt as if the flower were exiled like herself and trying to grow in a strange country.

"Don't touch it, sir," she faltered as the captain moved it with his cane; "'tis very bad luck to meddle with that: they say yourself will be meddled with by the fairies. Fairy Fingers is the name of that flower, and we were niver left pick it. Oh, but it minds me of home."

"What's the matter with you to-day?" asked the captain.

"I've been feeling very sad, sir, I can't help it either, thinkin' o' me home I've left and me dear lad that I'll see no more. I was wrong to l'ave him, I was indeed."

"What lad?" asked Captain Balfour, suspiciously. "I'll have no nonsense nor lads about my place. You're too young——" He looked sharply at the tearful young face. "Mrs. Nash can't spare you either," he added, humbly, in a different tone.

"Faix, sir, it's at home he is, in the old country without me; he'll niver trouble ye, me poor Johnny," Nora explained, sadly enough. She had risen with proper courtesy, and was standing by the old man; now she ventured to take hold of his arm. He looked flushed and eager, and she forgot herself in the instinct to take care of him.

"Where do you be going so fast?" she asked, with a little laugh. "I'm afther believing 'tis running away you are."

The captain regarded her solemnly, then he laughed too. "Come with me," he said. "I'm going to make a call."

"Where would it be?" demanded the girl, with less than her usual deference.

"Come, come! I want to be off," insisted the old gentleman. "We'll go out of this little gate in the fence. I've got to see your Father Dunn on a matter of business," he said, as if he had no idea of accepting any remonstrance.

Nora knew that the doctor and all the elder members of the household approved of her master's amusing himself and taking all the exercise he could.

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She herself approved his present intentions entirely; it was not for her to battle with the head of the house, at any rate, so she dutifully and with great interest and anxiety set forth beside him down the path, on the alert for any falterings or missteps.

They went out at the gate in the high fence, the master remembered where to find the key, and he seemed in excellent spirits. The side street led them down the hill to Father Dunn's house, but when they reached it the poor captain was tired out. Nora began to be frightened as she stole a look at him. She had forgotten, in the pride of her own youthful strength, that it would be such a long walk for him. She was anxious about the interview with Father Dunn, she had no idea how to account for their presence, but she had small opinion of the merits and ability of the captain's own parish minister, and felt confident of the good result, in some way, of the visit. Presently the priest's quick step was heard in the passage, Nora rose dutifully as he came in, but was only noticed by a kindly glance. The old captain tried to rise too, but could not, and Father Dunn and he greeted each other with evident regard and respect. Father Dunn sat down with a questioning look, he was a busy man with a great parish, and almost everyone of his visitors came to him with an important errand.

The room was stiff-looking and a little bare, everything in it was well worn. There was a fine portrait of Father Dunn's predecessor, or, it should rather be said, a poor portrait of a fine man whose personal goodness and power of doing Christian service shone in his face. Father Miles had been the first priest in that fast-growing inland town, and the captain had known and respected him. He did not say anything now, but sat looking up much pleased at the picture. This parlor of the priest's house had a strangely public and impersonal look, it had been the scene of many parish weddings and christenings, and sober givings of rebuke and kindly counsel. Nora gazed about her with awe, she had been brought up in great reverence of holy things and of her spiritual pastors and masters; but she could not help noticing that the captain was a little astray in these first few moments. There stole in upon his pleased contemplation of the portrait a fretful sense of doing an unaccustomed thing, and he could not regain his familiar dignity and self-possession; that conscious right to authority which through long years had stood him in such good stead. He was only a poor broken-down, sick old man; he had never quite understood the truth about himself before, and the thought choked him, he could not speak.

"The masther was coveting to spake with your riverence about Glingarrow," ventured Nora, timidly, feeling at last that the success of the visit depended wholly upon herself.

"Oh, Glengariff, indeed!" exclaimed the good priest, much relieved. He had discovered the pathetic situation at last, and his face grew compassionate.

"This little girl seems to believe that it would set me up to have a change of air. I haven't been very well, Father Dunn." The captain was quite himself again for the moment, as he spoke. "You may not have heard that the doctors have had hold of me lately? Nora, here, has been looking after me very well, and she speaks of some sea-bathing on your Irish coast. I may not be able to leave my business long enough to do any good. It's going to the dogs, at any rate, but I've got enough to carry me through."

Nora was flushing with eagerness, but the priest saw how white the old captain's fingers were, where they clasped his walking-stick, how blurred and feeble his face had grown. The thought of the green hills and hollows along the old familiar shore, the lovely reaches of the bay, the soft air, the flowery hedgerows, came to his mind as if he had been among them but yesterday.

"I wish that you were there, sir, I do indeed," said Father Dunn. "It is nearer like heaven than any spot in the world to me, is old Glengariff. You would be pleased there, I'm certain. But you're not strong enough for the voyage, I fear, Captain Balfour. You'd best wait a bit and regain your strength a little more. A man's home is best, I think, when he's not well."

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The captain and Nora both looked defeated. Father Dunn saw their sadness, and was sure that his kindest duty was to interest this poor guest and to make a pleasure for him, if possible.

"I can tell you all about it, sir, and how you may get there," he went on hastily, shaking his head to someone who had come to summon him. "Land at Queenstown, go right up to Cork and pass the night, and then by rail and coach next day—'tis but a brief journey and you're there. 'Tis a grand little hotel you'll find close to the bay—'twas like a palace to me in my boyhood, with the fine tourists coming and going; well, I wish we were there this day and I showing you up and down the length of the green country."

"Just what I want—I've been a busy man, but when I take a holiday give me none of your noisy towns," said the captain, eager and cheerful again.

"You'd be so still there that a bird lighting in the thatch would wake you," said Father Dunn. "Ah, 'tis many a long year since I saw the place. I dream of it by night sometimes, Captain Balfour, God bless it!"

Nora could not keep back the ready tears. The very thought that his reverence had grown to manhood in her own dear country side was too much for her.

"You're not thinking of going over this summer?" asked the captain, wistfully. "I should be gratified if you would bear me company, sir, I'd try to do my part to make it pleasant." But the good father shook his head and rose hastily, to stand by the window that looked out into his little garden.

"We'd make a good company," said he, presently, turning toward them and smiling, "with young Nora here to show us our way. You can't have had time yet, my child, to forget the old roads across country!" and Nora fairly sobbed.

"Pray for the likes of me, sir!" she faltered, and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, pray for the masther too, your riverence Father Dunn, sir; 'tis very wake he is, and 'tis mesilf that's very lonesome in Ameriky an' I'm afther l'aving the one I love!"

"Be quiet, now!" said the priest, gravely, checking her with a kindly touch of his hand, and glancing at Captain Balfour. The poor old man looked in a worried way from one to the other, and Father Dunn went away to fetch him a glass of wine. Then he was ready to go home, and Father Dunn got his hat and big cane, pleading that an errand was taking him in the same direction.

"If I thought it would do me any good, I would start for that place we were speaking of to-morrow," said the captain as they set forth. "You know to what I refer, the sea-bathing and all." The priest walked slowly, the captain's steps grew more and more faltering and unsteady. Nora Connelly followed anxiously. There flitted through Father Dunn's mind phrases out of the old Bible story—'a great man and honorable'—'a valiant man and rich,' 'but a leper'—the little captive maid that brought him to the man of God. Alas, Father Dunn could tell the captain of no waters of Jordan that would make him a sound man—he could only say to him: Go in peace, like the prophet of old.

When they reached home the household already sought for the captain in despair, but it happened that nobody was in the wide, cool hall as they entered.

"I hope that you will come in and take a glass of wine with me. You have treated me with brotherly kindness, sir," said the master of the house; but Father Dunn shook his head and smiled as he made the old man comfortable in a corner of the broad sofa, taking his hat and stick from him and giving them to Nora. "Not to-day, Captain Balfour, if you will excuse me."

The captain looked disappointed and childish. "I am going to send you a bottle of my father's best old madeira," he said. "Sometimes, when a man is tired out or has a friend come in to dine——" but he was too weary himself to finish the sentence. The old house was very still, there were distant voices in the garden, a door at the end of the hall opened into an arbor where flickers of light were shining through the green vine leaves. Everything was stately and handsome, there was a touch everywhere of that colonial elegance of the captain's grandfather's time which had

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never been sacrificed to the demon of change, that restless American spirit which has spoiled the beauty of so many fine and simple old houses.

The priest was used to seeing a different sort of household interior, his work was among the poor. Then he looked again at the house's owner, an old man, sick, sorry, and alone. "God bless you, sir," he said, "I must be going now."

"Come and see me again," said the captain, opening his eyes. "You are a good man, I am glad to have your blessing." The words were spoken with a manly simplicity and directness that had always been liked by Captain Balfour's friends. "Nora," he whispered when Father Dunn had gone, "we'll say nothing to Mrs. Nash. I must rest a little while here before we get up the stairs."

IV.

Toward the end of the summer things had grown steadily worse, and Captain Balfour was known to be failing fast. The clerks had ceased to come for his signature long before; he had forgotten all about business and pleasure too, and slept a good deal, and sometimes was glad to see his friends and sometimes indifferent to their presence. But one day, when he felt well enough to sit in his great chair by the window, he told Mr. Barton, his good friend and lawyer, that he wished to attend to a small matter of business. "I've arranged everything long ago as an ageing man should," he said. "I don't know that there's any hurry, but I'll mention this item while I think of it. Nora, you may go downstairs," he said sharply to the girl, who had just entered upon an errand of luncheon or medicine, and Nora disappeared; she remembered afterward that it was the only time when, of his own accord and seeming impatience, he had sent her away.

Reilly and Mrs. Nash bore no ill will toward their young housemate, they were reasonable enough to regard Captain Balfour's fondness for her with approval. There was something so devoted and single-hearted about the young Irish girl that they had become fond of her themselves. They had their own plans for the future, and looked forward to being married when the captain should have no more need of them. It really hurt Mrs. Nash's feelings when she often found Nora in tears, for the desperate longing for home and for Johnny Morris grew worse in the child's affectionate heart instead of better.

One day Mr. Reilly had gone down town, leaving the captain asleep. Nora was on guard, Mrs. Nash was at hand in the next room with her sewing, and Nora sat still by the window; the captain was apt to sleep long and heavily at this time of the day. She was busy with some crocheting, it was some edging of a pattern that the sisters of Kenmare had taught Johnny Morris's mother. She gave a little sigh at last and folded her hands in her lap, her gray Irish eyes were blinded with tears.

"What's the matter, child?" asked the captain, unexpectedly; his voice sounded very feeble.

Nora started, she had forgotten him and his house.

"Will you have anything, sir?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, no, what's the matter, child?" asked the old man, kindly.

"'Tis me old story; I'm longing for me home and I can't help it if I died too. I'm like a thing torn up by the roots and left in the road. You're very good, sir, and I would never l'ave the house and you in it, but 'tis home I think of by night and by day; however will I get home?"

Captain Balfour looked at her compassionately. "You're a good girl, Nora; perhaps you'll go home before long," he said.

"'Tis sorra a few goes back; Ameriky's the same as heaven for the like o' that," answered Nora, trying to smile and drying her eyes. "There's many'd go back too but for the presents everyone looks to have; 'twould take a dale of money to pl'ase the whole road as you pass by. 'Tis a kind of fever the young ones has to be l'aving home. Some l'aves good steady work and home and friends, that might do well. There's getting to be fine chances for smart ones there with so many l'aving."

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"Yes, yes," said the captain. "We'll talk that over another time, I want to go to sleep now;" and Nora flushed with shame and took up her crocheting again. "'Twas me hope of growing rich, and me aunt's tongue shaming me that gets the blame," she murmured to herself. The sick man's hands looked very white and thin on the sides of his chair; she looked at them and at his face, and her heart smote her for selfishness. She was glad to be in America, after all.

They never said anything to each other now about going to Glengariff, a good many days slipped by when the captain hardly spoke except to answer questions; but in restless evenings, when he could not sleep, people who passed by in the street could hear Nora singing her old familiar songs of love and war, sometimes in monotonous plaintive cadences that repeated and repeated a refrain, sometimes in livelier measure with strange thrilling catches and prolonged high notes, as a bird might sing to its mate in the early dawn out in the wild green pastures. The lovely weird songs of the ancient Irish folk, how old they are, how sweet they are, who can tell? but now and then a listener of this new world of the western seas hears them with deep delight, hears them with a strange golden sense of dim remembrance, a true far-descended birthright of remembrance that can only come from inheritance of Celtic blood.

When the frost had fallen on the old garden, Captain Balfour died and his year of trouble was ended. Reilly and Mrs. Nash, the cook and Nora, cried bitterly in the kitchen, where the sudden news found them. Nobody could wish him to come back, but they cried the more when they thought of that. There was a great deal said about him in the newspapers; about his usefulness in town and state, his wealth, his character, and his history; but nobody knew so well as this faithful household how comfortable he had made his lonely home for other people; and those who knew him best thought most of his kindness, his simple manliness, and sincerity of word and deed.

The evening after the funeral Nora was all alone in her little room under the high roof. She sat on the broad seat of a dormer window where she could look far out over the city roofs to a glimpse of the country beyond. There was a new moon in the sky, the sunset was clear, the early autumn weather was growing warm again.

The old house was to belong to a nephew of the captain, his only near relative, who had spent a great many years abroad with an invalid wife; it was to be closed for the present, and Mrs. Nash and Mr. Reilly were to be married and live there all winter, and then go up country to live in the spring, where Mrs. Nash owned a little farm. She was of north of Ireland birth, was Mrs. Nash; her first husband had been an American. She told Nora again and again that she might always have a home with her, but the fact remained that Nora must find herself a new place, and she sat in the window wondering with a heavy heart what was going to happen to her. All the way to the burying ground and back again in the carriage, with the rest of the household, she had sobbed and mourned, but she cried for herself as much as for the captain. Poor little Irish Nora, with her warm heart and her quick instincts and sympathies! how sadly she thought now of the old talk about going to Glengariff; she had clung long to her vain hope that the dream would come true, and that the old captain and his household were all going over seas together, and so she should get home. Would anybody in America ever be so kind again and need her so much as the captain?

Someone had come to the foot of the stairs and was calling Nora loudly again and again. It was dark in the upper entryway, however bright the west had looked just now from her window; she left her little room in confusion, she had begun already to look over her bits of things, her few clothes and treasures before she packed them to go away. Mrs. Nash seemed to be in a most important hurry and said that they were both wanted in the dining-room, and it was very pleasant somehow to be wanted and made of consequence again. She had begun to feel like such an unnecessary stray little person in the house.

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The lamps were lighted in the handsome old dining-room, it was orderly and sedate; one who knew the room half expected to see Captain Balfour's fine figure appear in the doorway to join the waiting group. There were some dark portraits on the wall, and the old Balfour silver stood on the long sideboard. Mrs. Nash had set out all the best furnishings, for this day when the master of the house left it forever.

There were not many persons present and Nora sat down, as someone bade her, feeling very disrespectful as she did it. Mr. Barton, the lawyer, began to read slowly from a large folded paper; it dawned presently upon Nora that this was the poor captain's will. There was a long bequest to the next of kin, there were public gifts, and gifts to different friends, and handsome legacies to faithful Mrs. Nash and James Reilly, and presently the reading was over. There was something quite grand in listening to this talk of thousands and estates, but little Nora, who had no call, as she told herself, to look for anything, felt the more lonely and friendless as she listened. There was a murmur of respectful comment as the reading ended, but Mr. Barton was opening another paper, a small sheet, and looked about him, expecting further attention.

"I am sure that no one will object to the carrying out of our deceased friend's wishes as affirmed in this more recent memorandum. Captain Balfour was already infirm at the time when he gave me the directions, but, as far as I could judge, entirely clear in his mind. He dictated to me the following bequest and signed it. The signature is, I own, nearly illegible, but I am sure that, under the somewhat affecting circumstances, there will be no opposition.

"I desire," read Mr. Barton, slowly, "I desire the executors of my will to pay five hundred dollars within one month after my death to Nora Connelly, also to secure her comfortable second-class passage to the port of Queenstown, in Ireland. I mean that, if she still desires, she may return to her home. I am sensible of her patience and kindness and I attempt in this poor way to express my gratitude to the good child. I wish her a safe return and that every happiness may attend her future life.

"JOHN BALFOUR."

"'Tis a hundred pounds for ye an' yer passage, me darlin'," whispered the cook, excitedly. "'Tis mesilf knew you wouldn't be forgotten an' the rist of us so well remimbered. 'Tis foine luck for ye; Heaven rist his soul, the poor captain!"

Nora was sitting pale and silent. She did not cry now, her heart was deeply touched, her thoughts flew homeward. She seemed to hear the white waves breaking about the ship, and to see the far deep colors of the Irish shore. For Johnny had said again and again that if they had a hundred pounds and their two pairs of hands, he could do as well with his little farm as any man in Ireland.

"Sind for your lad to come over," urged Cousin Donahue, a day later, when the news had been told; but Nora proudly shook her head. She had asked for her passage the very next week. It was a fine country, America, for those with the courage for it, but not for Nora Connelly, that had left her heart behind her. Cousin Donahue laughed and shook his head at such folly, and offered a week's free lodging to herself and Johnny the next spring, when she'd be the second time a greenhorn coming over. But Nora laughed too, and sailed away one Saturday morning in late October, across the windy sea to Ireland.

V.

AGAIN it was gray twilight after a short autumn day in the old country, and a tall Irish lad was walking along the highroad that led into Kenmare. He was strong and eager for work, but his young heart was heavy within him. The piece of land which he held needed two men's labor, and work as he might, he must fall behind with his rent. It was three years since that had happened before, and he had tried so hard to do well with his crops, and had even painfully read a book that was wise about crops which the agent had lent

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him, and talked much besides with all the good farmers. It was no use, he could not hold his own, times were bad and sorrowful, and Nora was away. He had believed that, whatever happened to her fortunes, he should be able in time to send for her himself and be a well-off man. Oh, for a hundred pounds in his pocket to renew his wornout land! to pay a man to help him with the new ditching—oh, for courage to fight his way to independence on Irish ground. "I've only got my heart and my two hands, God forgive me!" said Johnny Morris, aloud. "God be good to me and Norry, and me poor mother! Maybe I'll be after getting a letter from me darling the night, 'tis long since she wrote."

He stepped back among the bushes to let a side-car pass that had come up suddenly behind him. He recognized the step of Dinny Killoren's fast pacer, and looked to see if there were room on the car for another passenger, or if perhaps Dinny might be alone and glad to have company. There was only Dinny himself and a woman who gave a strange cry. The pacer stopped and Johnny's heart beat within him as if it would come out of his breast. "My God, who's this?" he said.

"Lift me down, lift me down!" said the girl. "Oh, God be thanked, I'm here!" and Johnny leaped forward and caught Nora Connelly in his arms. It was like a miracle, he could scarcely speak.

"Is it yourself?" he faltered, and Nora said, "It's meself indeed then." And Dinny Killoren laughed aloud on the side-car, with his pacer backing and jumping and threatening to upset all Nora's goods in the road. There was a house near by, a whiff of turf smoke, drifting low in the damp air, blew into Nora's face; she heard the bells begin to ring in Kenmare. It was the evening of a saint's day and they rang and rang, and Nora had come home.

So she married the lad she loved, and was a kind daughter to his mother. They spent a good bit of the captain's money on their farm, and gave it a fine start, and were able to flaunt their prosperity in the face of that unkind aunt who had wished to make them spend their lives apart. They were seen early on market days in Kenmare, and Nora only laughed when foolish young people said that the only decent country in the world was America. Sometimes she sat in her doorway in the long summer evening and thought affectionately of Captain Balfour, the poor, kind gentleman, and blessed herself devoutly. Often she said a prayer for him on Sunday morning as she knelt in the parish church, with flocks of blackbirds singing outside among the green hedges, under the lovely Irish sky.

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THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO.

By Charles F. Lummis.

SUN, silence, and adobe—that is New Mexico in three words. If a fourth were to be added, it need be only to clinch the three. It is the Great American Mystery—the National Rip Van Winkle — the United States which is *not* United States. Here is the land of *poco tiempo* — the home of "Pretty Soon." Why hurry with the hurrying world? The "pretty soon" of New Spain is better than the "Now! Now!" of the haggard States. The opiate sun soothes to rest, the adobe is made to lean against, the hush of day-long noon would not be broken. Let us not hasten—*mañana* will do. Better still, *pasado mañana.*

New Mexico is the anomaly of the Republic. It is a century older to European civilization than the rest, and several centuries older still in a happier semi-civilization of its own. It had its little walled cities of stone before Columbus had grandparents-to-be; and it has them yet. The most incredible pioneering the world has ever seen overran it with the zeal of a prairie-fire three hundred and fifty years ago; and the embers of that unparalleled blaze of exploration are not quite dead to-day. The most superhuman marches, the most awful privations, the most devoted heroism, the most unsleeping vigilance wrested this bare, brown land to the world; and having wrested it, went to sleep. The winning was the wakefullest in history—the after-nap eternal. It never has wakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does little but sleep, here. A few semi-bustling American towns wart the Territorial map. It is pockmarked with cattle-ranches and mines, where Experience has wielded his costly birch over millionaire pupils from the East and the Continent. But the virus never reached the blood—the pits are only skin-deep. The Saxon excrescences are already asleep too. The cowboy is a broken idol. He no longer "shoots up the town," or riddles heels reluctant for the dance. His day is done; and so is that of the argonaut. They both are with us, but their lids are heavy. And around them is New Spain again, dreamy as ever after their rude but short-lived nudging. The sheep —which feed New Mexico—doze again on the mesas, no longer routed by their long-horned foes; and where sheep are, is rest. The brown or gray adobe hamlets of the descendants of those fiery souls who wreaked here a commonwealth before the Saxon fairly knew there was a New World; the strange terraced towns of the aboriginal pioneers who out-Spaniarded the Spaniards by unknown centuries; the scant leaven of incongruous American brick—all are under the spell. And the abrupt mountains, the echoing, rock-walled cañons, the sunburnt mesas, the streams bankrupt by their own shylock sands, the gaunt, brown, treeless plains, the ardent sky, all harmonize with unearthly unanimity.

"Picturesque" is a tame word for it. It is a picture, a romance, a dream, all in one. It is our one corner that is the sun's very own. Here he has had his way, and no discrepancy mars his work. It is a land of quaint, swart faces, of oriental dress and unspelled speech; a land where distance is lost, and the eye is a liar; a land of ineffable lights and sudden shadows; of polytheism and superstition, where the rattlesnake is a demigod, and the cigarette a means of grace, and where Christians mangle and crucify themselves—the heart of Africa beating against the ribs of the Rockies.

There are three typical races in New

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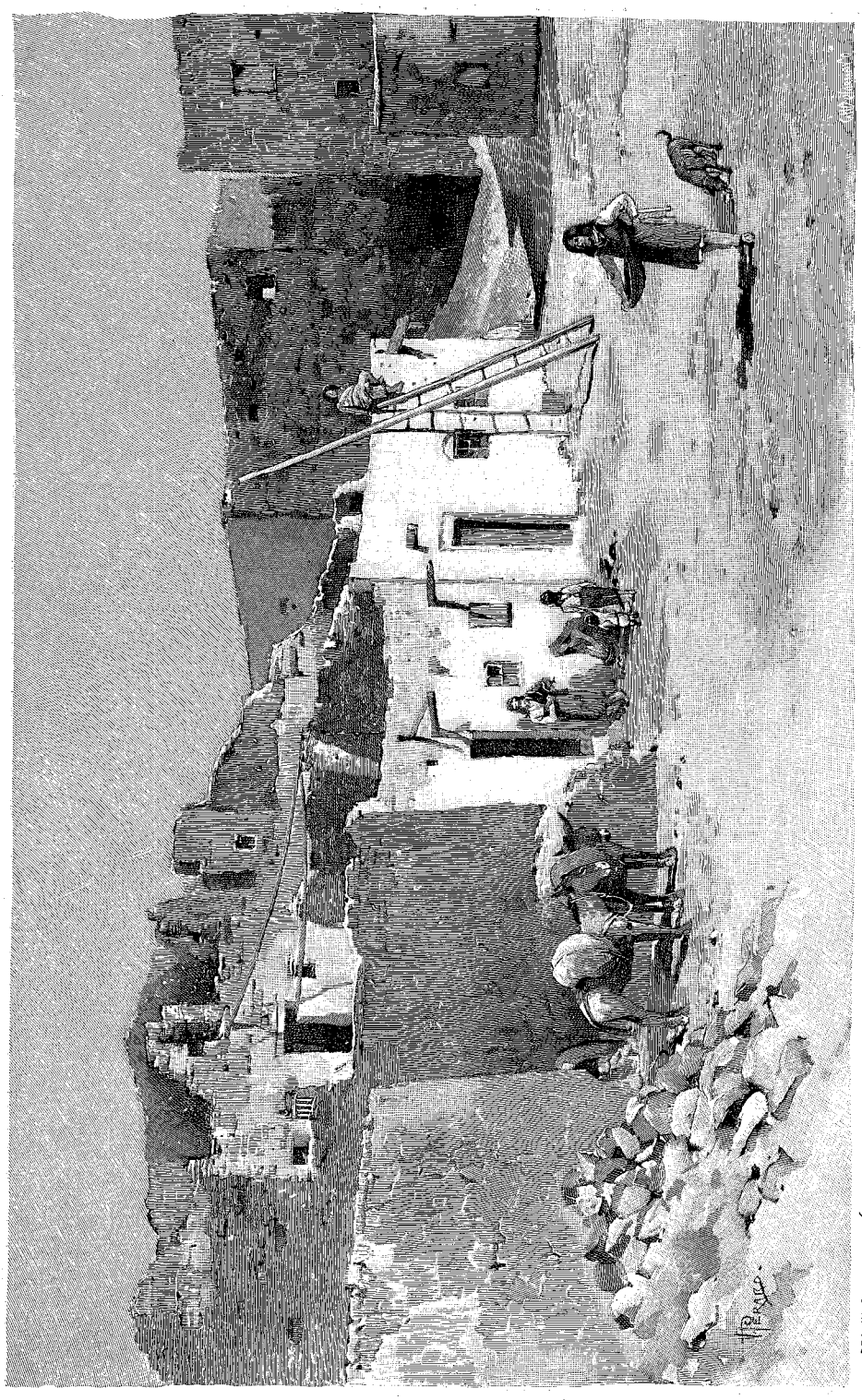

DRAWN BY VICTOR PÉRARD. Sun, Silence, and Adobe. ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

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Mexico now—for it would be wrong to include the ten per cent. "American" interpolation as a type. With them I have here nothing to do. They are potential, but not picturesque. Besides them and around them are the real autocthones, a quaint ethnologic trio. First, the nine thousand Pueblo Indians—peaceful, fixed, house-dwelling and home-loving tillers of the soil; good Catholics in the churches they have builded with a patience infinite as that of the Pyramids; good pagans everywhere else. Then the ten thousand Navajo Indians—whose other ten thousand is in Arizona—sullen, nomad, horse-loving, horse-stealing, horse-living vagrants of the saddle; pagans first, last, and all the time, and inventors of the mother-in-law joke gray centuries before the civilized world awoke to it.

A Pueblo Nimrod.

Last of all, the Mexicans; in-bred and isolation-shrunken descendants of the Castilian world-finders; living almost as much against the house as in it; ignorant as slaves, and more courteous than kings; poor as Lazarus, and more hospitable than Crœsus; Catholics from A to Izzard, except when they take occasion to be Penitentes—and even then fighting to bring their matted scourges and bloody crosses into the church which bars its door to them. The Navajos have neither houses nor towns; the Pueblos have nineteen compact little cities; and the Mexicans several hundred villages, a part of which are shared by the invader. The few towns of undiluted gringo hardly count in summing up the Territory of three hundred by four hundred miles.

If New Mexico lacks the concentration of natural picturesqueness to be found elsewhere, it makes up in universality. There are almost no waterfalls, and not a river worthy of the name. Cañons are rare, and inferior to those of Colorado and the farther Southwest. The mountains are largely skyward miles of savage rock; and forests are far between. But every landscape is characteristic, and even beautiful—with a weird, unearthly beauty, treacherous as the flowers of its cacti. Most of New Mexico, most of the year, is an indescribable harmony in browns and grays, over which the enchanted light of its blue skies casts an eternal spell. Its very rocks are unique—only Arizona shares those astounding freaks of form and color, carved by the scant rains of immemorial centuries, and towering across the bare land like the milestones of forgotten giants. The line of huge buttes of blood-red sandstone which stretches from Mt. San Mateo to the Little Colorado, including the "Navajo Church" and a thousand minor wonders, is typically New Mexican. The Navajo Reservation—which lies part in this Territory and part in Arizona—is remarkably picturesque throughout, with its broad plains hemmed by giant mesas split with wild cañons. So are the regions about Jemez, Cochiti, Taos, Santa Fé, Acoma, and a few others.

The most unique pictures in New

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Mexico are to be found among its unique pueblos. Their quaint terraced architecture is the most remarkable on the continent; and there is none more picturesque in the world. It remains intact only in the remoter pueblos—those along the Rio Grande have been largely Mexicanized into one-storied tameness. Laguna, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, has some three-story terraced houses still. Acoma, on its dizzy island-cliff, twenty miles southwest, is all three-storied; and Taos, in its lovely, lonely valley far to the north, is two great pyramid-tenements of six stories.

A Pueblo Clotho Spinning in the Sun.

And the Pueblos—they are picturesque anywhere and always, but particularly in their dances, races, and other ceremonials. These are Indians who are neither poor nor naked; Indians who feed themselves, and ask no favors of Washington; Indians who have been at peace for two centuries, and fixed residents for perhaps a millennium; Indians who were farmers and irrigators and six-story-house builders before a New World had been beaten through the thick skull of the Old; Indians who do not make pack-beasts of their squaws—and who have not "squaws," save in the vocabulary of less-bred barbarians. They had nearly a hundred republics in America, centuries before *the* American Republic was conceived; and they have maintained their ancient democracy through all the ages, unshamed by the corruption of a voter, the blot of a defalcation or malfeasance in office. They are entitled, under the solemn pledge of our government in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to every privilege of citizenship, but have received few, if any. Their numerous sacred dances are by far the most picturesque sights in America, and the least viewed by Americans, who never found anything more striking abroad. The mythology of Greece and Rome is less than theirs in complicated comprehensiveness, and they are a more interesting ethnologic study than the tribes of inner Africa, and less known of by their white countrymen.

The flat Mexican towns themselves are picturesque—for the ardent sun of

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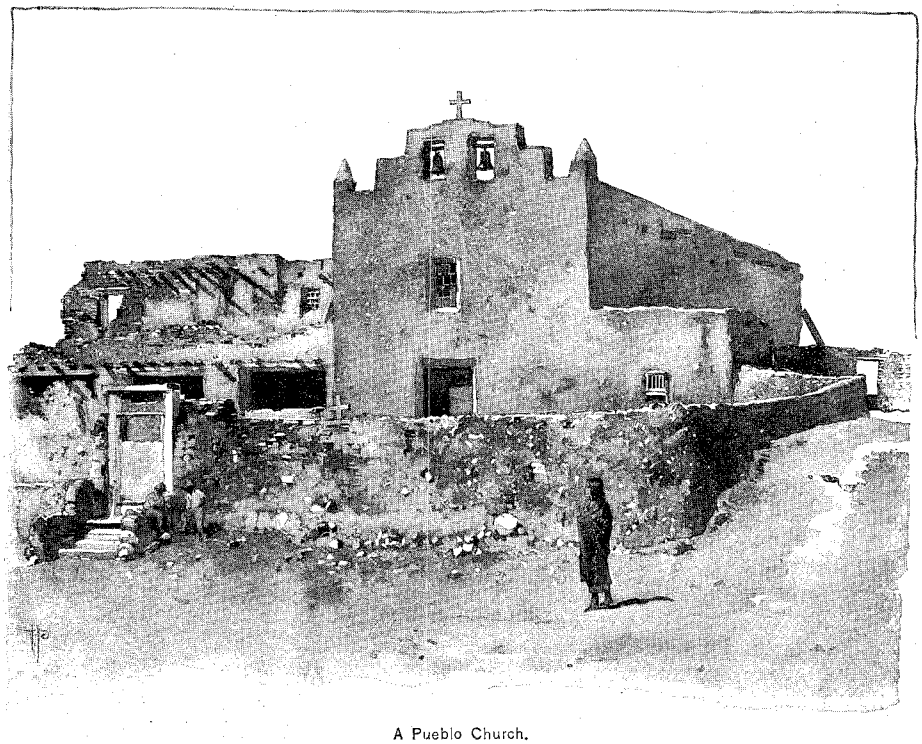
the Southwest makes even an adobe beautiful when it can pick it out in violent antitheses of light and shade. Their people—ragged courtiers, unlettered diplomats—are fast losing their pictorial possibilities. The queue and the knee-breeches, the home-woven poncho with a hole in the centre whereby the owner may thrust his head through the roof of his combined umbrella and overcoat, are past or passing away; and in their place have come the atrocities of the Hebrew clo'man. But the faces —they are New Spain still.

New Mexico, like the dearest women, cannot be adequately photographed. One can reproduce the features, but not the expression—the landmarks, but not the wondrous light which is to the bare Southwest the soul that glorifies a plain face. The positive is an enchantment, the *negative* a disappointment. One cannot focus upon sunlight and silence; and without them the adobe is a clod. Description of the atmospheric effects of the Southwest is the most hopeless wall against which language ever butted its ineffectual head. "The light that never was on sea or land" spends itself upon the adobe and the chapparo. Under that ineffable alchemy of the sky, mud turns ethereal, and the desert is a revelation. It is Egypt with every rock a sphynx, every peak a pyramid.

Life is the least vital feature of New Mexico. The present is a husk—the past was a romance and a glory. The Saxon invasion which came with the railroad has reacted almost to syncope. It is in little hope of revivification until the settlement of land titles shall be effected, and a national shame of forty years effaced. The native, stirred to unwonted perspiration by the one-time advent of the prodigal *peso*, has dropped back to ease with dignity — dignity in rags, mayhap, but always dignity. To the old ways he has not wholly returned—just to the old joy of living, the broad content of sitting and remembering that one has lungs for this ozone and eyes for this day-drean. I would not be understood that it is idleness. There is work; but such unfatal work!



A Pueblo Church.

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The *paisano* has learned to live even while he works—wherein he is more wise than we, who slave away youth (which is life) in chasing that which we are past enjoyment of when we overtake it. He tills his fields and tends his herds; but there is no unseemly haste, no self-tripping race for wealth. *Lo que puede*—that which can be—is enough. It needs not to plough deep, nor to dun the land with fertilizers. The land has taken it easy, too, and after three centuries of uncrowded fruition appears not exhausted, but restful and conservative. Why urge it? There will be enough! The river's wily pulse circulates in ten thousand *acequias*, and gives drink to the thirsty fields, cupped with their little irrigating-beds. Its sediment is fertilizer sufficient. So shall the brown bean, the quenchless chile, the corn and the wheat, fill the storeroom—and what need of more?

Pueblo Girl Winnowing Beans.

If the Neo-Mexicanized Saxon were as minded to spiritual graphicism as the un-Saxonized New Mexican, he would

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have one chief fetich in the territory of his adoption — the burro. That devoluted donkey is the sole canonizable type of northern New Spain—the genius of the adobe. He works—as New Spain works—faithfully but without friction. He dreams, meanwhile, as New Spain dreams—ruminating on dignity and wisdom; by the wall to the sun in winter; by the wall to the shade in summer. Here he is not an ass, but a sage. The tatters of a myriad cockle-burs fray not his ease—*he* can *afford* rags. He is slow, but more sure than the End. He humps his load up dizzy heights where a chamois might have vertigo. He rolls down a precipice a few hundred feet, alights upon his pack, and returns upon his way rejoicing—grateful for exercise without exertion. He likes life, and life likes him. I never saw a dead burro, save from undue confidence in railways—which have been the death of many worse citizens. He rouses now and then in the dead watches of the night to sing about it. The philosopher who has a few lifetimes to spare might well devote one to the study of the burro. He is an honorable member of the body social and politic. Indeed, he is the cornerstone of New Mexico. Without him civilization would have died out. He ambles cheerfully in such burdens that one doubts if chemical analysis may not be necessary to determine the presence of burro in the mass; and in such solution or at ease he is perfectly content.

The house to which the burro is natural complement, is worthy as he. The adobe is the easiest made and the most habitable of dwellings. It is cool in heat, and warm against utter cold. As for its making, one merely flays one's lawn, stands the epidermis on edge, and roofs it. There is the house—and as for lawn, a bare one is as good as one with cuticle. The unadulterated adobe is a box, boarded of sods two feet long, eight inches wide, four inches thick; cut, turned over, and left to dry out; then laid upon one another in a mortar of their own mud, floored with clay, roofed with peeled pine-trunks crossed with branches that are in turn thatched with hay, and that buried under a foot of gravel.

From that, the adobe mounts up by easy degrees to any elegance. Its possibilities are endless. Charming residences, creditable four-story blocks, are equally facile to the adaptive "mud brick." It moves at ease in the prouder society of brick and stone, and teaches them new manners which are far from uncouth.

The bone of New Mexican industry is unchanged, but new ways have tattooed the skin. The ploughshare of a pine-stub, the phaeton with half-ton wheels of wood, and their frontier associates have yielded to steel and iron. The *carreta* is no longer a familiar institution. To find it one must go to the utter hamlets, where the shriek of its ungreased wheels—hewn cross-sections of a giant sycamore—still affrights the drowsy land. There are even a few threshing machines; but most of the people are content to be no better than the Scripture, and thresh with quadrupedal flails. Within the limits of the territorial capital, the bean and the shock of wheat are trodden out to this day by scurrying hoofs. The mission grape still pays its ruddy juice to the importunity of bare feet and tireless knees. The sickle is king of the harvest field; and the pasture is three hundred miles square.

Mines there are, but no monumental ones. The stories of ancient and wonderfully rich Spanish mines in the Southwest are unmitigated myths, every one. The placers of the Real de Dolores date only from 1828, and nuggets are still washed out there with primitive rocker and pan. There is not, and never has been, a hydraulic mine in New Mexico, despite the enormous areas of placer-ground. As for the mines in rock, they do not count here, for they are purely Saxon institutions, and have in no wise affected the native life of New Spain. The most important of our mines, ethnologically, is the ancient "Great Turquoise," in the round, gray crown of "Mount" Chalchuitl—a hoary knob seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and seventy above its own base. This was the only prehistoric mine in the Southwest; and the veins and nuggets of green and rarer blue through its chalky heart were worked with the stone hammer before

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The Carreta.

Columbus and before gunpowder. Its output made a dim commercial link between the buffalo robe of Dakota and the parrot plume of Yucatan. The mine is viewed with awe by the sporadic tourist as the tomb of a few hundred Pueblo Indians imprisoned at hard labor by those cruel Spaniards, and caved upon by the more merciful rocks. That is a characteristic invention of the Saxon enemy. The Spaniard invariably treated the aborigine better than we did; he never made an Indian work in a mine in New Mexico; and he never worked the Great Turquoise — which, in turn, never caved upon anyone. The only significance the mine had was as the supplier of a substance prized by all Indians, and hence as a promoter of distrustful intercourse between the near Pueblos who controlled it and their more or less distant neighbors; none of them knowing gold until the Conquest, and none having use for it even yet. A few absolutely perfect turquoises have been mined there by Americans; but the game was never worth the fuse.

Society is little bitten with the unrest of civilization. The old ways are still the best ways; and the increasing reprobates who would improve upon their fathers are eyed askance. The social system is patriarchal, and in many degrees beautiful. Mexican and Pueblo children are, as a class, the best-mannered, the most obedient, the least quarrelsome in America. Respect for age is the corner-stone of society. A son, untouched by our refining influence, would as soon put his hand in the fire as smoke before his parents — even though he have already given them grand-children. A stranger, be he poor or princely, is master of the house to which he shall come. It may be the veriest hut of a *jacal* amid the farther ranges, it may contain but a single crust of bread and a sheepskin upon the clay floor; but house and crust and couch are his, though his hosts sleep supperless upon the bare adobe — and

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DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

A Day of the Saints.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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all with a high, gentle courtesy that palaces might study. The Anglo-Saxon is not born to intrinsic hospitality, and can understand its real meaning as little as anything else one has to *learn*. He promulgates the Brotherhood of Man; but to him man *means* his brothers, and not his fifty-ninth cousins. It is partly because of this that he disavows, and is infested with, the tramp. Hospitality is as Latin in fact as in name. It is in the blood; and outside that blood it is not. In the old days, one might zigzag the whole incomparable area of Spanish America, without money or letters, with no introduction beyond his patent of humanity, and be assured everywhere of a "welcome to your own house, Señor." It is very much so to-day, and the traveller in the outer darkness will meet a hospitality as utter as he shall find the lack of it in the few "civilized" communities along his way. There are some Mexicans and some Pueblos who have learned in bitterness to shut their doors upon the hospitality-robber of late years; but they are very few. Almost every Spanish home in New Mexico is a home too for the wayfarer; and in the pueblos it is the sacred office of the Cacique to see that no stranger is uncared for. There are poor people among both races —fewer in the Indian ranks—but no Mexican and no Pueblo since time began ever went hungry, unless lost in the wilderness; and none ever suffered for the necessaries of life, and none was ever outcast of his kind. One or two Pueblos in a generation, and several Mexicans in a week, go behind the bars; but if the Southwest were peppered with poorhouses, no soul of either race would ever be found therein. To Saxons who are associable, both peoples are the kindliest, the most thoughtful, and the least meddlesome of neighbors.

The Mexican is popularly listed—thanks to the safely remote pens of those who know him from a car window, and who would run from his gray wrath—as cowardly and treacherous. He is neither. The sixth generation is too soon to turn coward the blood which made the noblest record of lonely heroism that time ever read. As for treachery, it is merely a question of philosophy whether, in exterminating a rattlesnake, we shall invite it to strike us first, that it may have "a fair show." The Latin method is *not* to allow the foe the privilege of the first bite—which is sense if not chivalry, and the code of Christian warfare if not of the duello. And on the other hand, there is as great a ratio of absolute "chivalry," and of giving one's self the disadvantage in favor of a worthy foe, among Mexicans as among the Superior Race.

As the burro is the spiritual type of the Southwest, so is the sheep the material symbol. He rendered the Territory possible for three centuries, in the face of incomparably the most savage and interminable Indian wars that any age or any country ever knew. He fed and clothed New Spain, and made its customs, if not its laws. He reorganized society, led the fashions, caused the only machinery that was in New Mexico in three hundred years, made of a race of nomad savages the foremost of blanket-weavers, and invented a slavery which is unto this day in despite of the Emancipation Proclamation. The first sheep that touched what is now United States came to New Mexico with Coronado in 1540; but they did not last. Half a century later, Oñate brought the merino flocks whose descendants remain. The modest wool-bearer soon came to the front. He was the one available utilization of New Mexico. Society gradually fell apart into two classes—sheep-owners and sheep-tenders. One man at the beginning of this century had two million head of sheep, and kept a thousand peons always in the field with them, besides the thousands more who were directly dependent. That was the Spanish governor Baca. "El Quero"* Chaves, the first governor of New Mexico under the Mexican Republic, had a million sheep. The last of the great sheep-kings, Don José Leandro Perea, of Bernalillo, died a few years ago leaving two hundred thousand. Since his time, the largest flocks range from eighty thousand to one hundred and ten thousand; and there are more than a dozen individual holdings of over fifty thousand head.

The social effects of such a system, wherein four-fifths of the Caucasian

* "The Blonde."

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male population were servants at five to eight dollars a month to a handful of mighty *amos*, are not far to trace. The most conscientious of these frontier czars had perforce a power beside which the government was a nonentity; and the unscrupulous swelled their authority to an unparalleled extent. It was easy to get a few hundred poor shepherds into one's debt; and once in, the *amo*, with the aid of complaisant laws, took good care that they should never get out. He was thenceforth entitled to the labor of their bodies—even to the labor of their children. They were his *peons*—slaves without the expense of purchase. And peonage in disguise is still effective in New Mexico.

Sheep made commerce, too. There were no railroads, and hence no markets. The wool was of necessity consumed at home. In the cumbrous Mexican looms it grew into invincible carpets and perennial garments. It was practically the only material of wear, save the Indian buckskin. Every Mexican woman wore a head-shawl, and every man a blanket, both home-woven. The surplus went into blankets for "export." Every March a representative from every Spanish family in New Mexico joined the annual *conducta* at the rendezvous below Soccorro, with his flintlock in the crook of his elbow, his burros laden with the winter's weaving and a little hoard of coffee, popcorn-meal and dried meat. Thus secure in numbers against the incessant Apache, the mercantile army marched down the Rio Grande and overran Sonora; trading its staples, to the "fool Sonoreños" of its weaving-songs, for brazil-wood, silks, cattle, oranges, coffee, dried fruits, and Indian girls. This caravan was gone out of New Mexico from March to September. Then the traders turned hunters, and sallied out in force to the vast eastward plains to kill and jerk the year's supply of buffalo-meat. After that long and perilous trespass on the lands of centaur Comanches, came the expedition to the salt-lakes of Zuñi for the year's salt; and by the time the horses were rested from that arduous march, it was the season for starting on another *conducta*.

Wool was not an unmixed blessing to the New Mexican lover. It was his bread and butter, but also the excuse for a curious hardship. Every New Mexican Rebecca had a Rebecca's father, and Jacob's lot was multitudinously hard. Matches were not trusted to heaven, but made sure by parental hands. Having elected a son-in-law prospective, the first concern was to prove him. In return for the proposed honor of admitting him to the family, the *padre politico* demanded his services as representative in the *conducta;* then in the bison-hunt; then in the salt-harvest. Having been thus arduously and dangerously employed for a year without material reward, the lover might receive the girl, or he might get the squashes. It is but a few years since a young Mexican friend was mittened with a gift of *las calabasas*. If the match was still on, however, the suitor had still one important social agendum before betrothal—the presentation of an Indian girl to his dulcinea for a handmaiden. As Indian girls ruled steady in the Sonora market at about five hundred dollars—which was several times more money than most young *paisanos* ever saw—the only resort of the average lover was to organize a band of similarly circumstanced friends, take the war-path against the marauding Apaches or Navajos, find an encampment, slay the warriors, and bring the females home captive—or go themselves to the land where are neither rigorous fathers-in-law nor *calabasas*.

The railroad swept away all this a decade ago, bringing the world's markets to the corral-side, and making the *conducta* a thing of the past. But sheep remain as much the life of the Territory as in the old days. A commercial aberration once led trusting souls to plant cattle on the plateaus of New Mexico; and as the fever grew, Scottish lords and Holland bankers absorbed counties and became cattle-kings. The counties, in turn, absorbed banks and baronies; and very little remains to show, save costly maps promulgating gaudy steamers plying upon lithographic rivers, where in fact a minnow must stand upon his head to keep his gills wet. For a couple of years

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and more the railroads in New Mexico have been largely a procession of cattle bound for Kansas and other States of corn and water, until a vast majority of the great herds has been shipped; and the sheep lords it again over his own. New Mexico was made for him and not for steers; and he has come out first-best in the costly contest with those who would have revised nature.

There is, perhaps, no essential kinship between sheep and superstition; but here at least the twain are next-door neighbors. In this simple, restful, patriarchal, long-lonely world, the chief concerns of life are the field, the flock, and—the warding-off of witches. The entire Indian population believes in them to a soul; and "They who have the Evil Road" are a daily menace to every aboriginal community. The prime duty of the numerous medicine-men of each tribe and village is to keep down witchcraft and punish witches; and the faith figures in every phase of the infinitely complicated superstitio-religion of these thirty thousand New Mexicans. Of the fourfold more numerous Mexican population, the assertion cannot be quite as sweeping, for there are many educated families; but probably full sixty per cent. of the whole people are as firm believers in witchcraft; and every undiluted Mexican hamlet has its suspected *brujas*. They are even in Santa Fé. The judicial history of the Territory abounds in formal witchcraft trials, and summary executions *extra legem* had not wholly ceased among the Mexicans half a decade ago; while among all the Indian races such punishments are still of full force and judicial form.

Cumulative penitence is a deep-rooted custom of both races. With the Indians, the tribal vicars mortify the flesh in behalf of their people, but almost solely by excessive fasts. Among the Mexicans still survives that astounding perversion of the once-godly Franciscan Third Order, the Penitentes, but now confined to a few remote hamlets. These fanatics do penance for themselves only, and in Lent achieve their sin-washing for the year. They flay their bare backs with plaited scourges, wallow naked in beds of cactus, bear crushing crosses, and on Good Friday actually crucify one of their order, chosen to that supreme honor by lot. This is not all of the past. The Penitente crucifixions had not missed a year up to 1891. Hundreds of Americans have witnessed this ghastly passion-reality; and I have had the privilege of photographing it.

With the superstitions dwells the simple folk-lore. That of the Mexicans is scant; but that of the Indians infinite and remarkably poetic. And both races have great store of folk-songs — composed by Those of Old, or by lonely shepherds.

These are but fugitive glimpses of the Land of Pretty Soon. A picture of sharp outline and definite detail would better diagraph some of the contents of New Mexico, but it would not be a true picture of the country. Landscape and life are impressionist, and will submit neither to photography nor to figures. Years of study and travel do not itemize the picture—there still remain in the memory but a soft, sweet haze of shifting light and shade, a wilderness of happy silence, an ether of contentful ease, wherein we live and die and are glad.

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PELEUS TO THETIS

By Bessie Chandler.

After long watching and waiting, I have found thee!
Thou art the fairest, the sweetest one I know.
See—I have caught thee—I fling my arms around thee,
Fast, fast I hold thee, and will not let thee go!

What! dost thou struggle, nor tamely will surrender!
What! wouldst thou strike me, wild creature that thou art!
Ah, but I know thee—thou loving art and tender;
Underneath the sea-nymph lies the woman's heart!

Vainly thou strivest! Those white arms cannot smite me,
I will but kiss them along their soft white length.
Now—art a lioness, that thou shouldst tear and bite me?
Look—Love is stronger than all thy lion strength!

Fast, fast I hold thee and now I can but fear thee!
Is it a serpent that hisses soft and low,
Slimy and writhing, whose baneful eyes burn near me?
Woman or serpent—I will not let thee go!

*** Thetis, one of the Immortals, daughter of a sea god, was decreed by Jove to be the wife of a mortal. Peleus wooed her, and held her fast, though she constantly changed her form to escape him. At last he won her heart, and she gave herself to him as the beautiful woman that she was.

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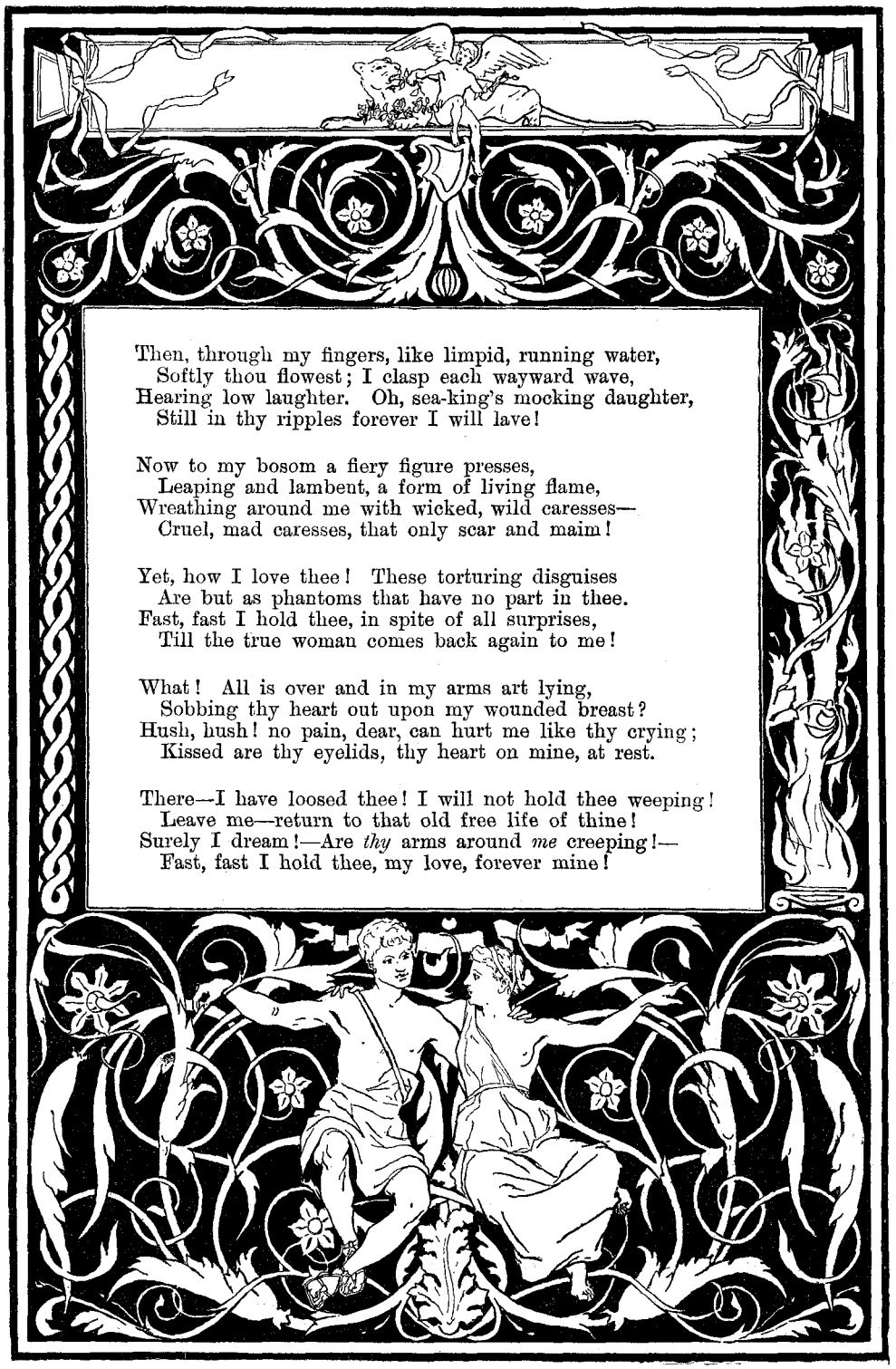

Then, through my fingers, like limpid, running water,
  Softly thou flowest; I clasp each wayward wave,
Hearing low laughter. Oh, sea-king's mocking daughter,
  Still in thy ripples forever I will lave!

Now to my bosom a fiery figure presses,
  Leaping and lambent, a form of living flame,
Wreathing around me with wicked, wild caresses—
  Cruel, mad caresses, that only scar and maim!

Yet, how I love thee! These torturing disguises
  Are but as phantoms that have no part in thee.
Fast, fast I hold thee, in spite of all surprises,
  Till the true woman comes back again to me!

What! All is over and in my arms art lying,
  Sobbing thy heart out upon my wounded breast?
Hush, hush! no pain, dear, can hurt me like thy crying;
  Kissed are thy eyelids, thy heart on mine, at rest.

There—I have loosed thee! I will not hold thee weeping!
  Leave me—return to that old free life of thine!
Surely I dream!—Are *thy* arms around *me* creeping!—
  Fast, fast I hold thee, my love, forever mine!

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A FRESH-WATER ROMANCE.

By George A. Hibbard.

I.

THE Lone Star was the oldest propeller of standard class "on the Lakes." It was twenty years or more since the blocks were knocked from under her at the Cleveland shipyard where she had been built, and she slid down the ways, her starboard side striking the water first and a great wave rising as she struck, that foamed across the basin and broke high upon an opposite pier. During this score of years she had run between Buffalo and Chicago, touching sometimes, but not always, at Cleveland, at Detroit, at Milwaukee, with a regularity so great that some grew to think it was now her greatest if not her only merit.

For "on the Lakes," as elsewhere, the favor of the many is fickle, and the conditions and fashions of a hardly distant yesterday are not the conditions and fashions of a perhaps over-confident to-day. Once the Star—that soon had become her name in common usage—had been the pride of her owners, the boast of her home port. She was shown to "visiting statesmen" when it was desired to impress them with the importance of the "commerce of the Lakes;" she was mentioned in swelling editorials whenever the local newspapers descanted upon that theme. Her speed, her tonnage, her power, her build, were the subject of frequent eulogy. She was a practical wonder; a marvel of naval architecture. But now all was different. She was no longer visited by committees. She was no longer mentioned in print except in some such brief announcements as: "Detroit—Passed up, Lone Star, 11.20 P.M." "Buffalo—Arrived, Prop. L. Star, Starkweather, wheat and flour. Stoke & Pogis." Other propellers had been built—others upon better lines, of greater speed and power—others in whose holds could be stowed thousands more bushels of the beaded amber of the billowy Minnesota wheat-fields, thousands of more feet of the yellow Michigan lumber, and tons and tons more of the tawny copper, of true aboriginal hue, taken from the Lake Superior mines. But the Star held steadily to her original trade; had grown old, evidently old, in it. Even the new coat of paint given her every spring did not hide that unpleasant fact. There were dents and patches and cracks which paint could not entirely cover or caulking quite conceal. But if advanced years did not make her appear wholly shabby or dilapidated, they did not give her picturesqueness. She was only a "lake propeller," with nothing of that charm of association which gathers around her far-away kindred of the ocean; she stirred no thoughts of distant lands; of

> "The Indian winds,
> That blow off from the coast and cheer the sailor
> With the sweet savor of their spices;"

of many climates; of strange peoples; of monsters with uncommon names; of drifting icebergs; of all that adventure, that poetry, that romance have given to ships, even in their fallen estate, that have sought wider seas.

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Her very form would have killed imagination. She was broad of beam. Her bows were bluff. Fancy could liken her to nothing known to poetry, unless, perhaps, to the blunt-headed grasshopper. She was not unlike that insect in build, for her high arches rose above her hull like the insect's legs above its folded, sheathing wings. Still she was as admirably adapted for the purposes for which she was intended as are the most of our American productions, even if she was as frankly and fearlessly ugly a thing as we Americans alone dare make or use when we have a distinct and practical end in view — as ugly as an elevator, an elevated railroad, the advertisement of the last patent medicine, a new political theory.

There was probably only one person who ever thought the Lone Star beautiful—Nettie Starkweather, the daughter and only child of the captain—of Captain Samuel Starkweather, who "brought out" the boat and had been her captain ever since. And why should she not? She was a Lake girl, born and bred in the big city which owed its origin and early growth to the Lakes, and had never seen anything different. Besides, there was one proud day in her very young life always vividly remembered. Had she not, an insignificant mite of a thing, but upon that great day, far from unimportant or inconspicuous in her stiff-starched white dress and broad blue sash, had she not christened the boat when it was launched, and, hardly realizing what she did, but knowing that it was something very important, had she not broken the bottle over the boat's bow and seen the bright, foaming wine run slowly along the rail? And then she had been brought up with the boat, so to speak. She had called it her "sister;" and it was a provident sister to whom she owed much. For not only had her father had his pay as captain for so many years, but he had come to own a sixteenth interest in her, and had always had that share in her net earnings besides. Therefore to the old propeller they owed not only their living but all they had, even the ring upon her small finger, the chain around her slender neck, and the watch her father had given her at Christmas.

But now there was a new interest to Nettie Starkweather in the old propeller. That very morning her father had told her that if David Sackett received his license as chief mate—and there was no doubt that he would—that "Dave" was to go mate of the Star—he went second on her last season—that is if he, Starkweather, and about this there seemed to be a suspicion of doubt, was to be her captain. Of course Nettie was interested in this, and—but it is quite impossible to dissever and distribute in parts of speech the thoughts, the fancies that mingled in the reverie of the girl as she sat silent on the lower veranda step stirring with her foot the gravel in the walk before her — thoughts and fancies so vague, so disconnected, so novel, that she herself scarcely recognized even that they were delightful.

All at once she laughed a little, in that sudden, mysterious way in which happy young girls will laugh, as if from the very superabundance of their joyousness, as if moved by some sudden, unbidden thought far too delicate and tender, far too evanescent and slight, for ruder comprehension; and then she looked hastily up at a young man who sat on a chair perilously near the edge of the platform, watching the little foot as it scattered the pebbles.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know why I laughed," she answered, quickly; "I just had to."

The young man was about to speak when Starkweather came out at the front door.

"I thought I heard you," he said, as he walked with heavy tread to a chair, "and I—" he paused for a moment and beamed placidly upon the pair, "didn't wait for you to come in — was afraid you'd think you'd bother me and stay out."

And then he laboriously sat down. Nettie gave a pebble larger than the rest, a quick, impatient push; a sudden look of disappointment shot across the young man's face.

"Mild for the season—ain't it?" the Captain said, turning to the young man.

"Yes, sir," he answered, meekly. "They told me down at the office——"

"Stoke & Pogis's?" asked Starkweather.

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"Yes, sir, that they'd heard the ice was almost out of the Straits."

"No!" said Starkweather. "When'd they get word?"

"This afternoon," replied the young man.

"Navigation'll be open right away," said Starkweather, rather eagerly. "No more cribbage for us; don't think of any more cribbage this year. Cribbage is well enough for a winter evenin', and I won't say I don't like it. Night shuts down, shutters are pulled to, soft coal in the grate, a storm outside, a pipe, Nettie playing on the piano, and cribbage ain't at all bad. Eh? What? But—?" pausing a moment—"that ain't the openin' of navigation."

"Miss Nettie," said the young man, taking advantage of Starkweather's pause, "I tried to get that song you told me about. I went to every music store in the city, but they didn't have it."

"I'm sure, Mr. Sackett," said the girl, "you needn't have taken that trouble. How did they know what it was?"

"I told them the name."

"You don't mean to say you remembered the name?"

"As if I would be likely to forget it," said Sackett, with lowered voice, "'When the Stars come one by one, Love.' They've sent for it. It'll be here to-morrow."

"Mr. Sackett!"

"And there's such a difference in seasons," continued Starkweather, blandly. "Along about '78—must have been along there—it was the season she"—Captain Starkweather hardly ever mentioned the propeller's name—"came near bein' 'bliged to winter in Chicago—there came the blamedest season—ice wasn't no name for it—why, she didn't get out o' here, Sackett, for three weeks after what she'll do now."

"No?" said Sackett, absently.

"Emily Marvin's to be married next week," said the girl, a little impatiently, "and I'm to be bridesmaid."

"Are you?" asked Sackett, rather anxiously. "If—if—we aren't out of port by that time, can—would you mind—will you let me go to the church—to see you?"

"I! The idea!" half-exclaimed the girl. "I keep you from church! It'll do you good. It must be an age since you've been in one."

"When I walked home with you——" began the young man.

"But you weren't at church then. You only happened to see me in the porch where I was waiting for father, who had gone back for his spectacles he had left in the big prayer-book. You only happened"—the slightest accent—she couldn't help it, on the word—"along that way and came into the porch, not a step further."

"'Happened!'" said the young man. "There's a good deal in this world that 'happens' on purpose."

"I don't think it'll amount to a thing—not a thing," said Starkweather, partially to himself, "'specially as it's now so late in the season; but they're keepin' up the talk that I'm to be retired."

"Who says so?" asked Sackett, indignantly.

"Oh, them that pretend to know. As if a man who won't be sixty-three till December wasn't in the prime o' life. Why, Sackett, you know I've sailed these lakes forty-five years—I've told you that often. 'Failin' faculties!' Between you an' me and the pawl-bitt, Sackett, there's fools down on them docks that can't be beat—as fools. 'Failin' faculties!'" The Captain paused in utter indignation.

"I've heard nothing about it," said Sackett, confidently.

"An' wouldn't be likely to," went on Starkweather. "But there's those that bring me the news straight enough. I s'pose some one wants my place. He'll have a good time gettin' it, whoever he is," and Starkweather brought down his fist on the arm of his chair with a thud that almost startled himself.

"Emily has lots of presents," said the girl. "I gave her the loveliest looking-glass you ever saw."

"Did you look in it to see?" asked Sackett.

"Nonsense!" said the girl.

"There's been more or less talk about this for a year or two," continued Starkweather; "but there seems more substance to it this spring."

"Who's at the bottom of it?" asked Sackett, a little alarmed at the boldness of his last speech, and running for pro-

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tection under the lee, as he might say, of a word or two with the Captain.

"I think it's Jacox," said Starkweather.

"Jacox?" asked Sackett. "What has he got—what can he have—against you?"

"There's them," said the Captain, impressively, "that seem to think you're doin' 'em harm by livin'. They feel you see through 'em, and they don't like it. Jacox is one of that sort. He can't bear the sight of me because I know him. They feel streaks of meanness, that kind, just as I feel shoots of rheumatism—in the winter," he added, cautiously, "only in the winter—to speak of."

Starkweather settled silently back into his chair, and again Sackett took heart.

"You'll be getting out the flowers in the garden soon, Miss Nettie?" he asked.

"Yes, the beds ought to be dug right away."

"There's a new kind of border I saw in Detroit last summer, and I was thinking——"

"They say it's goin' to be the best season the Lakes have had in many a year," interrupted Starkweather. "Elevators are full in Chicago. Lots of coal to go up. Freights'll just be boomin'."

"I hope so," said Sackett, a little impatiently.

"You saw a border in Detroit——" suggested Nettie, decidedly.

"But the Lakes are not what they used to be," continued Starkweather; "freights nowadays ain't nowhere. It's them railroads that do it."

"That fill the elevators in Chicago, that burn the coal, that——" began Sackett, innocently, and stopping suddenly as the Captain turned and looked sharply at him.

"No," said the Captain, severely. "They kill freights; don't they carry all winter? They don't have seasons of navigation. Have we ever had any such freights as we used to have before they got to runnin' the way they do? What did the Lord create the Lakes for if it wasn't to travel by?—to carry cargoes on? I say railroads go aginst nature. They ought to be put down by act of Congress."

Sackett rose determinedly as the Captain paused.

"What are you doin'?" asked Starkweather, in some surprise.

"I think," said Sackett, desperately, "I must be going."

"Already!" said the Captain. "Why, I came out here for a good, long talk."

"I think I must go," maintained Sackett.

"All right, if you must," replied the Captain. "Come and see us again; drop in any time. Always glad to see you. Good-evenin'."

"Good-evening, sir."

Sackett shook hands despondently with Nettie, who had also arisen.

"Come again soon," said the girl, gently.

"I will," said Sackett. "I'll bring the song right away."

Nettie stood looking at him until she heard the latch of the gate click, and saw him turn down the street.

"Well," she said to her father, as she sat down and resting her hand on her chin gazed into the darkness, "I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"I think," said the Captain, "David Sackett's a very smart young man. He seems to set value by what I say to him. But it's curious that sometimes, when we've got an evenin' all before us, and I'm just warmin' to a subject I know all about, it's 'Good-evenin',' and off he goes. It's curious, it really is."

He shook his head slowly, and, rising, went into the house, there perhaps to reflect on the unaccountable conduct of this otherwise ordinary young man, leaving his daughter to her own unuttered thoughts, as she sat out upon the veranda and watched the stars "come one by one."

II.

It was a very quiet, rather out-of-the-way part of the city, although it lay near its heart. The bustling "docks" were not far off; great factories were near; only a couple of blocks away began the shop-bordered and principal street where the main line of the street-cars ran, where the great hotels stood, where omnibuses, carriages, wagons, carts, rumbled and rattled from early morning till late at night, and where at least half the population of the whole city, it

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seemed, within that time, passed up and down. Grass grew in the cracks in the sidewalks and along the curbstones in many places in this comparatively deserted quarter. There were even scattered trees in the streets, some of them thriving and with spreading branches; others but the dry skeletons of what they had been.

The mild spring evening was just closing in, and the stars were just beginning to show, like saffron-drops on the dark violet sky, as Sackett walked along Hyphen Street toward Starkweather's house, which stood well toward the uptown border of this part of the city. The neighborhood itself was still; the bell of a locomotive running along a street three blocks off, even if it did not have a pastoral tinkle, was not at all unmusical. Only that and now and then the quick whistle of a tug in the harbor, or the deep-throated roar of a propeller as she rounded in from the Lake, broke the silence. The time, the place, were conducive to reverie, and there was plenty in Sackett's head and heart to furnish material for that pastime. He was not given to introspection. He took his psychological conditions very much as a more sophisticated and more complex person might take the warmth of sudden sunshine or the coolness of an up-springing breeze. But a man cannot help but think when he is troubled, eager, anxious, in love—for moments perhaps over-bold, for minutes sunk in fear; cannot help but walk, as Sackett did, unconscious almost of where he was going, but still with a decided persistence in one direction.

And Sackett thought of what he only was; thought of Nettie and of all she was; reflected upon their differing conditions, and, in the lucid and usual manner of lovers in such strait, fancied how different things would be if they were only—otherwise. Not that he was not a fellow of pluck and resource. But he was quite overcome with his own audacity, the audacity of his daring even to think that he, whose father had been, at most, a wheelsman on the old brig James and Jane, and who had died at thirty, leaving his mother and him in poverty—that he, who in his boyhood had "taken to the Lakes" that he might aid in fighting the want he knew so well—that he, who had learned what little books had taught him, only at the city's winter schools and in the scant hours in the dim forecastle—that he should dare even to dream in such way of the daughter of the captain of the Lone Star and the owner of one sixteenth of that boat. Why the thing was ridiculous. What would Nettie herself think of such presumption? Hadn't he better stop right where he was—give up the little unreasonable hope that now whispered to him to persevere—turn the other way and walk down Hyphen Street instead of up it? But he had such an excellent excuse for going to see her to-night—was ever lover without one?—for he had the song, in a roll, in his hand. What was the harm of going on? Undoubtedly he would find the Captain at home. But suppose Starkweather did run on about "good years" and "bad years" on the Lakes, and condemned, right and left, new things as troublesome to peace and prosperity; still could he not watch Nettie sitting quietly in the twilight; and—really, it wasn't worth while to turn back after he had walked so far. And so he held on his way, a disturbed, doubtful, downhearted, yet — for was there not that little, rather impertinent, whispering hope?—a far from despairing and a quite happy young man.

As he came near the house he could see that Nettie was sitting alone on the veranda. He opened the gate absently, but briskly made his way up the walk. Perhaps he might have a word with her before the Captain appeared. She did not rise to greet him, and he stood with his arms on the railing.

"Father's gone out," she said.

His heart sank, then gave a great leap, then stood still.

"Gone out?" he repeated.

"Yes, gone up to see Mr. Stoke at his house," she said. "He is troubled about what he has heard about his not being captain. It's nonsense, I tell him. I know it's nonsense."

"Of course it is," said Sackett.

"But he says," continued Nettie, "that if he oughtn't to be captain any longer—oughtn't to be trusted with the boat and valuable cargoes—he oughtn't; and so he has made a matter of con-

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science of it, and he has gone to have a long talk with Mr. Stoke—you know Stoke & Pogis own her, except," this with a little pride, "our share—and tell him all he thinks, and," she had not failed to see the roll he held in his hand, and, of course, she knew what it was, "is that the music? Do come up and sit down. I'd like to look at it. Father'll be in soon."

He mounted the two or three steps and stood leaning against one of the supporting posts of the veranda. She took the song, opened it, and said quickly:

"Oh, how good of you! I thank you so much. Let's go in and try it right away." But she did not stir, and neither did he move from where he was.

"Won't you come?" she asked, still not moving herself.

He did not reply, and for a moment they stood silently looking at each other.

Now was his time. But where was his courage? And where were the words, the phrases, that he had conned and studied—the words in which should mingle expression of humility, fear, ardor, hope, devotion, courage, love as true as any the world had ever known? Gone, lost in a bewildering, vanishing haze. He did not speak for a moment.

"There's something," he said, at last, "I'd like to say to you, Miss Nettie. May I?"

"Me? Why not?" she said, looking up at him with that perfect air of surprised curiosity that a woman can best assume when she knows exactly what she may expect.

"I know you won't like it," he said. "Not that it's anything a fellow shouldn't say, or a girl shouldn't be willing to hear, for that matter. I've tried to say it for a long time—not that there's any reason why I should say it—or that I expect it to lead to anything——"

"But what is it?" she asked, as he paused as if to gather and choose his words. "You don't know how interested I am."

"Are you?" he asked, looking at her earnestly and steadily, and leaning a little forward so that she shrank back, as one might who had raised a spirit mightier than it was supposed the simple spell could evoke.

"I have got my mate's certificate. There it is," and he pulled it from his pocket, "and I want to tell you how much I owe you—and him—and—to thank you—and to——" and he paused in actual anguish. There was a pitiful, pleading look in his eyes—a rhetoric beyond all eloquence of speech.

"I don't think," she said, slowly, with eyes a little downcast, "that you're telling me much. I thought——" and she, too, paused.

"You thought?" he asked, eagerly.

"I thought," she said, "that you were—going to say something—that—don't thank me—I'm provoked—you've nothing to thank me for," and she took the certificate from his hands and held it listlessly and without looking at it: "Not a thing—I thought you were going to say something that meant something—a great deal——"

"You thought—it is a great deal that I want to say," he replied, excitedly, "a great deal to me—if I dared—if I only dared," and he paused again.

"What," she said, looking up at him quickly, and for the smallest fraction of an instant, in which it is possible for a girl to look a dozen things at once, her voice sinking a little in spite of valorous effort that it should hold its own, "are you afraid of?"

"You?"

"Of me! Am I so frightful?"

"Nettie," and as he drew near to her she did not draw away. "Nettie," and he drew nearer to her, and still she did not stir. "Nettie, will you let me say it?"

"Yes," she whispered.

It is the imbecility of unoriginality to go on. The words in which love is told are ever really the same, a divine something breathes through them, and in its strength and glow all differences are lost. All is provided for, and foreseen, in the old, always new, forms of Love's chancery; there are blanks for the use of all suitors, for all parties to such contention in that court, to be filled in with words and statements, protestation and promise, of return and assurance, all, process, pleadings, proceedings, proofs, leading to the same final and unappealable decree.

It is well, however, to note somewhere

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on the papers in this cause, that the first embrace of the beloved object begins awkwardly, when one has a chief mate's certificate in one hand and the song, "When the Stars come one by one, Love," in the other, unless one promptly drops them both, as Nettie did.

"It's all right," shouted Starkweather from the gate. "I'm a fool," he cried, as he stormed up the walk, "a downright fool. Pack up a bag for me, I'm off for a lunatic asylum. It was only some of that dock talk. Why Stoke'd never heard of such a thing, never'd thought of such a thing; and Pogis said —Oh, you're not alone."

He brought up at the foot of the steps and gazed with something of a puzzled expression at the pair before him, for even to his eyes it was evident that something unusual had happened.

"No, Captain Starkweather," said Sackett, firmly, "I'm here and I want to see you."

"Sorry to have missed your call," said the Captain, genially; "but you're not goin' yet. Sit down for a while."

"You don't exactly understand me; I've something important to say to you."

"Oh, you have, have you," said Starkweather, blankly, and evidently at a loss how to act.

"You've got to know it some time, and I don't see why you shouldn't know it now. I've asked Nettie to marry me, and she has said that she would."

"No?" And he sank into a chair.

"I know I'm poor and she is rich, that I'm nobody and she's somebody; but I'm not always going to be that, and if she'll wait, and she says she will——"

"I don't see——" began Nettie.

"And you say—think this all right?" said the old man, looking at the girl.

"I think it is the best thing in all the world," she answered, proudly, "and if he hadn't asked me I should have asked him, and I'm not sure but I did."

"It's rather sudden," said Starkweather, doubtfully, "and I don't exactly know——"

"I do," said the girl, "an' it isn't sudden. It seems as if it had been always. And you don't mind?" she added, beseechingly.

"I don't know," repeated her father, helplessly.

"Dave isn't rich, but he will be some day, and now he's mate, the Lone Star 'll take care of all of us. You were poor —poorer than he—when you and mother were married, you've told me, and why should it make any difference with us?"

"I don't know as I've any real objection if you haven't," said Starkweather, slowly. "I suppose I ought to have more worldly views, but I haven't. I haven't had many views but your happiness, and if you say it must be, why, I s'pose, it must."

"It must," commanded the girl, authoritatively.

"Well," continued the old man, "then we'd better call it concluded and be done with it. There's my hand," he said, turning to Sackett; "I like your principles and I don't mind your prospects, and I guess you'll make her happy if you can."

"I'll try," answered the young man, simply.

Starkweather glanced at the two, neither of whom had sat down, and there seemed something almost questioning in his look and attitude.

"I guess," he said, at length, "I'll just step inside for a moment."

Somewhat later, when Nettie entered the house, she found her father smoking vigorously, and evidently pondering upon some subject deeply. She had kissed him good-night, and was leaving the room before he spoke. When he did, it was with something of an air of abstraction, with the manner of one who has only succeeded in convincing himself of an astounding fact after mature deliberation. He rested the hand that held his pipe upon his knee and rubbed the other slowly over his chin; the words came slowly, as if even now he were not quite ready to trust himself to make, or was unwilling to commit himself to an open avowal of what on further reflection might appear to him different.

"Do you know, Nettie, I don't half believe that young fellow used to come to see me, after all."

She had kissed him once, but returning she threw her arms wildly around his neck, hugging him to her, and kissing him a score of times.

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III.

When Sackett came on watch at one o'clock in the morning the Lone Star, bound from Buffalo to Chicago, was on Lake Erie, about forty miles to the southward and eastward of Pointe Pelée Island. The wind was strong from W.S.W. and was increasing. A considerable sea had risen. The night was clear. The stars, seen through the wind-swept space, shone brightly and seemed strangely near. Now and then a scouting cloud started above the horizon and advanced swiftly. On either hand, and even ahead, could be seen the green and red signal lights of sail vessels—the lights of some grain-laden fleet "bound down" from Chicago. They had the wind free, and as one of them passed swiftly, and not far away, it could be seen that she was carrying all sail. Sackett ordered the man, far forward on the promenade deck, to keep a sharp lookout, and he himself mounted to the hurricane deck and stood in front of the pilot-house. There were two men at the wheel. He glanced in at the compass. The propeller was on her course, N.W. by N. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. She ran along, and as signal lights farther up the lake were visible, he thought of "checking down" his vessel, but he did not. Now the clouds came on in skirmishing squads. The wind shifted three points—to W. by N. The sea was rising; it was vexed by the changing wind. Vigilant as Sackett was, with the acquired and ever present vigilance of a true sailor when on duty, with sight and hearing keenly if unconsciously alert, he really could not keep his thoughts from wandering. Was not the prosperous season drawing to a close, and was not the time—the coming Christmas—not far away, when Nettie and he were to become "shipmates" for the voyage around the world of their joint lives? and——

"Green light on the port bow," sung out the lookout; "close aboard."

With a glance Sackett saw it. It flashed quickly into plain sight, not many lengths away—not four points off the Star's port bow.

"Starboard — hard a starboard!" shouted Sackett.

"Starboard," answered a man at the wheel, and the Star swung to port. It was rather a close thing; but the big "fore-and-after," now showing a torch-light, rushed at almost a ten-knot speed across the bows of the propeller, and the propeller passed safely under the stern of the sail vessel.

Sackett glanced at his signal lights. They were all right.

"That vessel must have changed her course," he thought; "why, what fool could guess? Her jibs must have hid her red light or we would have seen it before? She couldn't have kept a good lookout."

The propeller back on her course, held steadily on at her usual speed. All signal lights to be seen were now distant and broad off either bow. There were none ahead.

How beautiful Nettie had looked as he hurried away, not an hour before the propeller started on this trip. Even though the wind was still increasing, he could see that the clouds had thickened and were in closer array to the northward and westward; all was safe, and he could not but think of her as he now stood gazing ahead. Unconsciously he pictured to himself the room in which he generally saw her—its comfortable look—its home look—to which she added so much, and—the door opening into the dining-room was at the end of the piano, against which she leaned for a moment. How many panels had that door? There certainly were two at the top. But were there two at the bottom? He could not tell. This puzzled him. And——

One of the deck-hands had come from aft out on the promenade deck. Sackett seemed to hesitate for a moment as he looked at him.

"Come up here," he said to him.

The man mounted to the "hurricane roof" and stood silent. He was an old man whom Dave had known a long time. When Sackett first shipped, as a "boy," on the old Yellowstone, the Englishman was deck-hand on her, and as deck-hand the man had "followed the Lakes" ever since. Drink had been his curse and had kept him down.

Sackett glanced ahead and looked around.

"What do you think of it, Mason?" he asked.

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"Looks like a nasty night, sir," said Mason, an old salt-water sailor. "And," he added, contemptuously, "there's no sea-room on these puddles."

There was a rumble amid the distant clouds. At last they seemed to march in battalions and with regulated step. The wind had died away a little.

"It will be nothing," said Sackett, "I'll wait a while. He hasn't had half a dozen hours' sleep in the last forty-eight. And he'll want to take her up the river. But—stay where you are, Mason."

"Yes, sir," said Mason, and he turned and stood looking off to windward.

Darkness began to gather over the heavens and the water. The wind fell away more and more. There was not a signal light in sight. And Sackett stood gazing steadily ahead, and off either bow, absently, as one who did not know him or his kind, might have supposed. How wonderful—so ran his disjointed thoughts—it all was. Wonderful that she, the spoiled child of the prosperous Captain and owner of a sixteenth of the Star, should have placed the soft hand that so many had sought, in his hard palm. Like many another good fellow—like all good fellows, who never quite get over the idea that a pretty woman is a being above and beyond earth, sacred, and, if loved, to be loved with the feeling that consecrates its object—like all good fellows in such cases, he felt that Nettie was to be tenderly adored and carefully guarded, as if otherwise she would spread her wings and take flight to the native region in which she could only be at home. That she even could think of him seemed a sort of divine condescension that filled him with ineffable gratitude; that she said that she loved him amazed him with a sort of dazed ecstasy that he could neither analyze nor find words to express. And then her money! It was both a shame and a delight to him; a shame that he, who had nothing but his chief mate's license, should receive so much from her; a delight—because it must prove that she loved him when, against all self-interest she gave so much to one so poor. But in this thought there was much that was inspiriting. Here was something that a man might accomplish. He swore gently to himself that he would own the Star — all except the sixteenth—before some indefinite, not far-away time. He would save money. He would make money. He would own a half-dozen propellers better than the Star. He would——

The heavens flashed and crashed. Its artillery was at last wheeled into action. The roar and flame were incessant. The rain fell in almost compact mass. It beat down the crests of the mounting sea, threshed them out as flails thresh out and flatten unbound sheaves. But the long roll of the waves swept along. It was blowing more than "half a gale of wind."

"Steady on your course," shouted Sackett to the men at the wheel. "Mason, call the Captain. Send another man forward. Come back here yourself."

Mason was down the ladder in an instant. In a minute he was on the deck again—the Captain and he. Two men now were forward on the promenade-deck, "in the eyes of her," one port, the other starboard.

"How's her head?" asked the Captain, as he looked forward and off either bow.

"Northwest by north, three-quarters north, sir," replied Sackett.

"Keep her there," said the Captain.

"Shall we sound the whistle?" asked Sackett.

"There's no fog," said the Captain.

"Lights can't be seen far, sir."

"Sound it," said the Captain; "it can do no harm."

The whistle string led to the hurricane-deck.

"Sound the whistle," said Sackett to Mason, and its first warning was soon heard.

"What's her speed?" asked the Captain.

"About seven miles," said Sackett.

"Check her down still more, but give her good steerage way."

Sackett gave the order to the engineer through the "bells." He could soon tell that the boat was "slowed down."

All were silent, waiting, watching, listening. There was the booming thunder, the splintering lightning, the roar of the whistle every minute, the hissing of the trampling rain, the sound of

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the wind, sharp, as it was cut by the standing rigging, as it swept along the decks.

"I've lost my nerve this trip," said the Captain to Sackett. "Perhaps I'm really not fit for duty," he added, solemnly.

"Captain Starkweather!" exclaimed Sackett, in firm remonstrance and strong denial.

"Nothing must happen," said the Captain; "nothing this season. I'd be ruined. They'd say I was to blame."

"Nothing," began Sackett ——

"Bright light—and red and green close on the port bow," yelled one of the men forward.

The words were scarcely spoken when the three lights burst into plain view.

"Back her," shouted Starkweather. "Back her strong."

Sackett had the rope in his hand. At once he signalled the engineer to stop—the engine must not "catch on the centre"—then instantly to back. The order was immediately obeyed. The Star was "backing," "backing strong," when a huge dominating mass, about four points off the port bow, seemed to rise out of, to detach itself from, the darkness and the obscuring rain. At full speed apparently, a large, heavily laden propeller came down upon the Star. The crash was terrific. The Star was struck just abaft her forward port gangway. The force of the blow swung her bow to starboard. The standing rigging gave way; running rigging parted; the Star's mast fell. The stranger evidently had ported just before the collision. This lessened the force of the blow a little. As it was, her sharp bow cut into the Star's side almost to her midship line. The engine of the stranger was now "backing." The Star was "backing" when struck. The vessels quickly drew away and lost each other in the darkness.

For a minute all was confusion on the Star. The lookouts rushed aft; the engineer had stopped his engine and hastened up; the "watch below" hurried on deck.

The Star lost her headway, "fell off," and was soon rolling in the trough of the sea.

"Go below," said the Captain to Sackett; "and see how bad she's hurt."

Sackett swung himself off the hurricane deck. He ran aft. He could see that the port side was crushed in, he could hear the water pouring into the hold. He knew that nothing could be done; that the Star must sink. He hurried back; he could not see the Captain. The men had rushed to the two boats hanging at the davits. The second mate headed those about to lower the starboard boat; Mason was with the others, and stopped for a moment and held on to his rope, even after it began to run through the block.

"Lower away," shouted some one to Mason; "there's a hole in her bigger'n a house."

"Quick," yelled the second mate, "if you ever want to see daylight again."

All discipline for the moment at least was really lost. Sackett saw this as he reached the hurricane deck. The clamor of voices stopped. Above the swash of the waves, above the "swish" of the rain along the deck, above all the tumult of the storm, Sackett could hear the shout of the Captain as he stood between the boats on either side:

"Stop! Hold on everything!"

In an instant Sackett was by his side, The Captain stood with a revolver, which he had hurried to his room to get, in his hand, and as he turned from port to starboard, he shouted to the men at either boat:

"Leave the ship would you! A pack of cowards! I'll shoot the first man that stirs to lower a boat."

"Captain Starkweather," said the second mate, "we'd stand by you and the Star as long as any living men, but it's no use. She's bound to sink."

"Bound to sink!" shouted Starkweather. "She mustn't sink. She shan't sink."

"We'll do what we can, or we'll sink with her," said Mason, resolutely, taking a turn of the rope he held around a belaying-pin. "I don't want no better mourner'n the old Star at my funeral." He looked around, and as he saw Sackett, he gave the rope another and quicker turn.

For an instant nothing was said. The power of command was arrayed against the determination of men who knew that in the boats lay safety.

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"They're right, sir," said Sackett. "She'll sink in a few minutes."

"You!" shouted the Captain, turning fiercely upon Sackett—"you! I'm captain of this ship—I'll——"

A heavy wave struck the port side. The vessel rolled to starboard. She righted with sudden jerk. The men clung to the ropes and to the rails on either side. Starkweather was thrown to the deck, his head striking heavily. Sackett staggered but did not fall. Instantly he was beside the Captain, and sought to aid him. But Starkweather did not stir. Sackett and Mason lifted him to his feet.

The Captain was powerless and unconscious.

"The old man"—the captain of a vessel, no matter how young, is always "the old man" to his crew—"sha'nt go down if all the rest do," said Mason.

Together they carried the captain to the vessel's side.

"Lively now," shouted Sackett. "Get clear of her before she sinks."

Mason rose up to take an oar. The boat rolled. He was jerked overboard. A wave swept the boat away from the vessel. Mason snatched at a rope trailing over the propeller's side. It seemed to render slowly, as if through some block above. He tried to climb it hand over hand—to keep his head above water.

"Good-by, Dave," he shouted to Sackett, as if they were still man and boy on the Yellowstone. "It's no use."

The rope fell over the side. The propeller lurched to port, pitched, and went down. The struggling boat half filled, but did not sink.

"Back! We may save him yet," shouted Sackett.

They rowed back. They lay upon their oars. With every flash of the lightning they strained their eyes to see what they might see. They shouted. They heard nothing but the rumble of the thunder, the wash of the waves. The old deck-hand and the oldest propeller on the Lakes had gone down together.

And now they had time to look around. Off to the southward and westward they could see the red light of a steam-vessel. Now her green light had come into view, and they could hear her whistle.

Evidently she was seeking to give what aid she could, and sounding her whistle that it might be known that there was aid at hand. As the lightning flashed, Sackett could see the second mate's boat not far away. The propeller reached her first, stopped, and took her men aboard. Then she went ahead and came up to them. They rowed under her lee quarter. In that sea it was not easy to hoist the still unconscious Captain aboard. But it was soon done. In a minute all, officers and crew of the Lone Star—all except Mason, the deck-hand—were safe on board the propeller Autocrat. The Autocrat went ahead, ported her wheel, and took up her course down the Lake. Nothing of the Lone Star was above water, nothing except the two boats now left adrift.

IV.

THE winter was severe. The Lake was covered with ice. Hundreds were busy upon it, sawing it out in large blocks. These were loaded upon sleds which strong horses dragged slowly around the light-house to the city, where it was stowed in huge ice-houses. Fishermen, through holes cut in the ice, plied a craft, a "gentle craft," of which old Walton never dreamed. You could see them coming, going, away out upon the ice in the dull winter light. The snow lay thick everywhere—on wharves, on the great bulky elevators, even on the vessels moored for the winter in the harbor. Only occasionally could a living thing be discovered on any of them. The wharves were deserted. The silence there was seldom broken, and then only by slight sounds which appeared to come from far away like echoes. Where there is human neighborhood and the sense of human presence, there is no place within city bounds where, it seems, at times, that desolation is so complete as the harbor and wharves of a winter-bound port upon the great Lakes.

Up at the Starkweather cottage the rigid season held sway with equal vigor. As Nettie sat looking out of the window this afternoon she could see the leafless tops of the bushes in the yard, in stalky

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stiffness, above the snow. The branches of the lilac-tree were encased in frozen sleet; the small evergreens were weighted with ice. The gravel walk lay as if its pebbles were embedded in hardened cement. The afternoon was drawing toward its close. Without, it was a cheerless prospect. It was a sad house. There was the sense that there may be other calamity impending and imminent, even where calamity had lately struck so suddenly and so heavily. In his room lay Starkweather, senseless, ever since he fell upon the deck of the Lone Star. He might never be better. But there was one relief, he knew nothing of what had happened; another, that he did not suffer pain. These things the doctors said, and these things were good.

Sackett stood silently behind Nettie as she sat looking out.

"And last year it was all so different," she said, as she looked sadly up at him.

"Perhaps," he replied, with at least some show of confidence, "next year—or it may be sooner—it will all be as different in another way."

"Then," went on the girl, disregarding what he said, "father was well and strong, and she — the Star — hadn't sunk, and there wasn't the lawsuit; and"—and with a girl's capricious wilfulness, taking a strange delight in affecting to taste a bitterness which she knows does not exist—"and you loved me."

"Nettie!" half-exclaimed the young man.

"I don't know," she was answering his tone, not his speech; she knew well enough what he would have said had he said more. "Everything else has changed so much. And the money—the lawsuit——"

"Nettie," he said, and he held her hands up under her chin and looked over into her upturned eyes, "let the lawsuit do its worst; your money has made me feel awkward and ashamed many a time. Lose it, and you will be like many another girl, only you won't—won't be like any one in all the world."

She laughed contentedly in the way that women will, when what they have sought to have said is said in exactly the right way and as they expected it would be.

"But if we win the lawsuit?"

"But you will not win it. Right or wrong, you won't win it. I feel you won't. But you won't mind, if it will be a little hard at first?"

"Will it? I shall be so glad. But father——"

"When is it to be?" he asked in a moment.

"At eleven o'clock. But do you really think it will be successful?" she asked, anxiously.

Sackett did not answer.

"Even if it is," she continued, "they say that he will think and feel as he used to do."

"Yes."

"And he'll know that the boat is gone, and then he'll feel—you know how he felt last spring—he'll think that he is disgraced. Then there's the lawsuit. It will be awful."

"It will be hard."

"But there's no other way?"

"None. I must go, Nettie. I will come again this evening."

Now, at noon, the operation was nearly ended.

All the time Nettie had been in the room.

"I will hear his first word," she had said, for the doctors had told her that as soon as the pressure upon the brain was relieved, it would instantly resume its normal functions.

She had not spoken, scarcely moved; the look of determination in her face was like that of resolved despair. Sackett stood beside her. His expression changed often. He was a man, and had a man's revulsion from a sick-room. He had not a woman's courage in such place—a woman's blessed adaptation to all such scenes of visible suffering. He could not bear the sight of the glistening, torturing instruments upon the table. There was a large bowl half filled with water, and over its edge hung a blood-stained towel, the deeper color fading off into a dull yellow. The sight sickened him. Nettie tempered her agony with a strength of love, a tenderness of sympathy, so blent with her pain, that her whole nature, if as rigid for the time, was as filled with controlled distress as her face. There is an endurance only the body of which

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is courage; it is much more than the endurance of men. "If I could but hold his hand," this was her thought. "If I could carry her in my arms away from here," was his.

But few words were spoken. The physicians understood each other's every act. But little now remained to be done.

"It will be a success," said Doctor Mayne, at last, confidently.

Nettie would have fallen had not Sackett sustained her. Her tears came —there had been none before. The arid sands of sorrow drank them up, and there was gladness.

"My dear young lady," said Doctor Mayne, "stand here. Let him see and know you first."

"Leave the ship!" said Starkweather, faintly. "I'll shoot the first man that stirs."

Then she took her father's hand and smiled.

"Why, Nettie," said Starkweather, "is there—is there something the matter?"

"Yes, father," she said, kneeling on a low stool by his side; "you are not well. You must let me take care of you until you are."

"Take care of me!" he said, with just strength enough to show a little impatience; and then in a lower voice, as if to himself, "bright light, and red and green. Why didn't she hear us? Why didn't she port? Why didn't she stop and back?"

"He must not be excited," said Doctor Mayne, "nor made tired, nor yet allowed to puzzle and wonder."

"Father," said Nettie, "when people are sick they are often delirious, you know. You'll be all well again soon."

"If—if it had been real," said Starkweather, "and I hadn't stopped 'em, we'd have lost the boat, and I'd never have held up my head again."

"He doesn't know that the Star is gone," she whispered to Sackett, who bent down to listen when she beckoned to him.

"And God help him," Sackett said, "he never shall."

The wedding did not take place till the middle of the next spring. Then the doctors said that Starkweather was as well as he ever would be; then the lawsuit had been decided, and the future of Nettie and Sackett lay before them. It was not a particularly brilliant future, for the lawsuit had been lost and all except the house had gone, and the Captain, though he did not know it, never would be in command again; but they were not unhappy.

The wedding was a quiet one. It took place in the room where the Captain sat day after day. There were but few present. There was no wedding-trip, of course. That, they said, would come some other time.

And all through the season there was a mystery in the house—not a very terrible mystery, but one which all assisted in maintaining. For the Captain, the Lone Star made her trips as regularly as usual, and marvellous trips they were, or you would think so if you heard the talk between the Captain and Nettie and Sackett. Never had the old propeller accomplished so much, and all that he heard about the wonderful doings was in itself true. There was a little harmless suppression, a little evasion here and there, and certain newspapers were kept carefully away from the old Captain. But the story itself was always true, except that the Lone Star was not the old boat at all, but one entirely new, of which Sackett was the master.

Nettie is sitting reading silently. Sackett is busy at the table. He is looking at the drawing of a new propeller-wheel, in which Starkweather and he have great faith. Starkweather himself is watching the dancing blaze of a soft coal fire in the grate.

"If it had been real," he says, half to himself, "if she had been lost, I should have gone down with her—I couldn't have lived disgraced."

Neither of the others heed him. They have heard it so often before.

Then Nettie reads aloud from the book of "The Pilgrim's Progress, from this World to That which is to Come," and Sackett lays down the drawing, and Starkweather turns half around and looks at her as she reads:

"Now as they were going along, and

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talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. 'Hark,' said Mr. *Great-heart*, 'to what the Shepherd's boy saith;' so they harkened, and he said,

'He that is down, needs fear no Fall;
He that is low, no Pride:
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

'I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, Contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

'Fulness to such, a Burden is,
That go on Pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.'

"Then said their Guide, 'Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called *Heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.'"

ELMWOOD.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HERE, in the twilight, at the well-known gate
I linger, with no heart to enter more.
Among the elm-tops the autumnal air
Murmurs, and spectral in the fading light
A solitary heron wings its way
Southward—save this no sound or touch of life.
Dark is that window where the scholar's lamp
Was used to catch a pallor from the dawn.

Yet I must needs a little linger here.
Each shrub and tree is eloquent of him,
For tongueless things and silence have their speech.
This is the path familiar to his foot
From infancy to manhood and old age;
For in a chamber of that ancient house
His eyes first opened on the mystery
Of life, and all the splendor of the world.
Here, as a child, in loving, curious way,
He watched the bluebird's coming; learned the date
Of hyacinth and golden-rod, and made
Friends of those little redmen of the elms,
And slyly added to their winter store
Of hazel-nuts; no harmless thing that breathed,
Footed or winged, but knew him for a friend.
The gilded butterfly was not afraid

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To trust its gold to that so gentle hand.
Ah, happy childhood, ringed with fortunate stars!
What dreams were his in this enchanted sphere,
What intuitions of high destiny!
The honey-bees of Hybla touched his lips
In that old New-World garden, unawares.

So in her arms did Mother Nature fold
Her poet, whispering what of wild and sweet
Into his ear—the state-affairs of birds,
The lore of dawn and sunset, what the winds
Said in the tree-tops—fine, unfathomed things
Henceforth to turn to music in his brain:
A various music, now like notes of flutes,
And now like blasts of trumpets blown in wars.
Later he paced this leafy academe
A student, drinking from Greek chalices
The ripened vintage of the antique world.
And here to him came love, and love's dear loss;
Here honors came, the deep applause of men
Touched to the heart by some swift-wingèd word
That from his own full heart took eager flight—
Some strain of piercing sweetness or rebuke,
For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were free.

Thus passed his manhood; then to other lands
He strayed, a stainless figure among courts
Beside the Manzanares and the Thames.
Whence, after too long exile, he returned
With fresher laurel, but sedater step
And eye more serious, fain to breathe the air
Where through the Cambridge marshes the blue Charles
Uncoils its length and stretches to the sea:
Stream dear to him, at every curve a shrine
For pilgrim Memory. Again he watched
His loved syringa whitening by the door,
And knew the catbird's welcome; in his walks
Smiled on his tawny kinsmen of the elms
Stealing his nuts; and in the ruined year
Sat at his widowed hearthside with bent brows
Leonine, frosty with the breath of time,
And listened to the crooning of the wind
In the wide Elmwood chimneys, as of old.
And then—and then. . . .

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The after-glow has faded from the elms,
And in the denser darkness of the boughs
From time to time the firefly's tiny lamp
Sparkles. How often in still summer dusks
He paused to note that transient phantom spark
Flash on the air—a light that outlasts him!

The night grows chill, as if it felt a breath
Blown from that frozen city where he lies.
All things turn strange. The leaf that rustles here
Has more than autumn's mournfulness. The place
Is heavy with his absence. Like fixed eyes
Whence the dear light of sense and thought has fled
The vacant windows stare across the lawn.
The wise sweet spirit that informed it all
Is otherwhere. The house itself is dead.

O autumn wind among the sombre pines,
Breathe you his dirge, but be it sweet and low,
With deep refrains and murmurs of the sea,
Like to his verse—the art is yours alone.
His once—you taught him. Now no voice but yours!
Tender and low, O wind among the pines.
I would, were mine a lyre of richer strings,
In soft Sicilian accents wrap his name.

September, 1891.

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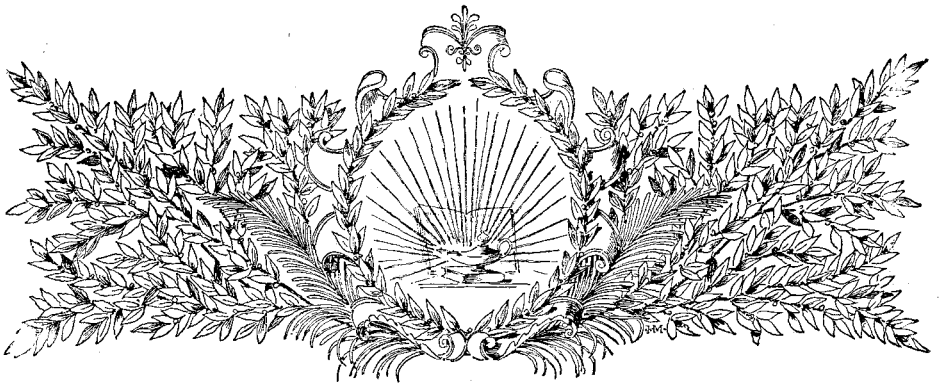

THE POINT OF VIEW.

RECEIVING is traditionally such a poor thing compared with giving, that there is a prevailing tendency to take a discouraged view of it, and not to make a proper effort to make of it as good a thing as possible. It is capable of development into a very pleasant accomplishment, however better ones there may be; and this much may be remembered in its favor to start with, that it is the complement of giving, and an indispensable incident thereto; so that if we were wholly out of patience with it on its own account, we must still, out of a reasonable regard for the golden rule, take our turn at it, or else forego the counter-practice. It would be a mean person, certainly, who should seek to gobble up all the blessings that givers enjoy, and dodge all the pains and difficulties of receivers.

From the receiver's stand-point all gifts may be divided into things that we want and things that we don't want. It takes no particular skill or grace to receive things that we want; but as, in times of general giving, like Christmas, the gifts we get are for the most part things that we don't want, that branch of receivership is worth attention. The two ordinary reasons for not wanting things are the vulgar one that they do not strike us as intrinsically desirable, and the more complex reason that we don't want to receive them from the particular giver. A general remedy applicable to reluctances due to either of these causes is, to keep strenuously in the mind the happiness of the giver in giving. Remembering that, you are delighted with a trifle from someone you love, because it makes you happy to have been even passively instrumental in procuring him the happiness of giving; applying the same principle, you can accept ever so costly a gift from someone for whom you care little without any irksome sense of obligation, since of course the giver had the best of it any way, and it is a great deal kinder and more generous to sacrifice one's personal inclinations and accept, than to refuse. Remember persistently that by receiving with due grace you secure to another person a desirable form of happiness.

The very essence of successful receiving is to rise superior to the sense of obligation. The purpose of a gift, from the giver's point of view, is to make the receiver happy. But obligations are apt to be irksome, and the receiver who suffers one to weigh on him, meanly permits the giver's intentions to be frustrated, and the whole value of the transaction to be destroyed. Appreciation is what is wanted. To appreciate is a generous emotion, pleasurable to the receiver who can experience it, and highly agreeable to the giver. Both are blessed by it, and mutual love is quickened. Contrariwise, over obligations there is the trail of the serpent. Once recognized they have to be paid off, and when recompense comes in, gift degenerates into mere barter, and the true spirit of giving exhales and disappears. Receivership that yields to the impulse to give something

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back is clumsy and inapt. Giving back is mere retaliation. If it is revengeful, it is neither pious nor philosophical, and the wise receiver will have none of it. But oftentimes it is merely the refuge of the inexperienced. A receiver who knows his business will no more resort to it than an expert horseman will hold on to the pommel of his saddle. The way to receive is to receive, not to retaliate.

To receive trifles from the rich and be charmed with them is a simple matter. To receive gifts of value from the poor and not be oppressed is a finer art, but on no account to be neglected. If Dives gives you a paper cracker, be as charmed with it as if it came from Lazarus; but on no account fail, if Lazarus gives you an heirloom, to receive it with as much gayety and as little remorse as if it came from Dives, and you knew he would not miss it. Nevertheless, don't feel obliged in your heart to undervalue Lazarus's heirloom, but be happy rather that Lazarus has had feelings toward you that have demanded so notable an expression.

After all, little children do it best. They are the superlative receivers, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are frankly and delightfully appreciative. Obligations sit as lightly on them as air. They value their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and prefer a rag-baby to the deed of a brick house. They take a jumping-jack from Mary, the laundress, and a jewelled pin from Aunt Melinda Crœsus, without the least distinction of happy approval. The nearer we get to their guilelessness, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving, and in all the Christmas attributes besides.

THERE is the suggestion of something extremely fine in the preface to Mr. Herbert Spencer's new volume, "Justice," where Mr. Spencer explains that he has taken up this branch out of its due order in the general scheme of his philosophy, lest his life, or at least his energies, might not be spared to complete the whole, and because he preferred, if any must be left undone, to leave parts that he regards as of less importance than this.

It is not the first time that Mr. Spencer has exhibited the power of contemplating with perfect clearness and equanimity the likelihood of having to die before his great life's work, which must now have grown unspeakably precious to him, can be finished. In this very preface he quotes from that of an earlier volume, where the same reason was assigned for writing that too out of its due order. Nor, indeed, is Mr. Spencer himself the first of the philosophers to give example of a noble serenity of mind. Bacon, it will be recalled, though he had been engaged on the "Novum Organum" near thirty years, put it out at last in a form that he accounted still imperfect, and his reason for doing so, he said, was, "to speak plainly, because I number my days, and would have it saved." And nearly the whole race have been of this mould.

The comedians and the satirists, it is true, have afforded us no end of sport at the absence of philosophy from the philosopher's personal conduct, and they have left a popular impression of him as a person of the Square kidney, who, in the very act of instructing young Tom Jones that "such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man," bit his tongue and fell a-swearing at the pain. But in only one particular have their portrayals done the philosopher other than the grossest injustice. In the fierceness of his professional controversies they have had him on the hip: no caricature could outdo herein the actual fact. An unworthy heat in controversy granted, however, no other group of lives is richer in high qualities and freer from base ones than that of the lives of the philosophers. And there is a touch even of ungraciousness in the fun of the comedians and the satirists at the philosopher's expense; for they have shown a special susceptibility to the mania of philosophy themselves. Altogether the merriest fellows in this sort have been Molière, whose favorite diversion was to sit disputing in philosophy by the hour, and Fielding, who had Aristotle at his fingers' ends.

In outward circumstance and condition the lives of the philosophers have varied as widely as those of any other class of men. While Aristotle gathered riches through the patronage of kings, Comte constructed the "Positive Philosophy" on an income that

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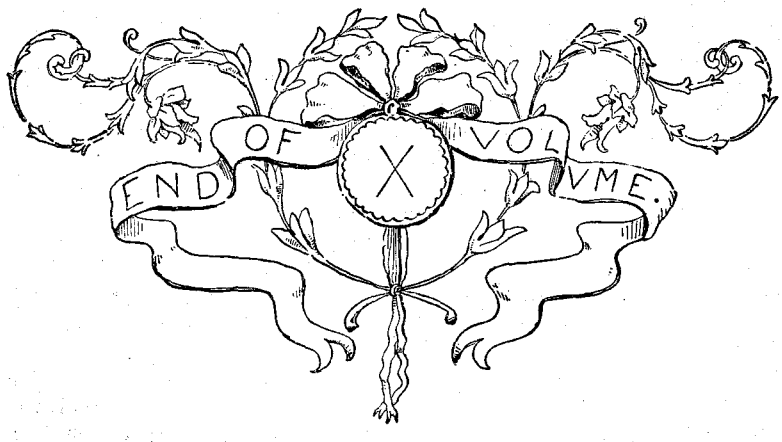
once, indeed, in a phenomenal tide of good fortune, amounted to £400 a year, but which usually was less than £200, and often less than £100. While Descartes, before entering upon that eight years' solitary study of himself which was the last stage in the evolution of his philosophic system, had the means and inclination to wander the better part of nine years up and down Europe studying other men, Kant in all his long life never got outside the boundaries of East Prussia, or as much as a hundred miles away from the town of Königsberg. But, however different in opportunities and rewards, the lives of the philosophers are at one in the love of truth for its own sake, and in a readiness to spare no labor, and none of the ordinary forms of worldly success to find it. Such examples of self-denial and of long, secluded diligence as some of the philosophers furnish, are scarcely to be matched elsewhere. "In no pursuit," said Hegel, "is one so solitary as in philosophy." And what fine instances they have furnished, too, of patience, of calmly biding one's time! Ten, twenty, thirty, even forty years of hard, high thinking expended on a single system before the world was taken into the author's confidence!

Philosophy is being constantly asked of what earthly use she is. She certainly can take some credit to herself for her capacity to satisfy the highest energies and aspirations of such a company of choice spirits. She can hardly claim, however, that her own maxims, deliberately chosen and resolutely lived by, have made her eminent devotees the pure and even beautiful persons that they have so often been; for these examples of noble living are found in all the schools. No; the choice, high natures may find their full development and their most congenial pleasure in philosophy, but they are not created there. Kant would not have plunged into adventures and folly even though Leibnitz and Descartes had never lived.

Recurring to the instance of Mr. Spencer: It is now thirty-one years since he issued the prospectus of his system of "Synthetic Philosophy." He had already been at work upon it several years. He has since never rested from it save as lately ill-health has compelled him to. There yet remain to do less than three of the ten large volumes that are to complete the set. One need be one's self no Spencerian, no disciple who awaits eagerly every new word from the master's pen, to wish most heartily that Mr. Spencer may live to get the last item of his plan executed. The project enlists admiration and sympathy by its very extent and laboriousness, and quite apart from its contents.



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